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**BLACKWOOD'S
LADY'S MAGAZINE**

AND

Gazette of the Fashionable World,

OR,

ST. JAMES'S COURT REGISTER

OF THE BELLES LETTRES, MUSIC, FINE ARTS,
DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

VOL. 2 1837.

Dedicated to Her Most Gracious Majesty



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**BLACKWOOD'S
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JANUARY, 1837.

PEN-AND-INK OUTLINES.—No. III.

THE BEAU IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF.

BY MAURICE HARCOURT.

MAY the blessings of a pair of quite exhausted legs light upon that locomotive genius who first introduced omnibuses in this country! May those blessings be centupled on that bold speculator who first set the example of conveying passengers far beyond the limits of the twopenny-post-office for sixpence! To be sure, this mode of travelling wonderfully facilitates the operations of country cousins, in inflicting their company on their town relations, whom, prior to this discovery, they were in the habit of seeing about once in seven years. Now they pester their

city friends about three or four times a month, bringing, as some compensation for the trouble they occasion, a nosegay of hedge-flowers, in which earwigs and spiders have taken lodgings for the summer season. But they are enabled to return to their domiciles in the capacious vehicle, which deprives them of all pretence for dragging any of their hapless entertainers through fields, valleys, and commons, on a pitch-dark night, to admire the beauties of nature.

Omnibuses have saved my life, for they have rescued me from the penance

B

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of seeing home every female, young, middle-aged, or old, who might prolong her stay till dark; but I wish, for my ease, that they had come up some ten years ago. Even now, occasionally, through our fair visitants forgetting the hour at which the omnibus starts, for

"Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit,"

I am obliged to resume my military duties, and escort home some rare species of the softer sex.

At the age of eight my chaperoning qualities were called into play, but I confess that my compulsory politeness was often vouchsafed with a bad grace. "Now my son *shall* see you home, Miss Puddingface," exclaimed my worthy mamma, with a vehemence too expressive of sincerity to afford me any vast delight. "No, I won't think of taking the boy out this time of night," replied the deceitful old cat. "Nonsense!" said my mother, and then an amiable contest (the object of which was to victimize me,) ensued between ma' and Miss P., I, at intervals, growling out, "I shall be most happy," in a tone which nearly choked me, and indicating the very reverse of its verbal import. Mother's eloquence and my insinuating manners prevailed over the obdurate heart of the visitor, and I was allowed the honour of walking from Lambeth to Paddington with her, through a pouring wet night, with the additional treat of straining my arms to hold a large chaise umbrella over my lovely companion.

Frequently have I been compelled to leave a party of merry-hearted children to give some antediluvian dowager, or superannuated spinster, the benefit of my protection. *My* protection! A boy of nine protecting a mass of female thews and muscles! A rabbit would have been equally efficient in defending a tigress from the impertinence of some varlet of a fox. Indeed, I was rude enough to think that the absence of personal attractions in the ladies entrusted to my care, would have been their surest safeguard.

Once it fell to my duty to convoy a Mrs. Gammon, who had spent the day at Lambeth, to Hackney. This lady

had but one attraction, and that was a beautiful head of hair—so beautiful, that its ringlets ensnared the heart of Mr. Gammon, a florist, who called her his *hairbelle*, and in a short time added her to his collection of flowers. It was a very windy night, and we had no slight difficulty in keeping our ground; but, by dint of perseverance, we at last reached the foot of the old London Bridge. Hearing the waterworks, I put my head through the balustrades, and Mrs. G. following my example, her bonnet was unfortunately puffed away by a gust of wind, but how much more surprised was I when her *hair* suddenly took a similar flight. All human efforts were unavailing to save her tresses from a watery grave. Poor woman! violent were her paroxysms at finding to her cost that there were more *locks* in the Thames than in the Regent's Canal. She looked deplorably ugly, and to escape the laughter of the bystanders, who were much amused at the Capuchin-like figure she cut, she called a coach, and declined my further services. I did not forget to mention this mishap, which so incensed her that she never forgave what she regarded as the "*front* of my offending," and revenged herself on my blabbing by never allowing me to walk home with her again.

As I grew older I began to discriminate, and did not particularly object to "doing the amiable" by a young and beautiful girl, or one whose conversation tended to enliven and beguile the journey; but these, alas! were as scarce as a prize in the late Glasgow lottery, all such rarities having some kind sweetheart who felt happy in calling for them; and human specimens of the antique, and demoiselles who informed me, when it rained, that it was a wet night, were still consigned to my special keeping. I have sometimes been so dreadfully nipped with cold in these nocturnal excursions, that it has occurred to me I must have discovered the North Pole; and at others I have been so *knocked up*, that a feather might have *knocked me down*. But thanks to Shillibeer, my labours are terminated, those who were once my troublesome fair, now forming a part of the omnibus *fare*.

A FAMILY RECORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY OLD FRIEND TOM."

A CONTENTED family is a circle of Nature's own formation, and one in which she delights to exert her most fascinating powers; for I know of no more beautiful object of contemplation in the world than a scene of simple and unalloyed domestic felicity,—no part of the social system which presents a more delightful picture to the eye than a smiling happy family gathered around their hearth in the sweet communion of affection and sympathy. At the same time, nothing is more acutely distressing than to see the sacred stillness burst rudely upon by the storm of misfortune,—to see the desolating hand of death remorselessly hew down, one by one, the component part of Nature's lovely structure, till, from the repeated gaps made in her circle, the remaining portions become scattered and lost.

I knew the Napiers intimately,—I became acquainted with them in their happiest days, and was a chosen guest at their hospitable board. In fact, my favourite method of passing an evening, was to stroll in and partake of their domestic recreations, alternately chatting with the heads of the family, and listening to the unexcelled musical powers of their eldest daughter Emily. They visited but little abroad, and saw but little company at home, for the happiness they enjoyed was of a nature as purely domestic as it was delightful. A few select friends, however, visited them, of which small number I had the good fortune to be one.

Mr. Napier was a merchant of high respectability, and a travelled man. He possessed, in an eminent degree, that fund of information and anecdote, united to the graceful suavity of manner, which a long intercourse with the superior classes of foreign society seldom fails of imparting to an intelligent Englishman. He was little past the prime of life, and as yet the grey mingled but partially with his dark brown hair.

Mrs. Napier was of Germanic extraction, and her union with her husband was the result of pure affection, unallied to sordid motives, their fortunes having been about equal. Their ac-

quaintance commenced, during a protracted stay which Mr. Napier was then making at Vienna, where they were married, and the ceremony was a second time performed on their return to England.

At the time of which I am speaking, Mr. and Mrs. N. reckoned a quarter of a century from the date of their union, and during that period had become the parents of a son and two daughters, who contributed as far as possible to the perfection of their felicity, and the cementing yet more firmly the bond of their mutual affection. William was the pride of his father, the nucleus of his happiness, the foundation of his ambition, and the keystone of his hopes. He was a handsome spirited young man, just twenty-four. His mind, sprung naturally from the finest soil, was cultivated to the last degree of refinement by the unceasing assiduity of his father, aided by the most eminent scholars of the day. He possessed every sterling acquirement, added to all those light and external accomplishments considered as desiderata by the polished Chesterfield.

Were it absolutely required that I should give an exact and graphic description of the beauties, both mental and personal, of his sister, Emily Napier, I should abandon the pen in despair. Vain would be the endeavour, for, unless gifted with the genius of a Shakspeare, I should utterly fail. Incompetent therefore of giving an adequate portraiture of Miss Napier, I must be contented with conveying a faint idea of those inestimable qualifications which adorned, and rendered her the delight of all. Emily was just nineteen, and in person was of that height best adapted for perfect symmetry of form, and the unaffected grace of her carriage I never saw surpassed, indeed scarcely ever equalled. Her hair was of the richest auburn, floating in long unstudied ringlets down her neck, and resting upon a shoulder, which, had Phidias seen, he would have thrown down his chisel, in despair of immortalizing its contour in his marble. The outline of her features was in the purest

style of Grecian beauty, although their hue differed materially from the natives of that climate. Miss Napier's complexion was fair,—delicately, transparently so, and her eyes, so mild, so divine in their expression, imparted a holy lustre to her countenance, the effect of which approached the sublime. Emily's angelic face was a faithful mirror of her mind, which as nearly bordered upon perfection. Her life itself was a poem, and her mild and heavenly disposition such a theme as poets love to dwell upon. She saw but the brighter and lovelier parts of life,—was conversant but by report with the cares and crimes which form dark passages in the history of man,—her pure and innocent spirit, scarce cognizant of the existence of treachery or falsehood, would fain have believed all created beings spotless as herself. The accomplishments too of Emily were of the first-rate order, for she was perfectly mistress of several continental languages; and her musical powers!—the strains she drew from her harp *were music*, extatic, soul-inspiring music. I could never long contemplate the finished beauties of Emily Napier without a melancholy sensation stealing over me; for her extreme delicacy of constitution, and the symptoms of a consumptive tendency, which I feared I at times discerned, seemed to my sensitive fancy to forebode the early removal to a happier sphere of a creature too holy and too fragile for this world.

Between this enchanting girl and her elder brother, William, there existed an affection truly beautiful to behold; and their mutual acquiescence, and anticipation of each other's slightest desires, formed a picture of fraternal love which we might seek far for in vain. The child, for Georgiana was several years younger than her sister, formed an agreeable diversity in our domestic scene, and she exhibited considerable precocity of talent: for which, indeed, all the Napiers had been remarkable.

I was sitting one evening, at the close of autumn, enjoying the charming and animated conversation of this amiable family, soon after my first acquaintance with them had ripened into intimacy, and I was an admitted and welcome guest at their cheerful fire-side, when a loud knock at the hall-door be-

tokened the arrival of another visitor; and the servant announced Lieutenant Latimer; at the same moment, a tall man, habited in a half military costume, passed him, and at once entered the apartment with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Ha! my dear Charles," exclaimed Mr. Napier, rising from his chair, and warmly greeting the new comer,—“arrived in town so soon?—and without notice too!—This is indeed an unexpected gratification.”

The officer returned the salutation in an equally friendly and graceful manner, and, after exchanging courtesies with the other members of the family and myself, he took his seat by the side of Emily.

I had observed her colour heighten on the first announcement of the lieutenant's name, and the vermilion tint grew yet deeper as, with a sparkling eye and animated smile, he drew near to address her. This inspired me with an idea which I afterwards found to be correct.—Lieutenant Latimer was a favoured and accepted lover.

“Heaven grant that he prove worthy of her!” ejaculated I, inwardly: and I shuddered as the thought crossed my brain of the possibility of the angel Emily being united to a man who might be insensible to her inappreciable worth, who might, in a word, use her ill.

Mr. Latimer appeared to be about seven-and-twenty, of slight, but elegant formation.—I am not much of a physiognomist, and consider masculine beauty as a matter solely to be decided by the ladies, since we claim exclusive judgment on the merits of feminine charms: still I must say, the lieutenant was decidedly handsome, although I always entertained the opinion that there was an expression, for which I can find no other name than sinister, in his small piercing black eye, and which detracted from the otherwise noble and commanding air of his features.

In the course of the evening, a delightful little concert was performed: Miss Napier took her harp, Mr. Latimer displayed a fine knowledge of music and brilliant execution on the piano, the old gentleman fingered his violin in very excellent style, and William gratified us by his chaste and delicate accompaniment on the flute; whilst Mrs. Napier be-

and myself, with the little Georgiana seated on her carpet stool, were the delighted auditors. After playing several concerted pieces, and each performer had displayed his powers in a solo,—here Emily far outshone all,—it became time to separate, and in the highest spirits I bade them farewell. At the same time the young officer also departed.

“He is the destined husband of Emily,” thought I, as I parted with Latimer at the corner of the street, and he became lost to view. “Oh! that I could penetrate the mystic gloom which envelopes the events yet hidden in the dark womb of futurity, and bring to light those on which hang the fate of the celestial being for whom I am so deeply interested! In a moment of romance I uttered the above words nearly aloud, until, waking from my dream, and convinced of its absurdity, I could but breathe a prayer for the welfare of Emily, and hurry towards home.

Every evening now brought the Lieutenant at the usual hour to Mr. Napier’s house. He was an universal favourite, and seemed as it were engrafted on the family tree. His suit was favoured by the parents and brother, and not discouraged by the gentle Emily herself; for Emily loved Latimer,—loved him with all the fond devotion of her sex, and all the ardour of her own warm and affectionate heart;—loved him with that impassioned and painful sensitiveness, of which the tender, confiding nature of an innocent girl is alone capable. Not that Miss Napier made any indelicate outward display of sentiment—no; she threw the thick mantle over her feelings which custom and decorum demands. ‘*She never told her love,*’ but subsequent melancholy circumstances showed but too vividly the real state of her heart.

The happiest hours of my life were those spent in the society of this amiable circle. By degrees the doubts which I had from time to time entertained on Emily’s behalf, vanished like clouds before the sunshine of Latimer’s elegant and brilliant conversation, in the course of which he displayed such nobility of idea, so many fine qualities, and so much tenderness of affection towards his chosen one, that I began to consider him as a fitting partner for her whom I

used almost to look upon as a being almost too ethereal to be united to one of mere mortal mould.

“I am sure she will be happy,” exclaimed the old man to me one evening when we were alone together; “and yet I know not how to part with my darling.” I thought a tear dimmed the effect of a smile which lit up his manly face as he spoke these words; but, if such were the case, the agitation was but momentary, and he quickly resumed his wonted cheerfulness.

“I have no doubt she will, my dear sir,” said I; but I spoke with effort.—“The lieutenant appears in every way worthy of the inestimable treasure of Miss Napier’s affection.”

“He is a princely fellow,” replied he; “I know his disposition intimately, having been acquainted with him ever since my return from the Continent, five-and-twenty years ago, when he was a mere infant. In fact, he was brought up under my own eye; and so thoroughly am I convinced of his deserving qualities, that there is not a man in existence on whom I would so willingly bestow my child as Charles Latimer.”

I subsequently discovered some other circumstances relating to the Lieutenant, which the delicacy of my friend had concealed. He was the son of an old school-fellow and crony of Mr. Napier, who afterwards became an officer in a dragoon regiment which was ordered for foreign service. Latimer gained promotion, but shortly after attaining the rank of major, he was killed in action, leaving a will by which he appointed Mr. Napier the guardian of his infant son. This occurrence took place shortly after the latter had settled with his wife; and finding that the widow of his deceased friend was left in very straitened circumstances, he generously took young Charles under his protection, and paid the entire expense of his education at a public school. But Mr. Napier’s liberality did not end here. There was a large estate in Nottinghamshire to which Major Latimer was entitled, but which had been unjustly withheld from him by another branch of his family; and it was only by the tedious process of a chancery suit, the heavy expenses of which the gallant officer’s limited funds were utterly unable to support, that it could be recovered. As

the guardian of the young heir, Mr. Napier laid the necessary instructions before his own solicitor, and advanced all sums for the costs and disbursements of the proceedings, although he well knew that in the event of a decree being made against the infant claimant, there was no certainty of reimbursement, young Latimer having no fortune in expectancy, unless, indeed, he should acquire one by any profession he might pursue. Mr. Napier's object was too disinterested to permit that consideration to influence his conduct; but conscious as he was of the proverbial uncertainty of the law, and the vexatious delays particularly attendant upon all suits in chancery, he was too prudent to allow the future prospects of his ward to depend solely upon the hope, however well grounded, of ultimately recovering the property. He therefore, immediately on his attaining a proper age, purchased for him a commission in the army, as the young hero evinced a decided inclination to follow his father's glorious profession, and congratulated himself that his favourite Charles was at all events provided for, with the addition of a very fair prospect of succeeding to a fortune which would entirely obviate the necessity of following any pursuit whatever. After a lapse of several years the suit was decided, and a decree made in favour of young Latimer, by which the holder of the estate was compelled to give up possession, and also to refund all rents and profits which he had received during his unjust enjoyment of it. So that when the young officer attained his majority, he not only entered upon a handsome property, but became master of a large sum in ready cash, out of which he immediately repaid his benefactor the whole of the money he had so generously advanced.

It was at this period that he first made proposals for the hand of Miss Napier, which could not be attributed to mercenary motives, as he was now rich, and the moderate portion of the young lady was not the slightest object to him. His disinterestedness on this point was fully proved by the determination he expressed of settling, not only the whole dowry upon herself before marriage, but also of adding to it a sum nearly double the amount from his private purse. * * *

The wedding-day was fixed—the wedding presents were made—the lawyers were busy in preparing the marriage settlement—and in about three weeks Emily Napier was to be united to the man of her heart's choice. Just at this period I was summoned into the country on some business which I expected would detain me about a week.

“At all events you will return to town in time to dance at the wedding!” said Mr. Napier, jocularly, as he accompanied me to the door, on the evening preceding the day I had fixed for departure.

“By all means.”

Business detained me longer than I anticipated, and upwards of a fortnight had elapsed before I returned to town. My first care, after arranging a few domestic concerns, was to hasten to Mr. Napier's house. It was winter, and the shades of a dull, raw evening had drawn around before I arrived at the spot. On turning the corner of B—Street, where he resided, I perceived that it was thickly strewn with straw, which extended nearly the whole length. My heart beat thick, and a sudden swell arose in my throat, as, with a vague presentiment of misfortune, I quickened my steps towards the house, from which I was distant about fifteen doors. Being on the same side of the way, my impatient feeling urged me to cross, that I might gain an earlier and more complete view of the premises, and, as I hurried along, I endeavoured to pierce with my sight through the drizzling misty rain which seemed to hover, rather than fall, through the heavy atmosphere. As I drew nearer, I imagined I saw something white upon the door, rendered more conspicuous by the dim gleam of a lamp which shone full upon it. “Gracious Powers!” I exclaimed—“surely—no, no, it is fancy;—and yet—it is, it is, by Heaven!”

I had now gained the steps, and on ascending them, found my fears too truly verified—the knocker was indeed muffled. I actually staggered back, overpowered by the sickening sensations which arose within me; and, had I heard certain news of the death of some dear and valued connexion, I could not have felt more petrified than I did at the sight of so seemingly harmless, and, in itself, so unimportant an occurrence as the

By-gone Days.

knocker of a door being partly covered with leather ! It appeared to me the harbinger of disease, of misery, and of destruction ; and, to my unsteady and almost frenzied gaze, death itself seemed flitting through the dim, gloomy air, and pointing with a grin of hideous exultation to the house in which he had marked his prey. Such importance do very trifles arrogate in the mind of man from their causes, and the effects they frequently involve with them.

Several minutes elapsed before I could assume courage enough to give the signal for admittance, and during the

time I endeavoured to fortify mysinking spirits with such suggestions as first arose in my mind. "It may not be," thought I; "it may not be for any of the family—one of the servants, perhaps—Mr. Napier's philanthropy is well known, he would pay nearly the same attention to their necessities and comforts during sickness, as to a relation of his own;—the child, perhaps;—Emily ! Oh yes, Emily looked remarkably well when I left town—it cannot be for her—God forbid !"

(*To be continued.*)

BY-GONE DAYS.—A POEM.

BY JOHN CHARLES HALL, ESQ.

"— taste in thought again,
Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks
When pansied turf was air to winged feet,
And circling forests, by ethereal touch
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky." Low.

WHEN wandering far from friends and native home,
As 'mid yon glen at twilight's hour I roam,
Pictured in Memory's glass, how sweet !
Our by-gone days !—days that are past to greet.
To stray in fancy through each well-known scene,
To pace the churchyard and the village green,
The vista's ruin,* where the ivy grew,
And all the fav'rite haunts my childhood knew,
"How sweet !" (while all that's evil shuns the gaze)
To muse upon those happy by-gone days.
Hail, by-gone days ! thee simply will I sing.
"And from myself the artless picture bring :"
Those well-known spots to me, oh ! mind, restore,
Each youthful friend—each pleasure now no more ;
The rocky dell—once my belov'd retreat,
"The woodbine grot, where stands the rustic seat ;"
And as I watch, Sol's last—the lingering beams,
The parting streak, that o'er each object gleams,
I gaze admiring on the setting rays,
And think on past, on happy by-gone days—
When I was wont to pace the mossy glade,
To view the crimson-zon'd horizon fade.
Here, far remote from care and human noise,
I sit me down to think on former joys ;
Pause on each scene of by-gone days once more,
Again ! again ! the well known spots explore.
Oh that thou could'st, "from thine august abode,"
Survey thy friend on life's dismaying road ;
That thou couldst see him at this moment here,
Embalm thy mem'ry with the briny tear,
And hover o'er me as I gaze around,
Where the blest shades of by-gone days surround.
But thou art near—hark ! hark ! the whispering breeze
Conveys her voice, soft murmuring on the trees !

* Ruin Wiseton, Nottinghamshire.

She comes! she comes! clad in the night's dark robe,
 "When deathly silence reigns upon the globe:"
 Whence comes?—ah! whence this visionary scene?
 "'Tis fancy's wild ethereal dream I wean;"
 By her inspir'd, calm reason wings her flight:
 "What fond illusions burst upon the sight:"
 And in bright memory's shroud-encircled face,
 The joys of infancy we fondly trace.
 My song must close, the murky mists of night,
 Obscure pale Luna's visionary light;
 The muse must cease,—once more my adverse lot,
 Leads me (reluctant) from each cherish'd spot,
 Again compels to plunge in busy life,
 To share its cares, its turbulence, and strife.
 Yet 'fore my ling'ring, my unwilling feet
 Are banish'd ever from this lov'd retreat,
 Ere the bright prospect passes from my view,
 Scenes of my childhood—one—last fond adieu!!!!

7, Bath Place, Kensington.

A MINSTREL'S SONG,

BY M. L. B.—AUTHOR OF "QUITE GOOD ENOUGH," &c.

Hang thou, my harp, in thine old, old hall,
 Where rarely the feast is spread;
 Where lonely beams from the gay sun fall,
 On escutcheons of the dead:—
 Where shineth armour, of serf and chief,
 Where many a banner waves,
 Each, bearing a legend, bold and brief,
 Of "battles," and gory graves.

Hang thou, my harp, in thine old, old hall,
 'Mid stillness, and gloom profound,
 Where, to living voice, and light foot-fall,
 Hush'd Echo returns no sound;
 Where the cold moon's ghostly beam is thrown
 On storied rain-bow frame,
 Till it lends to sculptur'd wood and stone
 Each strange, but gorgeous strain.

Hang thou, my harp, in thine old, old hall,
 Where freakish minnikins play,
 And statues grave, at their wizard call,
 Dance on, until peep of day:
 Where mingleth with tempest—songs, and wail
 From the *bodiless*,—and where,
 Unearthly voices,—a ghastly tale,
 Of their butchery declare!

Hang thou, my harp, in thine old, old hall,
 Faint waxeth its minstrelsy;
 But song, like light, on its strings shall fall,
 I' that haunted sanctuary:
 Strength shall be gather'd from steel and stone,
 Deep colouring, from the glow
 Of tinted beams; whilst spirits, the tone
 Of their wild lutes shall bestow.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE; OR, LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.—No. I.

BY J. C. HALL, ESQ.

"WELL, Massa, you no go leave me ; —me go too—me be free; go see great country; you no flog me. I once had wife—me have child—me have garden—me get up one night, see house fire; me run out—me caught by strong men, put down ship, brought here; they mark back—me no more see my country—me see yours, you buy me, let me go," and the poor black embraced the legs of the Captain, looking entreatingly into his face.

"Well, Mungo, I have bought you; you shall go with me to England." The black danced with joy, covered himself with ribbons, and seemed the happiest being in the world.

Captain Henry Campbell had been from his earliest years a sailor, and after making many voyages to the East Indies, in the capacity of mate, obtained the command of a ship belonging to the East India Company, engaged in sailing from one settlement to another; at other times he resided on shore, superintending their commercial concerns. Being now in the possession of a considerable fortune, he resolved to visit his native country, and, accordingly, accompanied by Mungo, embarked for the shores of old England.

The morning was beautiful; a few drops of rain had fallen during the night; the dew-drops hung upon the magnolias, and a rainbow, darting through the fleecy clouds, shone as it were spanning the blue deep; and all within the beauteous arch appeared to be clearer than that without—so pure, so truly magnificent it looked, bending o'er the hills of that southern country.

"It chang'd of course; a heavenly camelion,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun.
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one."

For some days nothing could be more favourable: the steady breeze had wafted them a considerable distance on their way. The wind now rose a little, and a dark black cloud appeared in the north.

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"We shall have plenty of work ere night, I fancy," said the mate, and he was but too true a prophet.

All was prepared against the storm, which now burst upon them with almost irresistible fury. Mountains rose in quick succession, appearing every moment ready to overwhelm them. But the ship rode over, ascended from the liquid vale, and scaled the watery heights, maintaining a successful struggle with the roaring elements.

"Awful," said the captain, "was the thunder of the storm; awful, too, the frequent descent of the wind, perpendicularly holding us in long suspense, as if resolved to push and bear us down to the depths; and awful the occasional suspension of our gallant bark upon the top of the white billows, when every timber trembled as in terror while about to be precipitated the next moment into the yawning gulf below!"

Yet the scene was full of grandeur. Who can witness similar exhibitions without being struck with the majesty and power of the tempest? The wind sometimes dispersing a wave in furious spray, reflecting ten thousand rainbows—mountains of blue, crested with crowns of brilliant emerald, and these, again, gemmed with silvery foam.

The storm continued with unabated fury; the masts were cut away, the rudder gone; the leak had increased so fast, that in spite of every exertion the water was fast gaining upon them; the wind had abated, but the ship laboured so much that it was of little use to expect to hold out much longer. They were greatly distressed for want of water and food. All that came were constantly directing their eyes to every point of the compass to look for a sail.

"In vain the telescope
Was used—nor shore, nor sail appear'd in sight,
Nought but the heavy sea and coming night."

Out of a company of eighty-six men and boys, Captain Campbell, Mungo, the Captain's mate, and sixteen sailors belonging to the vessel were all that remained. The storm again rose with

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all its former fury, the lightnings flashed in quick succession : at length a loud peal of thunder burst over their heads, and, horror ! can I picture their dreadful situation ?—the ship was on fire and they unable to quench the flames.

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The heat became so great that it was impossible to bear it longer ; the yawl and pinnace had been stove at the beginning of the gale ; the long boat was now hoisted out, a blanket supplied them with a sail, a few pounds of biscuits, some pork, a cask of water, and some rum, was all they could procure, and the poor sailors jumped into the boat, and pushed away in time to clear the ship, which at this moment blew up, and scattered the burning spars in every direction. For five days they were driven about on the ocean, scorched and blistered by the burning sun ; their water was gone, but during the night a few drops of rain fell, which enabled them to quench, in some measure, their thirst. Day after day passed away, and every evening they mourned some fellow-sufferer committed to the deep. One morning they saw a sail ; all now were revived. They hoisted a waistcoat for a flag—they fancy it is coming nearer, nay, some descry a boat let down. A boat—a boat ! delusive hope ! she is soon out of sight, and either has not seen them, or paid no attention to their signal of distress. But another vessel now hove in sight ; Mungo placed a blanket on an oar and held it up. Anxiously they watched the ship ; she held on her course for some hours, day had long been fast declining, every minute the form of the vessel grew less distinct, and at length day closed upon them. Two more of their companions were committed to the waves. Famine, cold, thirst, despair, had rendered them so thin and gaunt that a mother would not have recognized her son amongst them. The night was cold and frosty ; the stars shone twinkling bright, and the sea was smooth and calm, the winds were hushed, and they hoped that the ship would not be gone. The morning dawned ; with what anxiety they watched the crimson tints of breaking day ! The mist cleared from the waters, day broke, and the vessel was still in sight. They

again made signals, the ship saw them, a gun was fired, and two boats hoisted out. They had some distance to row before they reached them, and the poor creatures were so exhausted with the exertions they had made to attract the notice of the vessel, that they lay almost inanimate at the bottom of their boat. Upon the frigate's boats coming up to them they were lifted out, and rowed to the ship ; they could hardly bear the motion of the oars, and three more died ere they reached the side of His Majesty's ship, the Vampire, bound for England, on her return from ——. Mungo, the Captain and eight of the crew, were all that remained ; all that reached the frigate. They were hoisted up the side of the ship, without having the appearance of life or motion, and immediately attended by the surgeon ; they all soon recovered, with the exception of the poor negro, whose iron constitution had been ruined by his sufferings in the hold of the slave-ship, and laborious employment when a slave. Every time the Captain came to see him the black fixed his eyes upon him ; poor fellow ! he was as yet too weak to speak, but oh ! what did his countenance express ?—gratitude, love, affection, and fidelity. And who was Mungo ? A black, a negro, once a slave—one who had been torn from kindred and from friends—one who had sighed as he cast a last fond look on the hills of Africa—a being, we are told, incapable of feeling—one whose nature is allied to the brute—one, spite of all this false reasoning, descended from the same parents as ourselves ;

“ Man by sin and suffering tried ;
Man, for whom the Saviour died.”

“ Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still Slavery, still thou art a bitter draught, and though thousands, in all ages, have been made to taste of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.”

* * * * *

Mungo had now so far recovered as to be able to walk on deck, and though the friends of the poor fellow thought he would get well, the experienced surgeon of the vessel told them that he could not long survive. He was sinking under an attack of phthisis—“ consumption, silent cheater of the eye.” His eyes soon became sunk in the forehead, the voice hoarse, and the breath-

ing laborious ; he could not even walk along the deck without being exhausted, and it now was but, alas ! too certain that he was hastening to the grave, towards that bourne from whence no traveller returns. He was constantly attended by the worthy chaplain, and soothed by the offices of religion—at length he fell asleep. This son of the desert had been untainted by the errors of civilization ; he had shared in none of what he called “white man’s sins.” “Me no drunk—Mungo love water ; no dance—that be wrong ; the Great Spirit in hebben say so, so tell the the priest ; me pray to Him, he hear me, he hear all—black man, white man, all who pray.” To express myself in the words of an Indian poet, such were the sentiments of Mungo.

“God send me angel, take me care.
He come he self—he hear me prayer,
If inside heart do pray.
He see me now—he know me here ;
He say, ‘Poor Indian, nebbber fear,
Me wid you night and day.’

Now I am old, me head be grey,
Den he no leave me, so him say—
Me wid you till you die.
Den take me up to shiny place,
See white man, red man, black man face,
All happy like on high.”

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They all assembled at the ship’s side to see the last sad rites paid to the poor negro. “When a ship-mate leaves us,” said an old sailor, “it is rather hardish ; one likes to see him weather the storm, even though his masts be gone, and a few holes in his sides ’twixt wind and water ; and as to this here black, though he was not with us long, still he was a good sort of a chap, and shiver my timbers, but if he wa’n’t as good as our parson ; but I’m not book-larned, tho’ Bill Towrope was saying as how he had heard that the king was going to ‘man-cipate the blacks, which means they are all going to heaven, I reckons ; however, this Mungo’s gone to Davy’s locker,” and with this speech he took off his hat, put it under his arm, turned the “backey” over in his mouth, brushed away a tear, and was all attention to the service. It was soon concluded ; the chaplain read that part, “and we commit his body to the deep ;” a splash was heard, the water agitated for a moment, then all was

“Hush’d and silent as the ocean’s grave
Of him who sleeps beneath its glassy wave.”

The ship went nobly on her course, and arrived on the coast of old England. The Captain had been absent twenty-four years, and when you have never seen your home, and friends, and native clime for so long a period, strange thoughts and fancies flit across the mind. “Where,” we ask, “are our late playmates ? where the companions of our fireside—the schoolmaster and his dame ? Where they who formed the joyous happy throng at our Christmas parties ? where the rosy-cheeked, sprightly Harriet, we used to dance with—who handed round the plate, ‘big with the fate,’ if not of thousands, of the company who were to draw a lot from Fortune’s fairy wheel, upon that twelfth-night ?” Alas ! many a heart that then was gay, now sleeps beneath the green hillock, unconscious alike of the rude urchins that play and trample o’er them, and the once absent friend, now returned, who waters the wild flowers that grow around their last silent resting-place with the briny tear. So thought the Captain : it was long since he had gazed on the green hills of his country—long since he had wandered through her verdant fields ; he was now returned, hastening up to London, musing on the past and thinking of the future. The rattling of the coach over the stones reminded him that he was in the streets of the great metropolis ; he hastened to the house of his brother—he found that he was dead, and his family dispersed, and was directed to Violet Cottage, where Mrs. Anson, one of his nieces, lived.

The niece received the Captain with open arms—was so glad to see him, and hoped he would not think of leaving them during his stay in town. Of course he was pleased with his reception, and expressed his pleasure at seeing them so happy.

“Ah, but I remember another that we must not forget—where is my niece, Clara ? your sister. Oh ! I remember many traits of her character. Pity a poor old sailor ; but you know well, that at times the tear must dim the eye, and trickle down the furrows of his weather-beaten face. Forgive the briny drops that now flow as I think of pleasures gone for ever ;—but we were speaking of Clara. Can you tell me where she is gone ? Is she, like you,

happy and comfortable? I feel my time drawing to a close, I shall, therefore, settle the little I have to do in the world, and then, living among my friends, await in peace and tranquillity the hour that sooner or later will come. But what news have you of Clara, my pretty little play-fellow? I remember her, as though it were but yesterday, coming behind my chair, giving me a sly pull, and then running away that I might follow and give her a kiss. Sorry indeed should I be if my old pet was not well—

“Happy, happy childhood!
Would I were a child,
Again to taste its pure delights
Its pleasures unalloy’d.”

“Alas, sir,” replied Mrs. Anson, “she was always a very foolish wild girl, and has given her friends a great deal of trouble, and it would be happy if we could forget her altogether.”

“Forget!” said the Captain, rising from his seat, “forget her! forget Clara! Poor thing! where is her base seducer? Old as I am, this arm is not yet nerveless—I will be her avenger. I—”

“Nay, nay, my dear sir,” said Mrs. A., interrupting him, “I cannot say she has ruined herself in the worst sense of the word, but has disgraced herself and family by a thoughtless and hasty match with one far beneath her, and it has ended as might of course be expected, in misery and wretchedness.”

“Oh, I am indeed happy,” ejaculated the Captain, “I am truly happy that it is no worse. I much disapprove of improper and foolish marriages, but still I cannot help thinking, that where there is no crime there can be no irreparable disgrace. But who was the man, and what opinion had my poor brother of it?”

“Why, I cannot but say that it was perhaps partly my father’s own fault, for he became fond of the young man, who was an artist of considerable talent, and employed to teach drawing in the family, and even would not discharge him after he was informed of the danger of an attachment between Clara and him; so when it was too late, he fell into a violent passion about it, which had only the effect to drive the girl into the arms of her lover. She eloped, was married to him, and soon fell into difficulties; of course my fa-

ther would do nothing for them, and when he died, he not only disinherited her, but also made us pledge ourselves never again to look upon her as a sister.”

“And you did make that promise?”

“We could not disobey the commands of our parent, but we have once or twice sent her a few shillings when we heard she was in very great distress, though we could not call upon her, as that, you must be aware, would have been very improper.”

“And pray what has become of her? where is she now?”

“To tell you the truth, her husband has so often changed their abode, that it is now some time since we have heard any thing of them.”

“May I ask how long?”

“Perhaps half a year, or more.”

“Poor outcast! I have made no promise, however, to renounce thee, and I never will. Be pleased, madam,” said he, addressing Mrs. Anson, “to have the kindness to give me the last address you had of this unfortunate sister.”

Blushing and confused she presented it to him. “But you will not think of leaving us to-day. My servant shall make any inquiries you wish, and to-morrow you can ride to town in my carriage, and do as you think best.”

“Ten thousand thanks, my dear madam, but I am at all times an indifferent kind of sleeper, and I am sadly afraid what I have heard would not much tend to compose me; besides, I am naturally very impatient, and love to do business for myself—you will excuse me.” So saying, he took up his hat and stick, and bent his steps once more towards London.

When he arrived he went without delay to a narrow street near the Haymarket. The people of the house told him that the lady and gentleman he asked after had long left, and they did not know what had become of them. This perplexed him a good deal; what to do he knew not, till at length the women remembered that Mr. John Ellis, for that was the drawing master’s name, had been employed in the school of Mr. Walter Richardson, and remarked, “it was very probable that some information might be obtained of him in that quarter.”

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The Captain was ushered into a small room, containing half-a-dozen chairs, a table, writing desk, pens, ink, and paper, a few books, among which he observed, "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted," "Young Man's best Companion," a large family Bible, the Latin and Greek grammar, a copy of Virgil, and some others. At one end of the room was a mirror, (the walls were garnished with a view of Clifton—Gravesend, with the new baths,) and at the other a full length portrait hung in a large massive frame, of the pedagogue himself. Mr. Richardson, who, habited in a suit of half-worn-out black and slippers, his white neckerchief soiled with snuff, and the sleeves of his dress threadbare from constant friction on the desk, now made his appearance, bowing and retreating, and at length entering the room ; "had great pleasure in seeing him, and should be most happy to learn his commands. He could assure him that he had been honoured with the care of youth for many years ; taught Latin, Greek, trigonometry, analytical geometry, conic sections, fluxions, and the——"

"Stay," said the Captain, "I am not coming to ask your scholastic acquirements, I have no child to place under your tuition ; will you have the kindness to tell me where a Mr. John Ellis lives, who, I am informed, was once a teacher of drawing in your academy."

"Ah! Ellis! poor Ellis, a good kind of young fellow, but he left me some time ago—he was very poor, and did not dress sufficiently well to cut a respectable figure among my pupils. I was therefore reluctantly compelled to discharge him—and this, I think, is the last direction he gave me—opening his desk, he gave the Captain a card—who thanking him for his kindness, left the room, and calling a coach, once more set out to trace the abode of the lost Clara."

They went up one street and down another, till at length stopping at a narrow court he entered a house, the windows of which were patched up with oil paper, as a protection from the bitter November blast, that howled without, and from the falling snow, that already had covered the pavement. A rush-light cast a faint glimmer o'er the room, revealing a picture of misery and dis-

tress beyond description. Yes, lovely, fair, and beauteous reader, tenant of the courtly hall—you who never yet have known what it is to breathe a wish that has not immediately been gratified ; you who have servants ever ready to execute the slightest command upon your bidding, pause and reflect upon the many scenes of misery around you, learn a lesson from the sketches from life, that may daily be painted as we ramble along the courts, the alleys, the highways and bye-ways of the great city—the capital of England—the empress of the sea. It is not in some fashionable part of the West-end, not in the crowd of wealth, youth, and beauty, that throng in the Parks or Kensington Gardens, to listen to the music of the band, or in the dress circle of Covent Garden or Drury Lane, that we can trace misery : truly did a distinguished foreigner remark "he had seen every class in England but the poor,"—they, too, you may see also, in the courts near Drury-lane ; but a few yards from that gay place of amusement objects of the greatest misery are to be found—children expiring with cold and want—looking into their parent's face, asking for that bread which is not theirs to give—then uttering a faint cry—the painful scene is over—yes, poor unfriended infant! you are then happy, reposing in peace for ever on the bosom of thy God.

I cannot describe the picture of misery, the room as I have before said, was low and dark ; a small bit of coal and two sticks were in the little grate as an apology for a fire—an old woman, covered with a few rags, was endeavouring with her breath to excite some little blaze, in order that she might warm some gruel—stretched on a mat in the other corner lay a pale emaciated form. The Captain, after pausing a moment, asked him, if he was the husband of Clara Campbell. He raised his head from the pillow, looked on the Captain for a moment, and then fainted—a little brandy and water which was immediately given, restored him, and he faintly whispered, I was her husband, but she, alas! is now no more! to-night I may not tell you, sir, my history, but to-morrow you shall hear it. I shall shortly be gone—my tired, my worn-out spirit longs to leave this earthly tenement to soar on high, to join her

in heaven. He then muttered in a low tone of voice,

Yes, neglect has stung me sore,
Hope's wild raptures thrill no more.
Soon shall name and memory fade,
In the tomb this form be laid;
Soon this body yield its trust,
Sleep forgotten in the dust.
Soon this throbbing heart lie still,
Bending to its Maker's will.

and then sunk into a quiet slumber. Captain Campbell, after giving orders that every thing might be procured for him during the night, left him, in order that he might find some comfortable abode, in which poor Ellis might spend the remainder of his days.

The next morning Mr. Ellis was removed; in the afternoon, Dr. —, Dr. —, and Mr. —, the celebrated surgeon, met in consultation. They agreed that nothing more could be done, it being evident that the poor sufferer was beyond the power of human aid, and therefore, after ordering some soothing medicines, left him. In the evening he appeared better—got up, and calling for pen and ink, sat down to write; he sat writing some hours, till at length exhausted he fell asleep; he awoke so much worse that Captain Campbell was immediately summoned—"God bless you—God bless you," exclaimed the dying man, "I am going hence—to tread the dark passage of the tomb—thank you for every kindness—you asked me to give you some account of my history, and that of the poor creature who is now no more, here (handing a sealed packet to him) sir, are a few brief lines that will tell you all—farewell—farewell—my God—my God!" the hand of the sick man pressed the Captain's—he fixed his glassy eyes upon him—gradually they lost their expression—the grasp of the fingers became fainter, and fainter—suddenly the hand fell motionless upon the bed—poor Ellis was no more!

It appeared from the paper, that after he married Clara, he got employment in a school as drawing-master—hoping that in time Clara's father would forgive her:—heart-broken with grief, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, beyond measure distressed at the unkindness of her father, she resolved to write to her sister, asking her to plead for

herself and husband with Mr. Campbell. I give the copy.

"My dear sister,—Excuse the liberty I am taking in addressing you—what am I saying?—why need I fear to write to one so dearly loved—to the playmate of my happier days—to a sister? We are driven to the last resource, we have pawned every thing. E. is now so ill that for the last week he has received nothing for drawing lessons—my time has been so occupied with attending upon him, that my needle has, I am sorry to say, contributed little to our support. What then is to become of us? Are we to be driven into the streets? Are we to come as paupers on the parish in which my father is so wealthy an inhabitant? Oh! let me, let me beg of you, to use your influence, not only on my account with my father, but also for the sake of one so dear to me as ——. I may not even mention his name. Oh, dearest sister!—you who I hear are about to be married must, I am sure, feel for me, and pity me—and though I admit I have done wrong in disobeying the commands of my father, still, I hope I am not yet so lost as to be beyond your pity. Think of my dreadful situation—my little trinkets—my gowns, ay, even the very bed is gone to procure the common necessities of life. The partner of my life too, lies on a mat spread on some straw in the corner of the room—poor fellow, so ill—so much in need of many little comforts, and I unable to procure him the least."

It appears probable, that this letter never reached Mrs. Anson; perhaps her husband opened it, and concealed it from her. A note was sent with five pounds in it, but without any signature. After this cruel neglect, her delicate constitution, unable to bear the hardships so long endured, gave way—and poor Clara was buried at the expense of the parish of St. ——. But availed it that the bloom had faded from her cheek—that the lustre of her lovely eyes was dimmed?—No! she had fled from the vale of tears to that happy land—where the poor wounded heart will be comforted, where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown.

After the funeral of poor Mr. Ellis,

our old friend the Captain, retired into a romantic part of Yorkshire. He wrote a note to the inhabitants of Violet Cottage, that was any thing but pleasant; with it was a copy of his will—and now that the Captain is happy in his snug little room—you seated round your cheerful Christmas fire-side, it is high time for me to conclude my sketch.

Think not, however, that the tale is overdrawn, it is partly founded on fact. Then can we, knowing the misery of our fellow men, cast away the beggar from our door? Look on yon poor woman—her tattered vest—shoes through which the bare feet are seen—gaze on the infant clinging to her breast; poor little thing, how cold it is, how destitute!

Alas! the scenes I have witnessed in this metropolis, will furnish materials for many a tale of woe. Can you think on poor Ellis—look upon his grave without saying,

Ah! whose is this hillock—this fresh cover'd clod?

What's engrav'd on the stone near yon green mossy sod?

Mark well the inscription!—the poor Out-cast's grave,
And o'er it the willows as mournfully wave;

and yet there are many more poor creatures equally destitute, equally as much in want as he was. Be merciful to the poor, pity their sorrow, and great indeed will be your reward. But see, mamma is looking at her watch—it is supper-time—that is a hint for me, I dare not refuse to obey. Christmas is the season for joy, mirth, and festivity—how delightful to meet brothers and sisters come back from school—to see the friends we have been so long been separated from, returned—assembled once more around the cheerful fire, singing the merry song, or mingling in the joyous dance, all seem so happy that I cannot intrude longer upon you, so after hoping you have spent a merry Christmas I wish you, fair readers,

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

7, Bath-place, Kensington,
January 1st, 1837.

(To be continued.)

NO. I.—LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP BOOK.—A THOUGHT.

BY J. C. HALL, ESQ.

Long on Golconda's shore a diamond lay
Neglected, rough, conceal'd in common clay,
By ev'ry passenger despis'd and scorn'd.
The latent jewel thus in secret mourn'd:
“Why am I thus to sordid earth confin'd?
Why scorn'd and trod upon by every hind?
Were these bright qualities, this glitt'ring hue,
And dazzling lustre never meant for view?
Wrapt in eternal shades if I remain,
Then shining virtues were bestow'd in vain.”
As thus the long-neglected gem display'd
Its worth and wrongs, a skilful artist stray'd
By chance that way, and saw, with curious eye,
Though much obscur'd, th' invaluable treasure lie.
He ground with care,—he polish'd it with art—
And drew forth all its rays from ev'ry part.
While now Hortensia's neck ordain'd to grace,
It adds new charms to beauty's fairest face.
The mind of man, neglected and untaught,
Is this rough diamond in the mine unwrought;
Till Education lend her power—unknown
The brightest talents lie, a common stone.
By her fair hand, when fashion'd, the young mind
Rises with lustre, polish'd and refin'd.

July, 1826.

THE STRANGER OF OUR VILLAGE.

Ho! Give me truth in fancy fiction dress,
It acts like savoured sauce! and makes it palatable. ‡

It was in May, 1835, when our village, which had begun to throw off the lethargy with which a long, cold and dirty winter encircles it,—the sun peeping through the clouds, the new foliage upon the trees, and other spring beauties displayed,—began to assume its wonted loveliness, and after the day's labour our lads and lasses would assemble round an old wooden-legged fiddler for a dance in some green unfrequented spot; while the aged dame, with her grandchildren, would be seen toddling off to the neighbouring wood; and the little beer-shop door, thronged by the farmers and men of the neighbourhood, would send forth tones of happy melody. It was while our village inhabitants were enjoying all the pleasures and happiness which a return of spring affords, a stranger suddenly paid us a visit, and expressed an intention of stopping some time. Our gossips were immediately on the alert, with the usual, "Who is he?" but all they could discover was, that he came by the London stage, which set him down at the end of the lane, with only a large cloak and portmanteau, which he carried himself to Farmer Hazleton's, where he engaged lodgings, for which he paid one sovereign per week, which we all agreed was a shame that Farmer Hazleton should impose upon the gentleman so much, though he was a stranger; but as yet we could not discover who he was or his business. Indeed, we heard his name was Muff, but the good dames of our village declared he was no muff, and Mrs. Tupps, who was the eldest dame in the village, and I think the greatest gossip, declared there had not been a stranger within her recollection come to stop at the village, but within four-and-twenty hours she knew his pedigree, business, and every particular of his visit. The whole village population were now anxiously waiting for information, and there was not an old dame amongst us who did not dream something concerning him; but, to their great vexation, he seldom entered into conversation, and when he did, was little gifted with that great and common virtue of speaking of himself. He never left his room till

near twilight; indeed his conduct altogether was very strange; each of Farmer Hazleton's men had seen or heard something wonderful he had done; our gude wives told long tales of Turpin, and Clifford, and others; our farmers spoke of Captain Swing, and other incendiaries,—each seemed to look at him as their spy; but, as the Fox with the Grapes, they made their minds up he was no good, and contented themselves with quietly watching him; and as time fled on, he was forgotten. The beauties of nature began daily to expand;—our wood, which was rather extensive, was really beautiful. I have been delighted there, watching the squirrels leaping from tree to tree,—hearing some nightingale chaunt her melody, at my favourite seat beneath a huge oak, at the foot of which ran a pure little crystal rivulet, warbling over its pebbly bed, and giving music to the scene. Here for hours I have been seated, listening to the wind rattling through the trees, while enjoying my cigars and watching the rabbits and hares, from the estate of our magistrate and lord of the manor, Hugh De Barratt, an old-fashioned English gentleman, with large estates and two pretty daughters, his only joy, his only care. One evening, having taken my usual seat, and smoking my cigar very comfortably, I fell into a dose. However, I was awakened by a voice, saying as plaintive as music, "William, I must not leave the country; I speak not my own inclination, but my father would not hear of such a thing; besides, you are a mere stranger to all my friends,—how can you expect their consent, and I never will violate their wishes."

I looked up and was transfixed at beholding Miss Elizabeth Barratt walking arm and arm with the stranger of our village.

"Should my father know of these visits!" said Miss B., with emphasis of a Juliet.

"He shall know of them," said our stranger, "Now I will myself unfold to him our acquaintance."

"No, no, you must not,—you shall not," said Miss B.

"You dare not," echoed a voice undiscovered amongst the trees; but coming forward, to our great surprise, was young Squire Malpas, whose father's estate joined that of Hugh de Barratts, and the considered lover of Miss E. B.—and presenting himself before our stranger, Master William Muff, seemed inclined to dispute the possession of the lady, whom Mr. Muff now released, and left her a trembling spectator to a verbal contest, chiefly consisting of, "Who are you!"—At length the combatants got more enraged, and Mr. Muff, seizing Squire Malpas by the shoulders, showed his superior prowess by shaking him well, and thrusting him some yards distant. I thought it now my turn to interfere, but there was no occasion for it, for Mr. Malpas had no idea of breaking the peace, but contented himself by walking away, promising vengeance.

"Ah! how do you do, Mr. Day," said Miss B., "I am glad you were here to prevent a quarrel; then taking both our arms, we escorted her to her father's garden gate: she wished us good evening, and disappeared, much to the disappointment of Mr. Muff, who turned round and said, "You are going my way, I think, Mr. Day." I bowed in acquiescence. He made a few remarks upon interruption, quarrels, curiosity, and so forth, rather more soliloquising to himself than talking to me, and as I was myself in rather a moody way, I did not press him with replies, being rather inclined for enjoyment. We walked in silence. Gloomy and more gloomy became our path; louder and louder the winds hissed through the trees; then all was still; some owl preparing for its midnight flight would screech; some bird disturbed would echo his last note;—then all was still again,—my spirits were remarkably depressed. I paid no attention to the path we had taken; for, being so used to the wood, I thought it of little consequence. We had walked a considerable distance, when my strange companion interrupted me, inquiring if I knew where we were. I looked round and replied, "Oh yes. That path leads to the village, but we must have taken a very circuitous route." We continued our way without any further interruption, except Mr. Muff remarking, there was

plenty of game in the woods; till we came to an open spot surrounded by trees;—a house stood at one end. "I never was here before," murmured Mr. Muff. "Nor I," said I,—"we had better inquire at yon house." Accordingly, we made our way,—we saw no light,—the door was bolted,—so Mr. M. made his foot substitute a knocker, but no one answered it;—it was now getting exceedingly dark,—we were both in a strange spot. I, who had been all my life in the neighbourhood of the woods, had never seen it, although, I thought I knew every part of them. We knocked louder and louder, until we nearly shook the door from its hinges, when we were assailed by an old lady's head put out from the window above us, who holloa'd vehemently,

"Ah! you villains, my husband's on the look out for you, and now you do take advantage of a poor lone woman, because her husband does his duty." We both shouted out "We've lost our way!"

"Lost your way," returned the amazon, "my husband will put you in the right way if he catches you;" and so shutting the window.

"The devil take her," said Mr. M., while he thundered again at the door.

"She takes us for poachers, or something worse," said I; "we had better retrace our steps, for should her husband come home, we might be roughly handled."

It now got intensely dark, and the rain drops which had been falling, began seriously to increase, and warned us to take shelter. We crossed the grass plat, to discover the path we came by, and struck into the woods as near the direction as we could recollect. The rain began to pour down fast. The wind, which had considerably risen, whistling amongst the trees, was quite numbing. We ran as fast as we could, in hopes to find shelter, and at last stopped beneath a large tree to take breath, when Mr. M. spied a light; we hailed it with the joy a boat full of shipwrecked mariners would a sail in sight, and we made no less haste to get to it; for we took to our heels, and to our great joy discovered it to be a small cottage, with a large party of jolly fellows; for when we were some distance from it, we heard the vibration

D

of their lungs chanting some hunting chorus. "Bravo!" shouted Mr. M., and seizing the door, shook the lock and found it bolted. A peal of thunder followed, the lightning flashed, and the rain poured down in torrents. No one answered the door. We knocked at the window, where we could hear them singing about some old sporting farmer in the neighbourhood,—but with the noise outside and the noise inside, no one came. A woman's apron served for a blind, so we could not discover who they were. Standing to be wet through was not to be tolerated,—so, after searching round the cottage for shelter, I discovered a sash-window unfastened:—any port in a storm,—up I threw it,—a bell was fastened to it, which gave a long peal. In jumped Mr. M. and I was following him, when down he went over a table in the middle of the room. "Wasn't there a noise," said one of the jovial party. "I think there is somebody in the next room," said another in a whisper. I heard footsteps coming, and, to my great surprise, saw the muzzle of a blunderbuss pointed. I holloa'd out, and was making my way to one corner, when I came in contact with a globe of gold-fish which stood in the recess of the window. Fortunately, down it fell, gold-fish, globe, and all the &c. stock of the little table on which they stood; and the next instant, no small discharge of what afterwards proved slugs passed above my head. "A light, Jessie, a light!" shouted several voices, which Jessie was not long obeying. Mr. M., struggling with a large oak table, having now disengaged himself, rushed at the foremost of the party, an old man in a game-keeper's dress, and seizing him by the throat, exclaimed, "You damned rascal, to fire upon persons unarmed, seeking shelter from the storm."

The old man struggled to disengage himself, and Mr. M. seeing his enemy's allies too strong for him, thrust the old man against the boy with the light, which he overturned and extinguished. "Seize them, seize them!" shouted the old man; "I know them." I had now risen, and stepping forward, said, "My name is Day, of Lynch farm, Whipsnade, and I don't know—" "You're a d—d liar," said a man, seizing my arm. The insult I attempted to avenge

with the other, but which was likewise seized, and they dragged me into the next room. We were all in darkness. I could see a boy with a match trying to get a light from the dying embers of a wood-fire. Mr. M. spoke in an impetuous manner, with a voice well known to the old game-keeper. "Eh, eh," said the old man, "I thought as much: I don't half like these strangers coming to a quiet village, no one knows where from, or what for; I always said he was some poacher, who had found his late situation too warm for him." Mr. M. answered proudly and haughtily; but the old man kept tormenting him with several paltry allusions. At length Mr. M. got quite indignant; he seized the candlestick, which still remained unlighted, and dashed it at his opponent; it evidently hit its mark, for a deep groan and heavy fall followed. The next instant the click of several firelocks followed, and the boy, who had been busily employed over the fire, produced a light. Imagine our comfortable situation, with six or seven game-keepers presenting arms at our heads, swearing, if we did not surrender, they would fire. But our suspense was cut short by a general cry of "Halloa, Mr. Day, it must be some mistake!" The light had undeceived them. I knew them all to be 'Squire de Barratt's game-keepers. They now bade us sit down, made up a good fire, which, as we were wet through, made me forget the past, and to patronize the present. On inquiring, I was told we must consider ourselves prisoners, and that old Newman, the head game-keeper, was stunned and desperately wounded, for the candlestick had struck him between the eyes and forehead. To Mr. Muff, who had been sitting with his eyes steadfastly fixed on the fire in apparent reflection, I intimated how matters stood, and that we should most certainly be taken before 'Squire de Barratt in the morning. Nothing could portray his horror upon this occasion; he offered the men any amount, if they would permit his escape. "Old Newman often observed you lurking about the woods, and always thought you were after the game; but I'm apt to think you're something worse; for if you were innocent, what would you care about going before a magistrate?" However, these various discussions are

not entertaining ; but to continue : much to the mortification of Mr. Muff, we were marshalled to the house of Hugh De Barratt, Esq. magistrate of the county, and from thence to his presence-chamber. Upon entering, I found our opponents had the advantage of being before us. On one side stood old Newman, with his face bound up, with a green shade over his eyes, which appeared very much swollen and blackened, and by the old 'Squire stood young 'Squire Malpas, and at our backs were arranged eight game-keepers. I stepped up to the table where the old Squire sat, and said, " 'Squire B., I think it very hard,—I who have lived on your manor so many years, and am likewise your tenant, should be thus treated by your servants."—"I am sorry for it, Mr. Day," said the 'Squire, "but I'll hear the case." Old Newman, the first witness, related the whole case, with a trifling exaggeration ; and then a good dame made her appearance, who declared two men attempted to break into her house, and she thought it was us ; but her husband, Mr. Newman, being out on the look-out, she was so frightened ! Well, their whole evidence was gone through ; and I made my defence

by stating the facts of the adventure, which Mr. Muff corroborated. He then having obtained Mr. M.'s name and address in London, summed up the evidence, and returned a verdict in our favour ; and then ordered the room to be cleared, except Mr. Muff, myself, and Mr. Malpas. He then asked certain questions upon Mr. Muff's visit to that part of the country ; these were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Elizabeth herself, who explained her introduction at Lady P.'s ball, and that her aunt, with whom she was stopping, permitted his visits. After some further discussion, Mr. Muff begged, and was accepted as Miss Elizabeth's lover, to the no little chagrin of young 'Squire Malpas, who shortly after left the country, and emigrated to foreign parts, leaving Mr. M. and Miss E. de B. the uninterrupted bliss and felicity which must follow true and devoted love. A few months since, our village was enlivened to a universal joy by their marriage, though deepened into gloom the month after by the death of the good old 'Squire, Hugh de Barratt. Yet we had the pleasure of seeing his place worthily filled by the stranger of our village.

A. P. G

TO MISS VANDENHOFF.

ON HER DEBUT AS 'JULIET,' AT DRURY LANE THEATRE,

APRIL 11th, 1836.

THE Juliet Shakspeare drew was fair and young,
 A vision of the land of sun-glad skies,
 A chaste emotion ! exquisitely strung
 To fondest trust, and heaven-sent sympathies.
 As pure, as young, as exquisite, and fair,
 A vision and reality combined,
 One glimpse revealed thee, maid ! beyond compare,
 Her of our dreams, the Juliet of the mind—
 Artless, as eager hope that made her bless'd—
 Anguish'd, as sever'd love that bade her die—
 We saw thee move, caressing and caress'd ;
 We wept to share thy grief's last ecstasy—
 And now we long the vision to renew :
 Haunted by her we saw, sweet Juliet, and by you.

From Poems by J. Jones, Esq.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—A TALE OF FACTS.

L'hypocrisie est un hommage que le vice rend à la vertu.—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

THE events that form the subject of the present tale occurred not many months back, within the vicinity of London. Events that are worthy to form the theme of novel or romance, and make many an eye to be dimmed with tears, and many a cheek to turn pale at its recital.

It is true, we are no longer inhabitants of an age of chivalry and romance,—that we live not in those days when every damsel was wooed by “couched lance and spear,” when

“To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthlie things he most did crave.”*

each goodly knight endangered life and reputation, to execute the mandate or gratify the lightest wish of his ladye-love.

“And prove his puissance in battell brave.”†

Oh! no, those days are passed, and young ladies in this era of refinement are sued by sighs and tears, by unmeaning nothings poured into their ears by their no less unmeaning suitors; or, which is of more common occurrence, are courted by money and won by dress, as though love could be bought by gold, and affection and happiness were mere trifles to be considered hereafter. But the human mind, since (as has been frequently remarked) it cannot be satisfied with present enjoyment, lives on grateful recollections and pleasing hopes. The brute creation love to range the fields, to crop the green pasture, and to bask and ruminate in the sunshine; but for man, the dull reality of things must be gilded by the radiance of imagination; and the routine of ephemeral pleasure must be brightened by the ideal.

“A spirit born of song, unseen, all-seeing,
Lives deep within our dark life's wandering
streams:

Nymph of our soul, and brightness of our
being,

She makes the common waters musical;
Binds the rude night-winds in a silver thrall,
Bids Hybla's thyme and Tempe's violet dwell
Round the green marge of her moon-haunted
cell.

She, the ideal in the wells of Truth,
Moves gladdening all things with a godhead's
youth.”‡

But our tale is not one of fancy's

* Spencer's *Fairy Queen*. † *Ibid*.

‡ Bulwer's *Pilgrim of the Rhine*.

wreathing, or imagination's creation; it is a scene from real life,—a leaf torn, as it were, from the book of nature, whereon to read the human heart. Had it been my determination to have followed the beaten track of many in the present day, I should but have waved the fairy wand of charm, and carried back the reader to days of yore, to witness jousts and tournaments,—or transported him to some eastern clime, perchance to Gulistan, the land of roses, where the bulbul ceases not to pour forth nightly its mournful note,—or to those orbs where is assembled all that imagination in her boundless flight can conceive, or heart desire. But I will divest it of all the gay and gaudy trappings that in mockery attract the eye, and present it with simple truth as it came under my immediate notice.

Henry Rawdon§ had lately arrived from a military college, where he had been pursuing his studies with the intention of embracing the profession; but owing to ill health he had quitted Woolwich, and obtained an appointment under government. Among those with whom it was his fortune to associate, there was but one whose habits, or whose conversation, seemed at all agreeable to his own. William Roscoe had held the rank of subaltern in the Spanish Legion, but had retired from the service from wounds received in a conflict with the enemy. My friend and he grew so intimate, that they shared the same roof and the same table, and seemed as though united by the nearer ties of brotherhood, than the friendship of a few weeks. I saw much of Roscoe, and the favourable impression on my mind was not at all decreased by the events that marked his former life.

His father, a man of property, resided near * * *. At the age of seventeen, an uncle had died, and bequeathed him a large estate in the West Indies, which was vested in the hands of trustees, until he should arrive at manhood, but to that period he was in the yearly receipt

§ It is almost needless to remark, that the names of those who figure in this “TALE OF FACTS,” are assumed.

of five hundred pounds. When he had reached his eighteenth year, he went to college to complete his studies, previous to a tour on the Continent. Within a few miles of Cambridge, there lived an old and valued friend of his family, with whom he was in the habit of spending much of his time; but by degrees the society of his fellow-collegians ceased to please him, their midnight revelry and mirth delighted him no more, and all his leisure hours were passed at the house of Mr. Vernon; for there was a charm that attracted him thither, a spell that bound him, as potent as those of the fabled Circe, divested of their evil, but not their magic.

Amie was the only daughter of Mr. Vernon, the sole prop of his declining years. Her father was a man who had encountered trials and difficulties, and often would have sank beneath the load of his misfortunes, had he not been cheered and sustained by his wife. But when fortune seemed to smile upon him,—when honour, wealth, and riches were at his disposal,—when the utmost of human happiness seemed within his grasp,—his wife died,—the partner of his sufferings, but, alas! not doomed to partake his joys. Oh, how often is the cup, when raised to our lips, suddenly dashed away!—how often is the summer sky obscured and dimmed by tempestuous showers!—how often is our morning of bliss changed into an evening of tears!

He loved his daughter, for she was his only child, with all the warmth of affection: in her a new well of life seemed to have been opened to him,—a new existence to have sprung around him; and it was with feelings of pleasure that he beheld the growing attachment of Roscoe and his daughter; to see her wedded to one not unworthy of her, and to witness her happiness, was the only desire that occupied his mind.

And now but few months remained to the consummation of his wishes. Roscoe was to enter upon his estate, and his daughter to take upon her the nuptial vow. Her lover had left her for a few weeks, to settle his affairs, and make arrangements with his family previous to his marriage. But he had not been absent many days, when he received a letter begging him to return, as Amie was very unwell. Since in her

own letters she only mentioned a slight cold that troubled her, he paid little attention to it, knowing that her friends' anxiety had magnified the illness. Another letter arrived, and again he quieted his mind as before. But a third post summoned him to Cambridge, as she was dangerously ill. He delayed no longer, but returned immediately, and found her confined to her room. Inflammation had succeeded to neglected cold—the incipient too often of disease. From day to day the symptoms grew more alarming, and now the physicians gave no hope—she was beyond the reach of medicine. From that time Roscoe did not leave her bedside; he watched by her day and night; he tasted but little food—he took but little rest. At length the sad, the mournful moment arrived—no sigh escaped her lips, no tears were in her eyes, and her soul winged its flight to better and to brighter worlds. They that gazed upon her thought she looked more lovely; they would not, for they could not, imagine that the vital spark illumed no more that heavenly frame, and that her limbs were motionless in death. They thought that though

“ Her dewy eyes were closed;
Yet on those eyelids, whose texture fine
Scarce hid the dark-blue orbs beneath,
The baby sleep was pillowed.”

But she had died, ‘loving, lovely, and beloved;’ youth, and youth’s affection had bound her to this earth; but Heaven had claimed her, for she was Heaven’s adopted. Her hand was clasped within her lover’s, and her dying words seemed to be ringing in his ear. He could not speak, for his heart was full; but he stood with fixed look on her angelic smile. Dreams of withered bliss and blighted happiness flitted before him;—tears that had hitherto refused to lend their assistance, whose springs seemed to have been dried up, now flowed fast—his brain reeled, and he fell into a swoon.

Days and weeks hastened on, but reason seemed to have deserted her wonted dwelling-place. At length he began slowly to recover—it was a struggle between reason and madness—between life and death. The youth, the vigour of his constitution, had gained the victory; but his frame had suffered a shock, from which it would require years to restore it to health, and ever

since was he a subject to epileptic fits. He quitted Cambridge; he left those scenes where he once loved to wander, but which now possessed no charms for him. He went home to his family, but there he found no comfort; every thing around him was impressed with but one image, and every day called up a remembrance as afflicting as it was regular. He became moody and silent,—he avoided society,—the sportive mirth and gaiety of his friends was grating in his ears,—they seemed to mock him, and to laugh at his misfortune. His health was gradually declining, and the physicians ordered change of air, and change of scene.

The Spanish Legion was then at its zenith: it was officered by many whose names were not unknown in history, who had joined in the ardour of the moment, but who have since retired; its fame had been spread far and wide, and had reached even that obscure village. Roscoe obtained a cadetship in the Lanciers. He had not been there above ten or twelve months, when he was wounded in the head and in the side. He threw up his commission, he returned home, and obtained a vacancy in the same office as my friend.

Such was his former history, as I gleaned from him at different intervals; and certainly I felt a greater attachment to him than perhaps I should have done, had no such features existed in his life. Of its veracity I had not the slightest reason to doubt, therefore I gave credence to all that he said; indeed, there seemed a confirmation of it, for at the time I first became acquainted with him he wore a wig, his own hair having been shorn off on account of the wound. I did not for a moment, for why should I, discredit him. I knew nothing of his family or their connections; I certainly was curious enough once to inquire, and was told that there did reside at * * * a family of his name, but who or what they were my informant was ignorant. So I rested contented, for I had a few scruples of conscience at my distrust. But as I have been told by Dr. Feelum, that the organ of inquisitiveness is very largely developed on my cranium, perhaps I cannot be blamed.

Though Rawdon had many friends with whom he was always welcome, yet

his principal visits were confined to the family of his aunt, Mrs. Monroe. She had spent much of her life abroad in the West Indies, where her husband's property was situated, and at his death, had returned to England, to complete the education of her family. Helen, the elder of her daughters, was at the delightful age of seventeen: it is that period of life when all the charms of womanhood, and all its budding beauties, are bursting into view;—it is the season of lightsomeness and gaiety, when all the enthusiasm of an ardent temper, and when all the buoyancy of youthful spirits, have not yet been sobered in maturity, and assumed a settled tone. You could not call her beautiful, for her features were not sufficiently regular, but there was that which more than compensated for its absence—"expression." It is a language that not only speaks to the eye, but affects the imagination and the soul,—and is not expression all in all? Can eyes that rival in their lustre the blackest jet attract?—can those that borrow from the sky its heavenly blue delight us, unless they catch its sunshine and beam with sympathy? Is there aught of charm in rosy lips, except they smile with purity? Can we feel pleasure in gazing on a dimpled cheek, if it be not sometimes mantled with a blush? The face is indeed the index of the mind: and without mind, without expression, beauty is like a marble statue, perfect, yet inanimate,—'tis like the body spoiled of the soul,—it is a casket robbed of its jewel.

Her face was lighted with one heavenly smile,—love and innocence beamed there, and gladdened the heart as it gazed upon it. Her eyes were of an azure blue, and shaded by long silken lashes;—her forehead was round and full, that betokened the presence of much intellect;—her light-brown hair was thrown gracefully over her shoulders, and concealed a neck of snowy whiteness. She was exceedingly fair, and though, from exposure to the air, a few spots were discernible in her face, yet were they but the marks the sun had left behind him, as he sipped sweet kisses from her lovely countenance. Her figure, though not above the middling height, was elegant and graceful. Her small foot and ankle seemed to have been cast in a Phidian mould, and

would not have disgraced the Venus de Medicis. Her lily hand was delicately soft, and when you held it in your own and felt its warm and kindly pressure, you could not fail to raise it to your lips, and own its possession a heavenly boon. Such was Ellen Monrose:—to see her was to admire her; one could never forget that face so full of breathing eloquence,—her smile would ever haunt, her image would be ever present in your dreams.

Rawdon was attached to her, but in vain he loved her; for she only beheld in him a brother and a friend. He had no property, and she had but little, therefore to possess her hand was to him a thing impossible; for these are not the days of "*Love in a Cottage*," when, as Fusbos says,

"On a look I could breakfast and dine,
And feast on a smile for a week."*

Oh no,—such times exist only in the imagination, and but form a part of the day-dream of the poet; for, unluckily, man is a carnivorous animal, and cannot subsist on sighs and winning glances, at least not after marriage.

Roscoe was introduced to the family: he was pleased with Helen,—he told her of his former history,—of his withered love, and faded happiness. She pitied him, for she felt for him; and oh! what is such balm to a wounded spirit, as words of consolation poured from beauteous lips! She bade him not despond, she told him not to pine;—that life still possessed enjoyments,—had yet pleasures in store for him.—The more he saw of her, the more he was struck with her; for Helen did not, as is the custom with many young ladies of the present day, exhibit all her attractions to catch the passer-by, and, like horses at a fair, put forth their best qualities for the highest bidder. She resembled rather that lovely little flower, which, though it blushes unseen, still possesses most of charm and beauty, and adds to its fragrant sweetness by its humility.

There is nought so susceptible of sympathy as a female breast, and nothing can so appeal to it as misfortune in youth. Every day she saw him, her gentle bosom throbbed with pity and compassion; and is not pity akin to love? Was it to be wondered at, then, that another feeling occupied her heart, and

* *Bombastes Furioso.*

that the gentle name of friendship should ripen into love?—The worldling may laugh at this affection, and despise it; but he hath never known what it is to love—he hath never felt the force, the power of love within his breast, turning its fiery torrents into pure and limpid streams:

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire,
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.†

Love is the breathing of the divine spirit into our natures—it is the support, the stay of life. Do not all things love? Love not the winds, as they whisper to the rushing waters? Love not the waters, as they kiss the flowery banks, and speed to mingle with the sea? Love not the tendrils of the vine, as they curl around the lofty elm? Loves not the bee the flower from which it sips its hallowed sweets? Loves not all nature?—all, even heaven and earth, are sustained by and live through love. And is man alone the creature that feels not this impulse in his soul?—is he but a thing on earth made like the leviathan in the waters, to take his pastime therein? It is far different: woman is the object of his adoration,—she is the goal of his wishes;—without her, what are earthly enjoyments, what are pleasures?

Tell me not of joys above,
Tell me not of heavenly bliss,
What's so dear as woman's love?
What so sweet as woman's kiss?

The visioned poet, in his dreams
Of all that's lovely, fair, and bright,
May bathe awhile in Beauty's streams,
And bask in rays of Fancy's light.

Too soon, alas! these joys will fade,
Too soon from his rapt gaze depart;
But nought's so firm as love of maid—
Oh nought's so steadfast as her heart.

Her smile will cheer, will guide, will bless,
And fondly soothe each deadly smart:
And oh! this world's a wilderness,
Without her love, without her heart.

Then tell me not of joys above,
Tell me not of heavenly bliss;
For nought is there like woman's love—
Nought so sweet as woman's kiss.

It has been said by a French writer‡ that man, without the halo of a woman's affection, is a flower without sun,—water without stream,—a harp without tone,—or a violet at night. And such is the wisdom of Providence, that no one is too common, or too dull, no one too unintellectual, to produce that sentiment, which inspires whilst it blesses.

† Byron.

‡ La Fontaine.

Mrs. Monrose, as I have before stated, lived within some twenty miles of town; her house was situated in the bosom of a deep vale, embowered among trees, there was nothing gaudy or of show about its exterior—it was simple and pretty. The country around was rich and fertile, hill and dale were on every side, and foliage of the richest verdure lent their beauty and added to its charm. A little further on was the village church, a pile of antique structure, that seems to have been in existence about two hundred years—it is a spot that will ever be remembered by me, for there it was I witnessed one of the most touching scenes it has yet fallen to my lot to behold—but I anticipate.

Time hastened on with noiseless step—and every day added fresh roses to the cheek of Helen, and new beauty to her smile. Roscoe was indeed to be envied—for he was an accepted lover. There is no joy under heaven like the feeling of being beloved—the gratifications of vanity—the triumph of ambition are as nothing compared with this, or rather they are all comprehended in it—when we know that we are beloved by one whose affections we prize beyond all earthly, almost beyond all desires,—when the sweet avowal still lingers on the ear, and the delightful consciousness is burning within our hearts—then, indeed, have we reached the summit, the very apex of all human enjoyment.

As yet nothing had occurred to mar her happiness—life had been to Helen like the bosom of a calm and placid lake, unruffled by the faintest breath—and would to heaven that thou hadst then been summoned hence—how much of misery and misfortune would have been spared thee! how much of agony and woe! But a cloud was gathering over thy devoted head, in dark and deepening mass, soon to burst with unrelenting fury.

I remember one evening, they had been amusing themselves with having their fortunes told, by one of those who pretend acquaintance with that imaginary science. The rest of the party had frequently before undergone that ordeal, for bands of Gipsy Nomades used ever and anon to pay that district a visit. Roscoe had always refused to cross their hands with silver—but at last he was prevailed on, at their continued persuasion—it was the only time he ever tried. The Sibyl, scanning his hand, looked up in his face and said, '*Sir, you are treacherous.*' It may, perhaps, appear foolish to relate this anecdote, but after circumstances have recalled it to my memory, and though I am no believer in the mystic lore of a Zadkiel or Raphael—yet still has it often struck me and does even now—that the coincidence was remarkable.

(To be continued.)

SOUTHERN LASSIE'S SONG.

My Heiland laddie's bon and brave,
He danced and sung, but none he gave
But to me one little kiss.
Clansmen are true, and ever free,
And as true his love to me,
For he talks of future bliss.

When I am an Heiland bride,
Yes, when I am, 'twill be my pride
Then to have an Heiland lad.
Ah! should my Heiland man deceive,—
Not marry me,—I do believe
That I should go really mad.

A. P. G.

Literature, Reviews, &c.

PUSS AND THE POETESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CONTI.

"LAURA had no time to afflict or perplex herself; for her partner (probably to atone for a piece of involuntary or irresistible impertinence) began to talk to her in *such* a strain of flowery discourse! Never before had any thing so enchanting gladdened the ears of Laura Beresford. Mr. Hertford told—and this with no obtrusive resolution to broach the picturesque—of a moonlight night passed alone among the ruins of the Coliseum, by the side of a dying bandit:—of a month spent in one of those magnificent Spanish monasteries, where the religion of romance still lingers, though decaying, as yet having lost none of its old ceremonials. He had travelled with Shelley for four days and nights—no wonder that, to listen, his partner stood motionless and rapt, thereby giving the Stony Hampton gentry another cause of complaint against her for damaging the symmetry of the quadrille! he had been abandoned by ruffianly Arab guides in one of the tombs in the valley of Beban-el-Malook but my readers will lose breath if they follow him further. What a glorious contrast and compensation was this colloquy for the monotony of Sir Anthony Oliphant's wooing! Poor Laura: she lost her heart within an hour. She passed the transparency with its lights again and again; but the associations which had made her eye linger upon it, somewhat reluctantly, but half an hour before had faded away for ever!

"From Foreign scenes and characters, the subject naturally changed to poetry—from poetry to romance: and here Laura was at home. She, too, had been in Arcadia, and could talk of its "whereabouts." Every one who is well read in light literature remembers "The ———," that tale so full of talent and terrible incident, which was heralded by preliminary paragraphs for months before it made its appearance, and the advertisements whereof were improved (so say the divines) by hints and commentaries, and applications,

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till booksellers' shops were broken open by readers eager to obtain a first glimpse of a story so magnificently lauded, and the proprietors of circulating libraries were compelled, in self-defence, to call in the constabulary force, to ensure an impartial delivery of early copies—so fierce was curiosity—so riotous the world of gentle readers. Now, Laura was brimful of this "dear awful book," and as good, at least, as a key to its difficulties and insinuations. Fancy, then, the pleasure, the positive ecstasy, she felt upon discovering the secret of its parentage, on being told, in a voice as musical as Rubini's, that she hung upon the arm of the magician of its mysteries—of one whom she had, at an awful distance, regarded as little less fearful than the veiled Prophet himself! How the writer was led so far to forget himself never thoroughly transpired.

" 'We understand one another,' murmured Mr. Percy Hertford, as they parted for the night, with a gentle pressure of hands, too emphatic, while it was gentler, not to imply something nearer and dearer than mere common acquaintanceship. The gentleman ran his hand negligently through his splendid hair, and repaired to his hotel—not to dream of his hundredth conquest. The lady reached home, as she expressed it herself, to 'confide the raptures of the past hours—O earth! how rarely found on thy orb of tears and disappointments!'—to her diary. It would be shameful maliciously to put forward the fact, that she *could* fall asleep after so much exciting and high-souled communion: her slumbers, then, must have been but a trance, and not the mere vulgar refreshment of weary nature!

A dream which can last three weeks is a thing that can only befall the most readily enchanted of visionaries once in her life. For three weeks was Laura totally contented—happy is too poor a word to use—she was absorbed, fascinated—lapped in Elysium. With the fourth week, some of the sunshine of

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her lot had grown dim—she accidentally discovered that Mr. Hertford was forty-two, instead of the age he owned to—thirty: in the innocence of her first *sensation*, she had fancied him only twenty-five. What was worse, with forty-two years he had as many ways of his own;—was particular in trifles, loved his own corner, and his own chair, and his own weather. The sun made him languid, the breeze irritable;—an English summer he pronounced to be the most irrational of hot weather;—and, did Laura venture to hint at a liking for frost, and Christmas berries, he coolly gave her to understand that no one knew what winter was, save those who had merrily sledged it through in St. Petersburg or Moscow. Then in music he was so exclusive a connoisseur! He had walked out of the room in the midst of ‘Auld Robin Gray,’ with a more than audible sigh for Malibran—no Englishwoman, he had once declared *could* sing: and, though this declaration was made before he had heard Laura Beresford’s small but musical voice, and though she really excused the remark on its first utterance, it clung to her memory, and in the course of the fourth week aforesaid, made a more conspicuous figure in her thoughts than she cared to own. It was provoking to have to lay aside her guitar whenever he came in:—surely it would be only lover-like and courteous in him *sometimes* to listen to her! Some men make love by expounding their own opinions, and talking of their own exploits—Mr. Percy Hertford was of the number; and it was rumoured that of late his listeners had proved less patient than they had once been.

“And then the gentleman’s antipathies!—as numerous were these as the sands of the sea—as necessary, it seemed, to his comfort, as the air he breathed, or the clothes he put on. He shared in Lord Byron’s dislike to receiving ocular demonstration that the gentle sex were fed on aught more substantial than air, or May-dew, or sunshine: he loathed sounds, and sights, and scents, which other people hear, and perceive, and taste, as so many daily matters of course. Once, when the two were enjoying a sentimental *tête-à-tête*—Laura expatiating upon some favourite poem with more than

usual earnestness—he suddenly interrupted her, almost rudely, turning pale the while, gasping for breath, and showing other symptoms of distress, which she could not but remark.

“‘Pray, Miss Beresford—you must really excuse me—but I shall not breathe again till that cursed animal be gone.’ The quadruped thus unceremoniously designated being a pet kitten of our heroine’s; Laura pouted, turned red, and tears made their way into her round eyes. Antagonists as cat and dog have been, since the days of the flood, she thought that they should be included in the same proverb.

“Mr. Hertford’s uncharitable speech led to a brisk argument; for Laura’s dread of him had so far worn off, that she could now venture to support her own fancies. Too young and too pretty to run the least risk of being suspected of the humours of spinsterhood, the maiden defended herself by precedent and quotation—talked in high-sounding phrase of Bacchus and his pards; did not every one know that cats were only little leopards? Did Mr. Percy Hertford mean to say that his disgust extended to all the mythological representations of the joyous, wine-loving god? Was it likely that Gray (and Mr. Hertford, exclusive as he was, owned to a great admiration of that choice poet) would have immortalized Felina, had the race whereunto she belonged deserved to be estimated as the Pariah tribe among quadrupeds? Lastly—for Laura was rather discursive than logical—she came down from times ancient to times modern, and quoted Mademoiselle Jenny Vertpre’s inimitable personification of *La Chatte Metamorphosée*, in support of her predilection. To this last convincing argument there could be nothing replied: the gentleman smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and took his leave. The lady, triumphing in her successful argument, found herself in such an unusual mood of charity towards all mankind, that, in closing a letter to Mrs. Gray (about one-tenth of which it is presumed was understood by that excellent lady), she found herself, strange to say, sending her compliments to Lady Oliphant, and ‘hoping that the cold winds had not tried her severely.’

“A strange puzzle is the human

heart! Laura's pertinacity in the little debate just described, so far from disgusting her admirer, proved, it would seem, if any thing, a stimulus to his admiration. Such of the gentler sex as intend to win by unlimited acquiescence, *must* confine their hopes of appropriation, or of being appropriated, to the inexperienced or the stupid. There was another of the eternal Stony Hampton balls that evening, during which the grand and difficult Mr. Percy Hertford devoted himself exclusively to Mrs. Roxburghe's fair guest; while she—a strange puzzle is the human heart! began to fancy herself in some slight danger of yawning, even when his discourse flowed the most poetically—began to regard the conscientiousness with which the Smiths, and Browns, and Joneses, regarded all engagements admitted or inferred, with more surprise than approbation—began to admit that, though sentiment is a dear, delicious thing, 'Love itself can't live on flowers'—and to wish for her supper! But her cavalier was persevering in withdrawing her from the giddy throng, and his whispers were more fervent and more significant than they had been formerly; he spoke of the union of hearts and the mysteries of unworldly affection—sighed twice—took, with a reverential gesture, one flower from Laura's bouquet, and replaced it, on parting, by a perfumed billet! saying tremulously, as he pressed her tiny symmetrical fingers, 'Read this, and let me have your answer to-morrow.' She knew that that most agitating of all things—a proposal—was coming, and bade him good-night with less than her usual composure.

"Arrived at home, locked up in the solitude of her own chamber, it may be supposed that Laura lost not a moment in tearing the declaration of love (for such, indeed, it proved) from its envelope. She threw herself into a richly-carved easy chair, and began to read it. 'Down Minette, down!' cried she to her kitten, a privileged intruder into her room, who was rioting upon her toilette, among scraps of verse, and *flacons* of perfumery. The presence of her favourite was hardly very propitious to Mr. Hertford's suit—the style of his declaration was yet more fatal to his success. 'Much obliged to him for

his condescension,' soliloquised Laura—'down Minette! I say, you are too bold,' 'Yes, indeed, he makes me an offer because he cannot help it: every line shows it. *After many struggles with his passion*;—and then, this allusion to my dear aunt—the insolent!—*will remove me from all contracting influences*.—He is confident, at all events; as if I would give up my relations for his sake!—and what has this long-winded verse from Shelley to do with the matter? *The delight and comfort of his future years*—of his old age, he means—it is too presuming, too selfish—I will read no more of it'—and she threw away the envelope in high disdain; and, tossing the offending letter upon the table, to be finished on some future opportunity, took up a book to tranquillise her ruffled spirit. But the wound inflicted was not very deep, nor could the hand which had inflicted it have been very dear; for, according to the usual placidity of her temperament, sleep, in the shape of a downy dream, overtook her, before she had, by way of sedative, turned over (for she did not pretend to read) ten pages of her darling 'Corinne.'

"There is no more awkward moment in life than the one in which a well-assured (call it not *self-conceited*) man awaits an answer to some love proposal, into the making of which he has been precipitated—such things *will* happen. Mr. Percy Hertford had pshawed and wondered at himself half the night. 'A green girl without rank, without style, without fortune! What had he been about?—he who had wandered over Europe and Asia, without ever having committed such a folly! So ignorant, too, as she was—and then her talk made up of odds and ends of fustian!—so fond of his antipathy! Had he been drinking too much, or was it his fate?' And to these uncomfortable self-questionings succeeded visions of a most homely and unpicturesque future—of a fat red-faced wife, with a loud laugh and spirits, and a tribe of clamorous children. His dreams continued in the same current as his waking thoughts: and so unfavourably wrought the combined influence of the two upon his personal appearance, that, when he rose on the following morning, in spite of all the

aids of dress and decoration, his mirror revealed to him the unpalatable fact, that he looked cross, and old, and fifty!

"Laura's disenchantment had proceeded so far, that she, too, had made a similar discovery, when she greeted him in the full daylight of Mrs. Roxburghe's sunny little breakfast parlour; and this in spite of an embarrassment of manner—which may be said to be awkward rather than conscious—to belong to one who has made a blunder rather than to one labouring under a delicate embarrassment.

"Mr. Hertford, it must be confessed, was chivalrous enough on the present occasion to satisfy the most exactly romantic of maidens. How he sighed and pressed, and protested! He wondered at himself while he bent down, whispering his raptures into Laura's ear:—but 'twas his fate: and perhaps he inwardly resolved that this outlay of gay words should stand in the stead of more substantial and less showy deeds. She, meanwhile, listened mute as Niobe—teased, anxious, uneasy—once or twice a little disposed to smile, but in the main obliged by the compliment of such a splendid act of wooing addressed to herself. He ceased, and she blushed, and began—

" 'I am sorry——'

" 'Dear Miss Beresford—dearest Laura——'

"A pause on the lady's part.

" 'That sweet confusion, how it enhances your beauty!—But, in one word—in only one word, I entreat of you—make me the most blessed of mortals: you read my letter, did you not?'—

" 'I am very sorry——' continued the lady, full of her own matter of excuse.

" 'The letter,' persisted he, his mind equally possessed of the epistle he had put together with such care and subtlety, and a copy whereof had been deposited among his archives—'I trust you did me the favour of weighing well, and with a bias towards the favourable, the arguments I ventured to advance at its conclusion.'

"Laura's agitation visibly increased—'Indeed, I am very sorry—I do not know what to say.'

" 'You understand me, however—there can be no doubt of your under-

standing me, after the explicit manner in which I there stated my expectations. Say but yes, and I am the happiest of lovers.'

" 'Indeed, indeed,' replied his auditor, feeling herself on the verge of a dilemma, and the better and more truthful part of her nature coming to her assistance—'I am afraid you will be very angry with me, Mr. Hertford, but I must tell you every thing. I have not read the whole of it.'

" 'You have not!' replied he, with a start, almost a stern one, and his natural temper, rather than his acquired breeding spoke in his sudden and unpremeditated manner—'I hope, madam, you have some satisfactory account to offer me for such—such a singular and disrespectful proceeding.'

"Laura was a little frightened, a very little piqued—'I might question Mr. Hertford's *right* to call me to an account,' said she, quickly, with an attempt at a gay rallying manner, 'were I to choose; but I am not very punctilious, and will own the exact truth, and throw the blame upon the right party. Poor Minette!—*if* you were very anxious for me to read the *whole* of the letter—the blame lies with her, and it is another to add to your list of causes for antipathy.'

"Mr. Hertford made a wry face (O how old, how positively monkey-like, he looked at that moment!) as the name of his aversion was mentioned—'You are making game of me, Miss Beresford,' said he, gravely, and with yet increased irritability of manner.

" 'Upon honour bright I am serious—To say the truth, then, I left your letter half unfinished on my dressing table—and—do not look so awful—positively fell asleep. Well, my dear tiresome little Minette, who loves a secret as well as any of the Stony Hampton coterie, chose to mount up there for her usual game at romps—overthrew my dressing-box, which overthrew my candle, which set fire to the various treasure spread around; and had not the faithful creature waked me by her screams, and by scratching my face—for, believe it or not, as you will, she is as sagacious as any quadruped under the sun—the blaze would probably have reached my gown, and you might have been called upon to write

an elegy upon my untimely fate, instead of being put to the labour of writing your letter over again, or communicating its contents to me as we sit here. You look angry, Mr. Hertford; surely you do not place me in competition with a scrap of paper and a morsel of wax; the time spent over employing the same being, of course given into the bargain, when a fair lady is in the case.'

"Laura's raillery, which was half real, half assumed, proved too much for her admirer. 'Could this,' he indignantly asked of himself, 'be the meek, delicate, sentimental Miss Beresford?—this hoyden, with red cheeks, and a wide mouth; she who confessed herself capable of falling asleep over a letter—and *such* a letter? There was no knowing what she might not say next!' His colour changed from a sallow to a yet paler and unlovelier shade, and his frame trembled with ill-concealed vexation, as he rose, and, taking his hat, which he had crushed into fifty uncouth forms as Laura had made her playful defence, bade the young lady good morning, with a stiff bow and a few freezing words—'She should hear of him again!'

"But it has been conjectured that his resolve was lost in empty air, for Laura never received duplicate or second edition of the epistle so ignominiously destroyed; and, on the evening of that very same day, Mr. Percy Hertford disappeared from Stony Hampton, called away, of course by sudden and peremptory business, and bearing thence with him, it must be confessed, but little of its sunshine.

" 'Minette! Minette!' cried Lady Oliphant (not the dowager) as she watched, with a mother's proud eye, the gambols of a round-limbed, crowing boy with a grandchild of her old favourite, who sate blinking by the fire-side, as demure as if she in her time had never indulged in the like indiscreet sportiveness, 'what an awkward business it was that you once delivered me from!'

" 'Yes, indeed, my Laura,' replied Sir Anthony, who, like many other country gentlemen, was an indifferently bad hand at a pun in his own parish, 'if every one could so easily get rid of

a foolish, insipid, coxcomb of a lover and her only folly—for *your* common sense came speedily back when once you dismissed Mr. Percy Hertford, or he took himself off—who would not rather court than deprecate such a CATASTROPHE?'—*From Ackerman's 'Forget-me-not.'*

A Popular Treatise on Diseases of the Generative System. By JOHN GUY. Simpkin and Marshall.

WE have just turned our attention to this interesting and instructive little Treatise, which has now reached a sixth edition. The introductory remarks display much acuteness and zeal, and certainly represent many of our own views as regards the doctrine of diseases, believing fully that mankind would be greatly benefited by well-arranged endeavours to reduce the cure of the countless maladies, that so grievously afflict us, to some sort of principle. Were it more the habit of the members of the Medical Profession to "examine the nature of diseases, with a view of settling their efficient character," as the Author observes, a clearer general knowledge might be obtained by the studious in all classes of society.

Mr. Guy has preferred to confine his attention chiefly to those derangements of the animal economy, which are connected directly, or indirectly, with the propagation of the species; and, in order to enable the suffering parties to describe their ills with greater accuracy, he has inserted a concise but clear and correct anatomical description of the system concerned, as a fabric from whence his physiology, or science of function, is drawn; which, from its easy and perspicuous style, all persons might derive much useful information.

Tints of Talent, from Many Pencils.
Edited by George More Bussey.
Thomas.

THIS is a volume of original compositions, which, for sterling merit, are far superior to the generality of the papers in illustrated annuals, the mediocrity of whose literature, though emanating from distinguished names, is a subject of general complaint. The object of the Editor appears to have been to produce

an annual work, whose test of excellence should be founded on its literary merits, and most successful has the experiment proved. The Tales are short and pointed, and are established on plots worthy of being unravelled, and displaying much originality; and to the lyrics which grace this volume, the term "poetry," in its strictest sense, is perfectly applicable. Among the contributors, whose papers are worthy of especial mention, we would name Mr. Bussey, the accomplished Editor, who has furnished several powerful articles; the late and deeply-lamented Authoress of "Sketches of Corfu," Mrs. Crawford, Miss Beevor, the Authoress of "Woman's Love," John Clare, Delta, of Blackwood's Magazine, Mr. Francis, the well-known Author of "Rainbow Sketches," James Montgomery, the late Viscount Glentworth, and "The Hermit in London." It would be difficult to point out a more rational or prettier New Year's Gift; for it is embellished with a highly-finished frontispiece, and is got up in a very elegant style. The following are specimens of its poetical features:—

THE PEDAGOGUE.

Behold the lad, but lately freed
From some mild governess's rule;
Anticipating all the ills
Which wait him in a "big boys" school.
His little breast is filled with awe,—
And scarce composure can he feign;
While dark forebodings prompt that soon
His back will bear the "mark of Cain."

The pedagogue, with courtly phrase,
Enlarges on scholastic joys;
Tells what indulgence he extends
To willing and precocious boys:—
He names how many a tempting prize
He gives, the emulous to vie for;
And adds, that pupils apt at book
And figures, nothing have to sigh for!

The tender mother recommends
Her offspring to the master's care;
And, for his happiness, she breathes
A fond,—a consecrated prayer.
With streaming eyes the youth departs,
Of academic lore in search;
And the first knowledge-tree, of which
The young adventurer tastes, is, *Birch!*

In after years, the man will smile
At years the tyro schoolboy knew;
Yet in maturer age, the cares
He felt in childhood still pursue.
The world itself is but a school,
In which we towards perfection jog;
But little can we learn, until
Experience is our Pedagogue.

MAURICE HARCOURT.

The Young Cadet. By MRS. HOFLAND. A. K. Newman and Co.

WE are again indebted to the clever Mrs. Hofland, for another work of a most amusing character, full of interest, and well calculated to amuse and instruct the juvenile mind. Such is the "Young Cadet," which, being published at this time of the year, will be sure to be purchased by those who may wish to make a neat present to their young friends. The work is elegantly got up, and illustrated with a steel engraving of the "Young Cadet" himself. Messrs. Newman and Co., the publishers, certainly display great taste in bringing out works of this class.

Gutta Vegetabilis.—*Observations on its Use, and superior Efficacy in the Treatment of Diseases of the Eye.* By WILLIAM MARSHALL, Surgeon-Oculist, 30, Gerrard Street, Soho. Painter, 342, Strand.

MR. Marshall's mode of treatment of Incipient Cataract appears to be of very great importance; much doubt existing as to the possibility of removing the opacity of the crystalline lens by local application alone, without incurring the risk and pain attending the usual operations for the cure of this very prevalent disease of the Eye. But we strongly recommend a perusal of the above little work to every one whose sight is defective, either from the above cause, or from the other various diseases to which the Eye is subject; because, in the treatment of diseases of this valuable organ, we must naturally prefer a safe, sure, and simple mode of cure, to the very severe and uncertain, not to say injurious applications, too often recommended in these cases, which seems to be Mr. Marshall's object entirely to avoid.

The Daughter. By JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. E. Moxon.

THIS Tragedy has been looked for with great anxiety, by Mr. Knowles's admirers; and, indeed, they will not be disappointed: the beautiful sentiments are expressed in a poetical language rarely met with. It is likely to afford full scope for very effective stage representations. *The Daughter* is likely to bring a good fortune for some one.

The Shakspeare Gallery. Part V.
Tilt.

CONTAINS the principal female characters in the plays of the great Poet, which are all beautifully finished fully equal to the last Number.

The Library of Fiction. No. IX.
S. Knowles, M. Harcourt, and E. Mayhew, are the contributors to this Work.

Peter Parley's Tales, about the Sun, Moon, &c. Tegg.

PETER PARLEY's Tales about the Moon, is like some other Works we could mention;—just the book to puzzle children in the real path of learning, rendering it awful, mysterious, and painful.

Little Tales for Little Heads and Little Hearts. Effingham Wilson.

There is something so pleasing in the very title of this neat little work, that it would induce a parent alone to purchase it. It abounds with delightful tales, calculated to the greatest nicety to pleasure and instruct the juvenile branches, and forms an excellent accompanying volume to Miss Strickland's "Floral Sketches." We think both should be bought together. The engravings (for there are many,) are of the most pleasing character, and beautifully executed. We can strongly recommend this work to parents, who may be leaving town to visit their children in the country.

Floral Sketches, and other Poems. By Miss Agnes Strickland. Effingham Wilson.

We are delighted to see works of this kind issued from the press, particularly when they are from the pen of an authoress possessing the capabilities that we know Miss Strickland does. The "Floral Sketches" are written with just the sort of feeling to convey moral instruction to juvenile readers of both sexes. The work forms a pretty present. It is embellished with a great variety of pretty engravings.

The Comic Almanack for 1837. Tilt, Fleet Street.

This is decidedly the king of all the almanacks. Its pages are complete, affording real amusement for every day in the year (Sundays excepted).

Most of the remarks are exceedingly humorous, and the twelve engravings for the months are admirably designed by George Cruikshank, and executed in a manner not to be surpassed. We are particularly taken with "March—tossing the pancake;" "May—beating the bound;" "June—hay-making," (which is superior to any;) "August—regatta," is also spirited. We know of no other almanack we could recommend sooner than Tilt's.

The Royal Book of Dreams. By Raphael. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This is by far the most astonishing work of the kind that we have had the pleasure of perusing for some time. The clever author makes you acquainted with the singular and miraculous discovery of the valuable manuscripts in the most pleasing manner, which furnishes the groundwork of the publication now before us, which would be exceedingly interesting to our readers, but a little too long for our pages. We shall say the book is one mass of intelligence and interest to the curious. It furnishes upwards of one thousand answers to dreams. Locke says, "The dreams of sleeping men are all made up of the waking man's ideas;" but this we cannot agree with, since hundreds of persons have dreamed of places and individuals which they have never beheld or thought of, and of divers events which never came across their imagination.

Curious enough, since the publication has been in the hands of the reviewer, he has dreamed of a very singular circumstance, and was induced to refer to the work for an answer, which so far excited his curiosity as to invite his attention to the spot, and to his great surprise found the circumstance to correspond completely with the answer. There are many, no doubt, who will express their surprise at our superstition. Why should not a fact be made public? Thus we feel confident in recommending the work, which is got up in a style that reflects credit on the publisher.

The Bridesmaid. A Ballad. By W. M.

TOLKIEN. The Music by T. BAKER. The words of this ballad are written in a strain, touching beyond measure, and the music by Baker, in his best style.



Court News. &c.

BRIGHTON.—We regret to state that his Majesty has experienced another attack of the gout, and that the Queen is suffering from a cold.

On Thursday the King held a Privy Council, which was attended by Viscount Melbourne, Viscount Duncannon, Lord Glenelg, Earl of Minto, and Mr. Poulett Thomson. The Ministers had the honour of dining at the Royal table, when covers were laid for forty.

Lord Hill and Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who have been paying visits to their Majesties, have taken their departure for London.

Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar has arrived at the Pavilion to pass his vacation with their Majesties.

Prince Ernest of Hesse Philipsthal, left the Pavilion on Wednesday, for London, with the intention of proceeding immediately to Germany, having been called there by the death of his brother's daughter. The Prince is expected to remain in his native country about three months; at the expiration of that time he will return to England, and again reside with their Majesties.

The Duke of Cumberland is expected at his residence at St. James's on the 28th of January. The Duchess and Prince George will remain abroad for the present.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent has settled an annuity for life on the sister of the late Mr. Westall, R.A., teacher of her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, attended by Lady Conroy, Baroness Lehzein, and Sir John Conroy, came to Kensington Palace on Thursday from Claremont. In the evening their Royal Highnesses went to Drury Lane Theatre.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge has appointed the Baroness Von Slutterheim to be one of her Ladies of Honour. Miss Kerr, daughter of Lord Robert Kerr, and cousin to the Marquess of Lothian, is the resident Lady in Waiting at Hanover, to the Royal Duchess.

FASHIONABLE OCCURRENCES, &c.

The good people of Chester are grievously disappointed in consequence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex having deferred, for the present, his intended visit to their excellent neighbourhood, the Marquess of Westminster, at Eaton Hall, where his Royal Highness had been expected to pass the Christmas. It is said, however, that at no distant period the Duke of Sussex will honour the splendid mansion at Eaton with his presence. Lord Westminster, and only a portion of his family, will remain at Eaton Hall during the holidays. His Lordship is expected in London at the end of January.

The Earl and Countess Cornwallis have just experienced a loss in the death of their amiable and affectionate daughter, Lady Jemima W. Martin, wife of Charles W. Martin, Esq., of Leeds Castle, who died at Cowes, Isle of Wight, on Saturday last, leaving a family of four children—three sons and a daughter.

The Marquess of Hertford has engaged a fine hotel at Nice for an indefinite period. The prevalence of the cholera in Italy will prevent his Lordship from extending his journey either to Milan or Naples, unless that ravaging epidemic should entirely subside. The entire suite of the Marquess are admirably accommodated at Nice, where the climate is very mild during the winter.

Fashions for January.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

Voici ma très chère amie, New Year's Day què nous arrive à grands pas, and we all hail its return with much pleasure, not on account of les bon-bons, les etrennes, et les cadeaux, mais pour le plaisir of seeing all our good friends, who compliment us des tous cotés, and we cannot help thinking that there is a certain charm about the words *jour de l'an*, mais, hélas! also chaque New Year's Day nous vieillissons, Oh! what a triste thought de vieillir, mais, no more of this tristesse; parlons des cents autre choses.

Nous avons vu Mr. Green, who has told us a thousand adventures concerning balloon affairs; he is un homme charmant; he made a proposition to take one of us with him in his balloon voyage to Angleterre, but ma maman would not let one of us go; and as I was the one who wished most to accompany him, I cried tout le nuit in consequence. You know, ma chérie, I never was in your delightful country, and as Mon mari has been several times, I think it a hard case; but this is just like les messieurs;—they only tell one of these beautiful places. You would scarcely believe me when I tell you that I quelque fois dream of Regent-street, and fancy to myself it is one of the plus belles des Rues dans le monde; and in reality I long to come to your Angleterre, to mix with les jolies Anglaises. Mon mari arrived here from Orleans, some few days after I last wrote you, and brought ma petite Josephine with him, who I think is getting stronger.

I think I never recollect Paris, even at this season, being so gay as at present.—Balls, parties distingué, &c., and in short, all Paris is alive, and a great number of foreigners have taken up their winter quarters. Now, ma chère, que je tu dis quelque chose de nouveaux regarding des toilettes.

Caps and Turbans.—The very first time the grand piece of Esmeralda was played, it drew one of the most fashionable audiences ever known. We noticed turbans of every description,—à la juive, à l'odalisque, à la Creole, ho an elegant variety of caps that lste choicest materials could produce: coif-

fures en cheveux were adopted most by young ladies, and mostly in the Grecian style, dressed very low behind.

Hats.—Small velvet hats in the *Beret* style, ornamented with feathers, are really very becoming, and will be much worn by the higher classes this season; pearls and diamonds are placed under the brim.—Some dress hats are made of light-coloured satin, ornamented with a couple of crape feathers: flowers are still worn under hats.

Dresses.—Poplin dresses are very numerous, brocaded with white on coloured grounds; the sleeves should be quite covered with *ruches of tulle*, which look like small *bouffant* sleeves; some have two or three *bouillons* separated by ribbons: satin dresses are trimmed with deep *volans* of silk lace, with a heading of ribbon twisted spirally, and muslin dresses are ornamented with a profusion of *point d'Angleterre*.

The Hair.—Hair coiffures are still worn low; bands are out of fashion altogether; curls, à la *Ninon*, or à la *Sevigné*, are most distingué; bands are only allowed with caps; a *chaplet* of flowers looks pretty for young ladies' coiffures; long gold pins, with bright heads, nearly as large as a bullet, are used in hair coiffeurs: I have seen some ladies with no less than four of these pins above the temples.

Pelisses.—Those worn in full dress are generally of dark colours, trimmed with ermine or sable.

Furs.—There is little doubt that furs will continue to have an immense run through the winter. I have seen some beautiful articles in *Palatines*, *Boas*, and *Muffs*, manufactured entirely of *Grébe*. This is the plumage of a bird, which is employed like swan's-down:—this plumage is called fur, but only adopted among quite the distingué.—Furs are much employed for trimming of cashmere and velvet scarfs; also lining of cloaks.

Feathers are much worn this season; we have seen some recently of quite a new fabric, mixed with gold, for the exclusive trimming of dresses; and indeed, we may say, they are tres elegante.

Waist Ribbons, for muslin dresses,

F

are of pink or white *velours épinglé*; and observe, *ma chère*, that the white gloves to be worn with these handsome dresses must not reach higher than the middle of the arm, with a pair of rich bracelets worn over them.

Boas.—Do not suppose, *ma chère*, that boas are out of fashion. I must not allow such a report to have any foundation; they will, *toujour*, remain useful as well as ornamental to the figure, and we never could think of giving up such a security to our neck and shoulders against cold on quitting our ball-rooms.

Muffs are much worn, and are quite

indispensable this cold winter: ermine and sable are liked most.

Fans continue fashionable, and are much varied in size, make, and beauty; they should have a small gold chain attached to the bracelet on the right hand.

Maintenant *chère amie* il faut te dire adieu! Mon mari m'appelle to accompany him to a grand festival; *que les hommes sont amiables*.—This is as it should be.

Je t'embrasse de tout cœur.

M. de W.——

Rue Richelieu, & Paris, Dec. 27, 1836.

Chit-chat in Remanents of Fashion.

WE have received the letter of a fair correspondent, from which in haste we make the following extract, assuring her of future attention to the whole:—"On Monday, Dec. 12, we were taken by a friend to the celebrated school of the Charter House, where so many great men have been educated, either on the foundation at free cost, or at comparatively moderate expence in the excellent families of the masters; which, in our mind, is much better, as relates to manners and habits of domestic life.—On announcing ourselves, we were politely ushered, by an officer of the establishment, through ancient court after court, exactly as at the Universities, but lighted by gas. At length we passed through a long cloister of the ancient Carthusian monks, (lighted up on account of the rain pouring down,) to a very handsome school, where a Latin Oration was to be spoken by Mr. Brooke Boothby, a young gentleman about to prepare for College; and then it was that we found this was a two hundred and somethingth commemoration of the apotheosis of the founder. The scene was, indeed, worthy of him. On our entrance, we found the ancient and Reverend Master of this ancient House, at the age of 86, fresh as ever; in his front, on an eminence over the door, the founder's bust crowned; around him were a Secretary of State, the Governor of the Bank of England, a Captain of the Guards, and many equally eminent, who had received their education in the house. On the right and left were a beautiful

bevy of ladies, in classical, and therefore chaste costume, consisting of those of the house, and their friends. The orator, on a platform, stood before the Master, surrounded by a throng of beautiful and erudite boys, and at their feet their learned schoolmasters. On their left were, in prepared seats, the young scholars; on the right, most appropriately, the ancient fraternity of the house. In more distant places, were seated unintroducted visitors, increasing a *coup-d'œil* delightful in the extreme. The young orator pronounced himself well; when we lamented our ignorance, we were told by one who declared it was with difficulty he could follow him; that the Latinity was good; that *eggo* had been restored to *ego*, (whatever that means); that he complimented learning, and the learned men of his school, particularly the aged master of the house; showed how many great men had been educated there, and how many might be; complimented the ancient and respectable fraternity, military and civil; and concluded with a grand peroration on the whole of his subject; and on the whole, the auditory appeared delighted, and loth to quit their seats: what was better, the young student carried away an ample purse, without any of the meanness of the Eton Montem. Every thing was so graceful, and so well-conducted, that we determined to advise our youthful and maternal circle, both morally and physically, to visit the salutary regions of Charter House Square."

Fine Arts.

Switzerland. Parts XII. and XIII.

By WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

OF the general excellence of this work we have already recorded our opinion, and can strongly recommend the present numbers, the engravings of which are all beautifully executed, and reflect the highest praise on Mr. William Beattie, as well as his clever assistants.

Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. Baker Street, Portman Square.

Since our last notice of this popular Exhibition, Madame Tussaud and Sons have added to their splendid collection a full-length figure of poor Malibran; so beautiful in appearance, that a speculator would fancy she was alive. It is worth all the price of admission.

The Drama, &c.

DRURY-LANE.—On Monday night, after the play of *The Hunchback*, a new Christmas pantomime, called *Harlequin and Old Gammer Gurten*; or, *The Lost Needle*, was produced at this theatre. In whatever light it may be viewed, whether as regards the music, the scenery, the tricks and transformations, or the variety of laughable incident, it certainly is one of the best, and has proved one of the most successful, productions of this kind that has been brought out at Drury Lane for a considerable time. It is founded, as the name indicates, upon an old comedy, written by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and said to have been the first ever acted in England. All the performers acquitted themselves in the most familiar manner, and the pantomime was greatly successful, and was announced for repetition till further orders. The house, though far from being a thin one, was not so crowded as might be expected at Christmas time.

COVENT GARDEN.—The “bill of fare” provided at this theatre on Monday night, for the holiday visitors, proved as attractive as the managers could have wished, for long before the rising of the curtain the pit and galleries were crowded to excess, and within ten minutes after half-price had commenced, a place could hardly be found even in the boxes. The performances commenced with the well-known musical drama of *Rob Roy*; but, notwithstanding the cast embraced the whole strength of the company, including Mr. Vandenhoff, Mr. W. Farren, Mrs. W. West, and Miss Turpin, the play passed off in dumb show, owing to the boisterous mirth or spirit of general hilarity which prevailed in all parts of the

house, not excepting “dress circle.” As it would be just as heterodox to dine without plum-pudding on Christmas Day as to find a theatre destitute of a pantomime at this festive season of the year, the entertainments were concluded by a performance of that description, entitled, *Harlequin and Georgey Barnwell*; or, *the London 'Prentice*. After Madame Louis Irvine had made her astonishing ascent and descent on the tightrope, the curtain fell, and the pantomime was extremely well performed all through, and announced for repetition amidst general applause.

ADELPHI.—On Monday evening, the holiday folks had at this theatre, with the other entertainments, a pantomime. It bore the singular title of *Cowardy Cowardy Custard*; or, *Jem Crow, Harlequin, and the Magic Mustard Pot*. In plot it was nearly the same as its numerous and laughter provoking predecessors. Fair *Columbine's* hand is sought by rival suitors, *Sir Loin, the Baron of Beef*, and others rejoicing in the names of *Pepper, Mustard*, and *Custard*; *Columbine* is in the end of course married to her favourite. Messrs. Brown, Sanders, King, and Gibson, performed the *Clowns* with great activity. Their feats were certainly novel and effective, and Miss Lane enacted *Columbine* very successfully. Some of the transformations were irresistibly ludicrous.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Nothing worth notice at this house,—the parties cannot be making money.

THE QUEEN'S.—The managers of this much improved theatre have been sufficiently bold to depart from ancient Christmas usage, and have ventured to present to their visitors a three-act me-

lodrama, in the place of the usual gambols of a harlequinade. The change is entirely in accordance with our taste; and we trust that it may prove successful. Success will always follow the exertions of a spirited manager, who zealously endeavours to please, and if those exertions should sometimes partially fail, applause will still be bestowed, by way of encouragement for the future and reward for the past. Of such a nature, we apprehend, was the applause which a new melo-drama, entitled, *The Guardian Spirit*, received here last night; it contained much in itself which could recommend it to public favour. Miss E. Clifford, Mr. S. Johnson, and Mr. T. Green made the most of the characters assigned to them, and the acting throughout was highly creditable.

SURREY.—On Monday night, a noisy audience of the *premier qualité* was packed within the walls of this theatre. The entertainments consisted of the favourite nautical drama of *My Poll and my Partner Joe*; and, as the bills have it, "A new, grand, comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled *Harlequin and Lady-Bird's Bower*; or,

"Cock a-Doodle-doo!
 Dame has lost her shoe;
 Master's lost his fiddle-stick,
 And don't know what to do."

As the latter is the treat most in estimation at this season of the year, it will be sufficient to state, that before the conclusion of the former, even with the excellent acting of Mrs. Honner, and of Mr. T. P. Cooke, the patience of the gods was exhausted, and silence was only obtained by the influence of those Bacchanalian enchanters, Christmas and his favourite spirit Snap-Dragon, who were embodied on this occasion, and exercised hospitality in their magic hall, to the great delight of all present. The opening of this is similar to that of most other pantomimes, exhibiting, of course, the disastrous affairs of two faithful lovers, who are, for their constancy, converted into *Harlequin* and *Columbine*, and the obstinacy and cru-

elty of the father and mother of the fair lady, who, as a punishment, are condemned to undergo the arduous labours of *Clown* and *Pantaloon*. Messrs. Asbury and Paul Herring, as *Pantaloon* and *Clown*, mixed grace, agility, and awkwardness into the usual pantomimic hodgepodge; and Miss Stanley glittered and danced like moonbeams on water.

VICTORIA.—The time for real pleasure, like Christmas, comes but once a year; and so much the better, as the appetite for enjoyment should never be overcloyed. Long anticipation heightens the sense of pleasure. The graceful *Columbine* skimming in spangled whiteness, the flexible *Harlequin*, the grotesque but agile *Pantaloon*, and the grinning, clumsy, but still active *Clown*, would lose half their welcome, if they came with even the quarter-day frequency. We cannot eat our pleasure, and have it too. We have some pleasure in stating that the harlequinade of *Robinson Crusoe*, produced at this theatre on Monday, met with the greatest success, as it deserved. It had the fairy preface, introducing *Britannia* as the guardian genius of poor *Robinson*; and the scene of the enchanted cavern was extremely picturesque and gorgeous: the introduction also, in which the history is told, was exceedingly amusing. It seems to us to be taken from a series of caricatures, which appeared some time since, in which most grotesque and inordinate heads were stuck upon tiny bodies, like turnips upon corking-pins. Mr. Forbes and Mr. T. Hill, as *Robinson* and *Friday*, were very amusing. Being, as we have already observed, warm admirers of this species of exhibition, in its fit season, *i. e.* Christmas, we are glad to say that the tricks were as well executed as we could wish.

OLYMPIC.—We have not as yet noticed any new Christmas pieces at this house. Madame should present us with something new at this merry season of the year.

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Nathan's Assembly Rooms, Kennington.—On the 13th instant, a *soirée danseuse* was given at this elegant establishment, which was attended by a great number of the gay and beautiful votaries of Terpsichore. An effective band performed the most popular compositions of the season, which greatly added to the amusement of the evening. Mr. Nathan is particularly fortunate, in his selection of gentlemen to preside over the entertainment; for, on this occasion, nothing could be more complete than the arrangements made by the gentleman who officiated as Master of the Ceremonies,—arrangements which gave general satisfaction to a brilliant assemblage of fashionables. We understand that, on the 10th instant, Mr. Nathan's Annual Dress Ball will take place; and on the 16th, his First Fancy Dress Ball. We have no doubt that the patronage on those evenings will convince Mr. Nathan that his exertions to promote the general comfort of his visitors are not unappreciated.

Watts's Lucifer Matches.—We may be said to be curious; but, at the same time, we are glad to notice any thing that is superior:—in this instance, Watts's Lucifer boxes excel.

Whitlaw's Patent Medicated Vapour Bath Institution, 30, Argyle Street, Regent Street.—We have some pleasure in pointing out an institution of so valuable a nature to our readers. We understand that many persons have found the greatest benefit from the American vegesable remedies.

At this is the season of the year for making presents, and to which most young people look forward to with eagerness, we know of no other so likely to please as *Parlour's Portable Sketching Case*. It is, without exception, one of the most compact and useful articles, and may be said to be quite indispensable to those who are fond of that delightful amusement—sketching. Messrs. Reeves and Sons, of Cheapside, are the inventors.

Mental Affliction.—We know of no visitation that human nature is subject to so awful as the deprivation of our senses, and we consider that any individual who may be so fortunate as to be

able to accomplish a remedy, or cure, for this lamentable bereavement, becomes a benefactor to his species, and consequently to public commendation, and to private esteem and gratitude. We have seen testimonials from persons in every walk of life, from the peer to the peasant, expressing their deep gratitude for cures effected by the Rev. Dr. Willis, of Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury. There is something so peculiar in his mode of treatment, that we have been astonished at looking over the testimonials we have alluded to, namely, that in the great majority of cases, he effects a perfect cure in six weeks, and in no instance that has come under our cognizance, has a relapse taken place. Dr. Willis extends his benevolence to the poor, to whom he makes no sort of charge, paying for their medicine out of his own pocket. To the small tradesman and artisan he merely charges what he himself is charged by his chemist, and to persons who are in a state of affluence his charge is regulated by an anxiety to serve his fellow-beings rather than to make money.

Stammers's New Hearing Cornet.—This is a useful invention, and well worth the attention of those who are afflicted with deafness. The "Cornets," fit so admirably to the ears, that they are scarcely perceptible to an observer.

A Match played by the Chess Club.—Mr. Sherman, of Great Queen Street, Long Acre, has just published a little work, which, to the lovers of the game of chess, will prove a great acquisition. The price is only ninepence.

Thorn's Potted Bloaters.—We can recommend this excellent relish to our friends, who are fond of making a good breakfast.

We are credibly informed, that Mr. Bentley has made such rapid strides in the art of refining soap, indeed so much so, that his Emollient Brown Windsor is as pure as the most costly soap in use.

Dawson's Auxiliar for the Hair.—Mr. Dawson, after many years, has brought his Auxiliar to such high perfection, that it seldom or ever fails in restoring the hair.

THE BLACKBIRD.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

Morning.

Golden bill! Golden bill!
 Lo! the peep of day;
 All the air is cool and still,
 From the elm-tree on the hill,
 Chant away.
 While the morn drops down the west,
 Like thy mate upon her nest,
 And the stars before the sun
 Melt like snow-flakes, one by one,
 Let thy loud and welcome lay
 Pour along,
 Few notes but strong.

Evening.

Jet-bright wing! jet-bright wing!
 Flit across the sunset glade;
 Lying there in wait to sing,
 Listen with thine head awry,
 Keep time with twinkling eye
 While from all the woodland shade,
 Birds of every plume and note
 Strain the throat,
 Till both hill and valley ring,
 And the warbled minstrelsy,
 Ebbing, flowing, like the sea,
 Claims brief interludes from thee;
 Then, with simple swell and fall,
 Breaking beautiful through all,
 Let thy Pan-like pipe repeat
 Few notes, but sweet.

The Forget-me-Not, 1837.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

At Portpatrick, the lady of Capt. Fayror,
 R. N. of a son.

At Carlisle, the lady of Capt. R. K. Hill,
 52d Light Infantry, of a daughter.

At Llanstinan, Pembroke, the lady of Lieut.-
 Colonel Owen, M.P. of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At Llandingat church, Henry Harries, Esq.
 of Llandingat-house, to Jane Mary Anne, third
 daughter of the late Colonel Gwynne, of Glan-
 brane-park, and grand-niece of the last Lord
 Chedworth.

At Scole, Norfolk, John Herbert Carige, Esq.
 son of the late Major J. Carige, of the Bengal
 Army, to Charlotte, seventh daughter of the
 late George Lee, Esq. of Dickleburgh.

DIED.

On the 11th Nov., at Shirley, near South-
 ampton, Mary, the beloved wife of Lieut. M.
 C. Forster, daughter of Sir John and Lady
 Harriet Hoare, Bart. and niece to the Marquis
 of Thomond.

At Whitepoint, John Holmes, aged nine
 years, the youngest son of the late Capt.
 Holmes, of the 97th regt.

Subscribers are requested to glance over "*Notices to Correspondents*" in the 2d page of the work.

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Under the Especial Patronage of their Royal Highnesses



The Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria.

**BLACKWOOD'S
LADY'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE
OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD;
OR, ST. JAMES'S COURT-REGISTER
OF BELLES LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.**

FEBRUARY, 1837.

THE DEAD WIFE.

AN OCEAN TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

GLANVILLE BURLEIGH was descended from a noble family, and was married in early life to a young lady of great personal attractions and ample fortune. He was, however, unfortunately surrounded by a set of idle, dissipated young men, who led a life of extravagance and debauchery. They had lost their fortunes by their dissolute habits, and now sought to live upon the property of any victim that fell in their way.

Glanville was caught in the snare. They fawned upon him; they flattered him, and imperceptibly led him from one vice to another, until he at length became as depraved as themselves. In the course of time he fell into so many

excesses, that he found himself besieged by clamorous creditors, his estates were mortgaged, and he himself was obliged to abscond.

Eleanor Mortimer was the wife of this improvident being. She had still some property, which had been secured to herself, and on this last vestige of their grandeur they were forced to exist. But the restless mind of Glanville could not brook the loss of fortune, nor the thought of being indebted to his wife for the means of subsistence. He found that her late father's will expressed, that should his wife die before him, he should become possessed of her remaining settlement. In a moment of desperation, the horrid idea of ridding himself of his

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wife by violent means presented itself. He pondered on the means, but could not decide. He consulted his base associates as to his embarrassed state, but without effect; he therefore resolved on compassing her death by the most unsuspecting means he could devise. Poison was at length determined on. He prepared the drug; but when he offered the cup which held the deadly draught, the meek and melancholy demeanour of the devoted wife struck so forcibly upon his conscience, that his mind misgave him, and he could not persevere: his hand trembled, and the cup fell at the moment he would have presented it to her; and he inwardly rejoiced that he had failed in accomplishing his base purpose.

Among his associates was a man named Marmaduke Ossory, a powerful athletic fellow of dauntless character, who had formerly served in the navy, but from some irregularity of conduct had been dismissed the service. Marmaduke possessed both shrewdness and penetration, and was one of those who could read a person's thoughts by circumstances.

One evening, Glanville, flushed with wine, left the party earlier than usual: Marmaduke followed, and soon overtook him, and thus accosted him:—"Excuse me, Glanville, but I have of late observed a great change in your conduct. When first you joined our company, you was its life and soul, but now you are ever moping and melancholy. What is the cause? Come, you have ever looked upon me as your friend; trust me, therefore, with your secret, and it is possible I may assist you to dispel the cloud which hangs over you." Glanville paused, and looked wistfully in the face of Marmaduke.

"You cannot aid me," said he; "my property is all wasted, save the little inheritance belonging to my wife. She refuses to make it over to me, and there now remains no alternative to obtain it but——" He paused.

"But what?" inquired Marmaduke.

"Death!" exclaimed Glanville.

"Death!" re-echoed Marmaduke.—

"That's rather a sharp alternative."

They conversed together until they reached the residence of Glanville. Here they were about to part: Glan-

ville pressed the hand of Marmaduke, and felt a secret impulse prompt him to invite him in. Marmaduke entered. He beheld the fair form of Eleanor. His rude heart softened, and he marvelled how Glanville could have the cruelty to compass the destruction of one so meek, so gentle. The thought was horrid: a feeling to which he had long been a stranger, played around his heart; it was compassion for her fate. The more he looked upon her, the more he felt interested in her favour; and he determined at all hazards to save her from destruction. She retired, and left Marmaduke and Glanville together. Glanville was obstinately bent on her death, and Marmaduke agreed that poison would be the best. They parted under a promise of meeting next evening.

Marmaduke bent his way to the sea-shore: it was long past midnight, and the moon was fast sinking in the west. As he passed near a reef of black rocks, a shrill whistle struck upon his ear, and the word "*Hawl taut.*" He returned the pass-word "*Bear away,*" which was echoed by "*All right.*" In a moment, a large body of smugglers emerged from behind the rocks, while every voice exclaimed "*Welcome! welcome, captain!*"

"My lads, well met!" said Marmaduke.—"How goes the cargo?—Is all made snug?"

"Yes,—all stowed away in the secret hold," was the reply.

"That's well," said Marmaduke: "I have got customers to take a good lot off our hands: we'll serve some of them before daybreak, and the rest at night-fall. That done, we'll get our lugger in good sailing trim, and by the next day get to sea again, and run another cargo. Meantime, I have another job on hand, in which you must assist me."

The waggon and horses were brought out and loaded; the smugglers looked to their arms, and cautiously moved towards the town.

On the next evening, Glanville met his companions: the dreadful act he was about to commit weighed heavily on his mind: he drank freely, and the fumes of wine heated his brain. Marmaduke accosted him, and endeavoured to wean him from his purpose; but it

was in vain. Glanville asked if he had purchased the poisonous drug he had promised. Marmaduke presented it. Glanville snatched it, and, without saying another word, rushed out of the house, and bent his way homewards. Here he beheld his wife anxiously waiting his return,—that wife whose fortune he had squandered away by his dissipation,—that wife whom he had doomed to fall by his murderous hand. Unobserved, he poured the deadly draught into a cup of wine, which he presented to her, and she unsuspecting drank from it. Soon afterwards, a burning thirst seized her, which was succeeded by a lethargy which she could not shake off. Her features turned pallid, her eyes closed; she sunk on her couch, the hand of death was on her, and she was laid out as a corpse. Glanville gave her a magnificent funeral, and appeared to be the most afflicted mourner that attended her to the tomb. She was laid in the vault, prayers were read over her, and the mourners departed.

Four of the smugglers had been appointed to meet Marmaduke at midnight in the churchyard; and they assembled at the time.

"Our captain is late," said Gerard. "This is a strange place of meeting. I wonder what devil's whim made him appoint us in a churchyard? Does he want to load the lugger with dead corpses?"

"No, no," said Andrew Dare; "he has some especial venture on hand, and doubtless thinks a churchyard the safest place to meet uninterrupted; because the cowardly village swabs are afraid to venture across a churchyard after night-fall, for fear of seeing a ghost."

"Well," said Jacob Nightshade, "it isn't everybody that likes to be run foul of by ghosts. For *my* part, I fear no man in existence, and would fight against any odds rather than surrender,—that is to say, with mortal man in *daylight*;—but a ghost in a churchyard at midnight, is quite a different thing. It's not a fair chance either; it's like fighting a cock on his own dunghill."

"And are you such a fool as to believe in ghosts?" said Bluster. "Why what a precious coward you must be."

"Call me coward, and I'll make a

target of your carcass!" exclaimed Andrew.

"There you go, fire and smoke!" replied Bluster. "Who the devil cares for your pistols: I carry as good a pair as you, and can use them quite as promptly. I only wished to show you how ridiculous it is for a bold smuggler to be afraid of ghosts.—Eh!—what the devil's that?" With this exclamation, he started back in terror. All eyes were directed to the object which occasioned it. A pale white face, enveloped in a shroud, was seen rising from the vault, and a man in a dark mantle carrying the inmate of the tomb in his arms. The smugglers stood aghast: at length Gerard grasped his pistol, and called out, "Who, and what are you? Speak, or I'll fire!"

"If you do, you'll shoot your captain, Mister Gerard," said the stranger. "What the devil! are four of my men, whom I considered bold and undaunted, going to be scared by a woman? Don't stand there like a parcel of lubbers, but come and give me a hand to get this load on board."

"Well, if it *must* be so, it must; but curse me, if I can understand what service it can be to us to take a dead body on board."

"Make no remarks," replied Marmaduke.—"All you have to do at present is to attend particularly to my instructions."

Without further remark, the smugglers obeyed their leader, and silently bent their way towards the beach.

Glanville returned to his home after the funeral, but all appeared cheerless, that dreadful monitor, conscience, gave him no respite. He passed from one chamber to another, but each appeared desolate. He had lost his peace of mind for ever. Evening brought new terrors. Seated at his table, he raised the wine-cup to his lips, but ere it reached them, his disturbed fancy made him feel a clay-cold hand pressing on his own, and presenting the self-same cup in which he had administered the poison to his wife. He started from his chair, and paced towards his couch; but as he drew aside the curtains, his fevered fancy pictured to him the form of his murdered wife. Maddened with despair, he rushed out of the chamber,

and snatching up his cloak and hat, hurried out of the house. He knew not which way to turn, but chance brought him to the house where his former dissolute companions assembled.

Fortune had been propitious to them; they had been successful at the gaming-table, and were now full of mirth; the sparkling cup was quaffed with glee, and their present success seemed to obliterate the thoughts of any coming mishap.

Glanville entered, and listlessly threw himself into a chair: his companions, heated with wine, failed not to rally him on his childish fears. Glanville felt abashed, but dared not acknowledge the terror which had possessed him. The glass passed freely, and the potent wine soon lulled him into a state of forgetfulness. Thus a second time he had fallen into the track of dissipation, which hurried him on to destruction.

Marmaduke and his crew got safely on board their ship; and at his desire deposited their charge in the cabin. The anchor was weighed, and they stood out to sea: a gentle breeze filled the sails, and the coast gradually faded from their sight.

The boat's crew had formed a group on deck, and were conversing on the strange occurrence of the night, as well as the anxiety of the captain to get a dead body on board. Something like dissatisfaction appeared to be growing amongst them, and Bluster swore that if the captain was going to turn resurrectionist, he would sail with him no longer. Their discontent was at length noticed by Marmaduke. He knew that nothing but candour and decision would have effect with his crew; he therefore came on deck, and thus addressed them:—"It is with regret that I have observed a growing discontent among my crew, and it is fit you should make known the cause, in order that I may endeavour to remedy it."

"Captain," said Bluster, "we will always be faithful to you, while you pursue the free trade; but when we joined your ship, we did not expect to turn body-stealers."

"I expected some such silly remark as this," replied Marmaduke, with a smile.—"But you may dismiss such thoughts from your minds. I am no

body stealer, depend on it: have patience till to-morrow, and then the mystery will be dissolved. But of this rest assured, I will never lose sight of the general interest."

The crew appeared satisfied, and returned to their several duties. Marmaduke went down to the cabin, and gazed upon the pale features of the inanimate Eleanor. Forty-eight hours had now elapsed, and he anxiously waited the development of his scheme. He produced a phial, which he applied to the nostrils of the still entranced Eleanor: he placed his hand near her heart; the drug had taken effect; a slight pulsation was perceptible; and after some time spent in applying restoratives, the eyes opened, and the face began to regain new life. The powerful sleeping draught which Marmaduke had administered instead of poison, was now gradually subsiding, and in a few hours Eleanor was once more restored to life. She looked wildly around her, and on beholding Marmaduke by her side, shrunk back in fear; but his kind and encouraging demeanour soon dissipated her alarm, and she gradually became reconciled to her new situation.

Marmaduke had now another difficulty to surmount, which puzzled him greatly, and that was, to decide on the best method of breaking the matter to the crew. He at length determined on taking them by surprise: he went on deck as usual, to look after the ship, but when he sent the cabin-boy below, he desired him to lay for one more than usual. The order was given loud enough to be heard by many of the crew; and a whisper ran from stem to stern, while each looked at his companion with surprise.

"Who the devil is he going to bring on board next?" quoth Jacob Nightshade.

"Ah, who, indeed?" ejaculated Bluster; "another church-yard swab I suppose."

Marmaduke smiled as he observed the countenances of the crew, and easily guessed what was passing in their minds. He descended to the cabin, and bid them follow to breakfast. Each took his seat, but there still remained a vacant place. All eyes were directed towards it, and each of the crew appeared more puzzled than ever. Mar-

maduke rose and left the cabin, but presently returned, leading in a *lady*, whom he placed in the vacant seat. This completely upset the crew—they seemed to be quite taken aback, and gazed at each other, without being able to utter a single sentence. That was just what Marmaduke had anticipated, and he took advantage of the moment.

"My friends," said he, "I promised you that I would prove that you were mistaken in your surmises last night. You can now judge for yourselves; this is no spectre—no tenant of the grave, but a good, a generous, and an injured lady, whom it has been my good fortune to snatch from the jaws of death, and she has now none but us to depend on for protection. You are all staunch seamen; say, who among you would refuse to succour a female in distress? Not one, I'll be bound. Let me then ask you, will you support your captain in his endeavours to see her righted?"

"I, for one, will stand by you, captain, as long as a plank of our good ship will hold together," said Gerard. "What say you, comrades?"

"Yes, yes, all.—The lady shall be as comfortable here as if she was in her own drawing-room," said Jacob, bowing.

"Thanks, my brave fellows," cried Marmaduke. "You have behaved just as I expected. Madam, you may now feel assured of your perfect safety. Another day's sail will bring us to anchor, we will then put you on shore, where you will receive every necessary attention, and can remain in perfect safety until the opportunity arrives to do you justice."

Eleanor rose, thanked the crew, and retired to her own cabin. Marmaduke then related to the crew the whole particulars of the lady's misfortune, stating that Glanville had requested him to purchase the poison, but that he had furnished him with a sleeping draught in its stead, which had, happily, been the means of saving her.

"Oh, then, the dead corpse is a living woman after all!" said Bluster.

"Yes, and a precious fright you was in when she appeared in the churchyard," said Jacob; "You're a pretty seaman to be scared by a petticoat, an't you?"

"Come, a truce to your railery," cried Bluster, "but out with the grog bottle. Toss one can to the health of our lady passenger, and then away on deck, for we shan't be long before we catch land."

Eight hours passed, and then the Dutch coast began to show like a dark shade rising from the waves. The wind had got round to the west, and ere the shades of evening fell, they were alongside of Flushing. Marmaduke took the lady on shore, and placed her in the care of a good old lady who resided a few miles inland; and having accomplished this part of his business, he lost no time in freighting his vessel with a good cargo of the best spirits, and with the ebb tide, he put to sea once more, and run for Lowestoff. A vessel spoke them on the passage, and told him there was a sharp look-out for contraband vessels; therefore put him on his guard. Marmaduke was one of those men who are not easily baffled, and he soon hit upon an expedient, which enabled him to manage matters without danger of discovery. An epidemic fever had for some time been raging along the German coast, and therefore all the vessels coming from the eastward were bound to perform quarantine. It was evening when they anchored, and Marmaduke hoisted the *sick flag* (yellow). This being observed from the shore, the proper authorities merely noted that she would be visited in the morning. But when morning came, *no vessel with the yellow flag was visible*.

Marmaduke and his crew had not been idle during the night; they had run the cargo ashore in safety, because no one suspected that the ship with the sick flag hoisted, was a smuggler. The revenue boats were on the look-out soon after, but could learn no tidings of the vessel, which was not to be wondered at, for Marmaduke had taken advantage of both wind and tide, and had run for Folkstone, where he lay snug without suspicion. His little bark was towed into harbour, where she lay as a passage vessel to take in goods of all kinds for the east country.

Marmaduke changed his dress, divesting himself of his seafaring attire, took a sealed packet which he had brought from Holland, and set off for the interior of the country, in order to

obtain new tidings of Glanville. He travelled to the agent, in whose charge the remaining property of Eleanor was vested. Here he learned that Glanville had demanded the money, and other property belonging to Eleanor his late wife; but payment had been deferred until the necessary forms had been gone through.

"I have then arrived in time," said Marmaduke. "Before you pay any thing into his hands, it will be necessary you should peruse these papers."

The agent received them. Marmaduke inquired when he expected Glanville again, and was informed the following day. Marmaduke was satisfied, and departed. Towards evening he traced out Glanville: he soon discovered that he had woo'd and won a rich widow, to whom he was to be married in a few days; and in order to lead her to suppose he was in affluent circumstances, he had claimed his late wife's property in order to enable him to meet the requisite expenditure. Marmaduke made himself known to him, but Glanville treated him coolly. He felt he was not now in want of his services: despair had given way to pride, and he looked forward to scenes of future grandeur and gaiety, which had in some degree made him forget the fate of his wife. But the sight of Marmaduke had brought his misdeeds afresh to his recollection: he felt uneasy in his presence, from which he endeavoured to rid himself. He hinted to Marmaduke, that as he was shortly to become once more a man of affluence, it was not fit he should be seen to associate with one whose pursuits were suspected to be illegal.

"You need not stand upon such particularities, or be so nice in the choice of your companions," said Marmaduke, sarcastically, "because if you was properly paired the *executioner* would be your companion. I leave you *now*, but we shall shortly meet again—ay, to your confusion."

Marmaduke departed hastily, and left Glanville in a state of dreadful suspense; his last expression had aroused his half-forgotten feeling of remorse. He endeavoured to guess at the meaning of Marmaduke's threat, but he could not. Perhaps he might accuse him of having murdered Eleanor! But there

would be danger in that, as he had participated in the crime by furnishing the poison. Time was flitting fast, and he therefore found it necessary to visit the agent, without further delay, in order to possess himself of his late wife's property. Next morning he repaired to the agent, but to his surprise, he found Ambrose there before him, attended by some of the officers of justice. The agent, addressing himself to Glanville, said that he was not authorised to put him in possession of the property, in consequence of a paper which had recently been presented to him. He handed to him the sealed packet which Marmaduke had placed in his hands; and Glanville was petrified on beholding the writing of Eleanor with her real signature, requiring the money to be paid to the bearer. Glanville at length sufficiently recovered himself to say, "This is some forgery: it is impossible her signature could be obtained at such a recent date, as she has been dead full two months."

"And buried?" asked Marmaduke.

"And buried," responded Glanville.

"I believe it not," said Marmaduke. "Your sham funeral shall be exposed. Think you the authorities are to be deceived by the interment of the empty coffin?"

"Liar!" vociferated Glanville, "I dare you to the proof."

"Well, let the grave be searched," said Marmaduke, "and if my words prove not true, I forego all claim, and will resign the written document as mere waste paper."

This bold assertion seemed to astonish all parties; but it was necessary that the affair should be sifted to the bottom. Accordingly they repaired to the church-yard. The coffin was raised—opened—*It was empty!*

All were struck with consternation. Glanville was petrified; he could hardly believe his eyes. An awful pause ensued. The magistrate demanded an explanation. Glanville, wrapt in astonishment, could only stammer out a few sentences, and declared that he beheld her in the coffin but an hour before she was conveyed to the vault.

All parties present disbelieved the assertion, and the magistrate ordered him to be detained until the matter could be solved. Glanville burst into

a fury—he openly accused Marmaduke of having, by some horrid agency, conveyed away the body, and laid a plan to ruin him. Marmaduke looked unmoved; a slight smile curled on his lip, but he spoke not—pointed to the empty coffin, and moved to leave the place. Glanville furiously darted towards him, and seizing him, exclaimed, “Hold, villain! you escape not. No—rather than that, I will confess the whole. I stand upon the brink of a precipice, and if I fall into the abyss beneath, I will drag you down with me.”

“The man is frantic, and knows not what he says,” exclaimed Marmaduke, as he endeavoured to shake him off.

“I am not frantic,” returned Glanville. “I will speak the truth. I—I—I confess I deprived my wretched Eleanor of life. Yes, you may well start back with horror; but it is too true. Poison, the most potent poison, destroyed her. I administered the deadly draught, but this villain—this hypocrite, furnished me with it. He participated in the crime; he is equally guilty. Lead me to death; for while the horrid recollection flashes over my mind, life is hateful to me. I am not fit to live; convey me to the scaffold, but let not my accomplice escape.”

“I tell you I am guiltless,” exclaimed Marmaduke. “I have not participated in any crime of blood, and Glanville knows it well.”

Glanville, however, obstinately adhered to his accusation, and the consequence was, that both were committed to the town gaol until the mysterious transaction could be further inquired into. Glanville’s heart sank within him, as he entered the prison, and heard the heavy gates close upon him. He threw himself on his straw mattress, and became absorbed in gloomy thoughts. His eyes closed, but he rested not. A horrid vision passed before his eyes: *Eleanor with the poisoned cup—Marmaduke offering his hand, while pointing to the scaffold!* He buried his face in his hands, paralysed with horror. A noise was heard near the cell, as if drawing a heavy bolt with caution. Glanville raised his head and listened. All was silent—he thought he must have been deceived. The noise was repeated nearer. He listened in surprise as the noise increased. At length

a portion of the wall gave way, and the gigantic form of Marmaduke appeared before him, grasping an iron bar.

“Are you prepared to die?” said he, as he looked steadfastly at Glanville. Glanville shuddered. “Ay, you may well tremble,” continued Marmaduke. “This morning you talked boldly about dying, provided you dragged me to the scaffold with you; but now you seem to have altered your opinion. Well, it is a wise resolution, and the same as I have adopted myself. My companions soon heard of the scrape I had got into, and provided me with the means of escape. By means of this iron bar and other implements supplied to me by them, I have contrived to force a passage through my prison. You wished to see me on the scaffold—now I would rather see you at liberty. Follow me, then, and a few minutes will set us free.”

Glanville was confounded; the generous conduct of Marmaduke brought the blush of shame on his cheek; yet still he thought it impossible to escape. Marmaduke continued: “The window of your prison overlooks the river. My companions wait in their boat to receive us. Once out of this cursed hole, we’ll soon be aboard my smart vessel, and ere daylight, skim o’er the glassy ocean. But time admits of no delay; every moment is precious. Either follow me and be free, or stay behind and be hanged, if you prefer it. Hark! by Heaven, the jailors are alarmed! Here I go then: I wait for nobody.”

Marmaduke dashed through the aperture, and reached the window. The officers rushed in and fired at him, but they were too late—he had leaped the window, and a shout from without proclaimed his having safely reached the boat. An alarm was given, but without avail: the atmosphere had become clouded, and a dense fog so completely obscured objects on the water, that pursuit was useless. Marmaduke reached the vessel in safety, and the next tide carried him out to sea, and after a speedy passage he reached the Dutch coast in safety. Glanville was brought to trial, but the evidence not being complete without the presence of his accomplice Marmaduke, it was deemed advisable to defer it until he could be found. Rewards were offered for the production of Marmaduke, but

without effect; he was safe beyond the reach of the authorities, and Glanville therefore felt secure in his absence.

As soon as Marmaduke arrived in Holland, he repaired to Eleanor, and informed her of what had passed in England. Eleanor felt a dawn of hope arise, and thought it still possible that Glanville might repent his misdeeds, and reform, should his life be spared. At this moment one of Marmaduke's crew appeared, and thrusting a printed paper into his hand, told him he had just obtained it from a fisherman, who had landed some English passengers—the paper ran as follows:

“*Glanville Burleigh* being accused of murder, a reward of 100 marks* is hereby offered to any person who will produce *Marmaduke Ossory*, his accomplice, in order that he may bear evidence against him. And should the said Marmaduke surrender himself within one month, he shall be entitled to the above reward, together with a free pardon.”

Marmaduke showed it to Eleanor, who inquired how he meant to act. He replied, he was undecided, but would resolve according to circumstances. He determined to go among the passengers, and endeavour to learn what was going forward on the English coast, and left Eleanor with a promise that he would not decide what line of conduct to pursue, until he had first informed her. He left her, and proceeded towards the harbour, where he observed some passengers landing from an English fishing-boat. He noticed each, but did not observe any person whom he knew. He was about to return, and had proceeded some distance, when he heard a step behind him, which gained quickly on him. He turned and paused until the stranger came up, and made way for him to pass; but when the stranger reached him, he looked him steadfastly in the face, and in a half whisper pronounced his name. Marmaduke was surprised, for at the moment he could not recollect the person who stood before him; but he was not long kept in suspense.

“You do not seem to remember an old companion,” said the stranger. “Have you then forgotten Denby?”

* Either pounds or florins.

“Denby!” exclaimed Marmaduke. “Are you the gay, the dashing Denby, who was once the life and soul of our nocturnal gambols; the dashing leader in all our high-flown midnight excursions? Thus reduced!”

“Reduced, indeed,” added Denby, as he unfastened his cloak, and exposed his threadbare dress beneath. “You often told me my mad extravagance would be my ruin; and you spoke the truth. One night, heated with the fumes of wine, I was returning to my lodgings, when my attention was attracted by a female, who was pacing to and fro before me; and as my gallantry would not allow me to suffer a lady to remain in the street at that late hour, I offered my services to escort her, which however she declined. At this moment a young spark, hot as pepper, darted from an adjoining house, and asked me how I dared to molest a lady under his protection? The rudeness of his manner enraged me, and in a moment our swords were out; and in parrying one of his thrusts I made a sharp return, and my sword pierced his breast: meantime the screams of the female had occasioned several persons to rush to the spot. I was seized, and taken before one of the authorities, by whom I was committed, until the fate of the wounded man could be ascertained. In the prison I met with Glanville; and witnessed the harrowing state of mind to which his crimes have reduced him. He deplores the dreadful deed, for which he is about to suffer, and would give worlds could it be recalled.”

“And do you consider his repentance sincere?” asked Marmaduke.

“I do, indeed,” replied Denby; “and it was that which alone interested me in his behalf. I was released from confinement, in consequence of my antagonist being declared out of danger, and the provocation I had received. However my debts had accumulated to such a degree, that I found England too hot for me; and after playing at hide and seek for a length of time, I made up my mind to quit the country. I therefore saw my agent, with whom I arranged, that when my little allowance became due, he should transmit it to me here. It has now dwindled into a mere starva-

tion allowance, but I must contrive to live on it. I should have brought a little money with me, but unfortunately the myrmidons got scent of me, and forced their way into my lodging in order to arrest me for a debt; but I leaped from the window and escaped, without having time for change of apparel or money. I made my way to the nearest port on foot, and getting on board a Dutch fishing-boat, bade adieu to my native land, and here I stand penniless, and possessed of nothing but what you see me stand upright in."

Marmaduke pondered a moment. "You say Glanville is *really* repentant?"

"There is hardly a doubt to that," replied Denby.

"That is enough," added Marmaduke; "follow me, and repeat what you have asserted before a person whom you will see, and I may perhaps be induced to go to England."

"No, no," exclaimed Denby, "that must not be; your presence in England would bring Glanville to the scaffold."

"You know nothing," rejoined Marmaduke; "his life hangs by a single thread, and it depends solely on me, whether he lives or dies. Make, therefore, no more objections, but follow me, it will be to your advantage, and I will administer to your present necessities. Come, Denby, come."

Marmaduke led the way, and Denby followed in silence. He was conducted into the presence of Eleanor, and there he repeated his full conviction of the sincere repentance of Glanville. Eleanor felt all her former affection return: present danger seemed to cause her to forget that this recreant would have been her murderer, had not his diabolical scheme been frustrated. She essayed now to save him, if his compunction was sincere. Marmaduke was, therefore, requested to prepare accordingly, and he promised faithfully to promote her wishes. A letter was consequently despatched to England, in order to forward the plan which Marmaduke had in view. Glanville in the meantime remained in the prison, in a state of suspense; yet he was well aware that he was safe as long as Marmaduke remained out of England. He was however aroused to a sense of his danger, when the gaoler entered one

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morning and told him the trial would be proceeded with on the following day, as the attendance of Marmaduke had been secured. The hopes of Glanville now sank, and he considered his case as hopeless. The reward and pardon offered to Marmaduke would bring forward such decisive evidence, as could not fail to convict him. The fact was, that Marmaduke immediately on reaching England, gave notice that he would appear in the hall of justice whenever called upon, when he should be fully capable of proving himself entirely innocent of the crime of murder of which he had been accused.

In consequence of this, the trial had been appointed to take place without further delay, and Marmaduke was cited to appear. The eventful day at length arrived: the hall of justice was crowded with persons anxious to hear the termination of this mysterious transaction. The judge took his seat. Glanville was conducted into the hall by the officers of justice. His countenance was pale, his lip quivered, and his eye wandered round as if in search of some especial object. The clerk of the court rose, and in a loud voice said, "Let Marmaduke Ossory be called into court."

"He is here!" exclaimed a stranger, who stood up among the auditory.

Every eye was turned towards him.

"I am Marmaduke," continued he. "I promised to appear when called upon, and I have kept my word. Now speak; what would you have?"

"Disclose what you know regarding the death of Eleanor," said the clerk.

"All I have to say is, that Glanville had determined on her death by means of poison; his heart failed him on the first attempt, and he refrained from it. A second time his evil genius prompted him to do the deed: he informed me of his intentions, and requested me to purchase the poison. I agreed to do so. I furnished him with the wished-for drug. He administered it, and the sleep of death came over her. So far I boldly own I was his accomplice."

A cry of horror ran through the court; and Marmaduke appeared such a cold-blooded monster to all present, that Glanville was almost pitied.

"Do not form your opinions too hastily," said Marmaduke, "nor interrupt me in what I have to state; for

H

on my evidence rests the fate of more persons than you expect. I say, the *sleep of death* came over her; for, to all around, she appeared a corpse. I had led a dissipated life, and had wasted my fortune by extravagance, and I perhaps resorted to desperate means to restore it. My life had been such as no good man should imitate; yet on the night when Glanville brought me to his dwelling, I beheld the devoted Eleanor: her care-worn looks, and her settled melancholy, had imparted such a look of loveliness to her, that it struck to my very heart. Yes, her sorrow roused within me the dormant feelings of a man, and I determined at all hazards to save her."

"To save her?" exclaimed several voices.

"To save her," continued Marmaduke. "The drug which I gave to Glanville, was NOT POISON, but a potent *sleeping draught*. It gave her the appearance of death; and the funeral took place immediately to avoid the danger

of discovery. The coffin in which she was laid, was by my order purposely pierced round to give her air; and soon after she was deposited in the vault, I entered, and forcing open the coffin carried off the sleeping Eleanor undiscovered."

All the court arose in astonishment at this narrative.

"And where is she now?" asked Glanville in agony.

"Here behold her," exclaimed Marmaduke. "She lives to save you from the scaffold; to bid the repentant husband hope for forgiveness here and hereafter."

A female, who stood near Marmaduke, now unveiled and discovered to the astonished multitude the features of the resuscitated Eleanor.

"My Eleanor!" exclaimed Glanville. "Marmaduke, my saviour! ha! ha! ha!" He staggered and fell fainting before them, as he uttered, "Providence, I thank thee. I shall not die an assassin!"

THE EXILE.

BY JOHN C. HALL, ESQ.

"When I think on my own native land,
"In a moment I seem to be there."

THE time draws near;—ah! those alone can tell
Who part, how bitter is the word farewell;
To leave each scene,—to memory—childhood, dear,
For land of strangers, barren, dark, and drear:
List to yon sweet and distant village chime,
How sad the music to those ears of mine!—
I pace the church-yard,—gaze upon each stone,
O'er which rank weeds, and the green moss have grown:
The inmates, like a fragrant, beauteous flower,
Were but the passing pilgrims of an hour;—
Enchanting spots!—belov'd, for ever dear!
Farewell! Farewell!—forgive the starting tear;—
Farewell, ye scenes of childhood,—fare thee well;
Ye trees, ye glades, each woodland, stream, and dell,
Farewell!—I hasten to a distant shore;
The Exile, perhaps, may never see thee more.

7, Bath Place, Kensington.

A FAMILY RECORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY OLD FRIEND TOM."

(Concluded from p. 7.)

At last I mustered boldness enough to raise my hand tremblingly to the knocker: its touch thrilled through every nerve and artery with an icy chill that reached my heart, and its low deadened sound struck on my ear as ominously as does the measured roll of the muffled drum to a condemned soldier. My summons was immediately answered by a female domestic. Her apron was to her eyes, and she was sobbing violently. The lamp was nearly expiring for want of replenishment; but at the back part of the hall I descended through the obscurity, a manservant stealing along with noiseless steps, and as the faint yellow light streamed for a moment upon his features, as he turned them towards me, I saw that they wore a settled expression of melancholy, which was considerably heightened by the sallow ghastly hue spread over them by the imperfect and half obstructed rays.

"For Heaven's sake! what is the matter?—who is ill?" I interrogated hastily.

"Oh, sir!" ejaculated the girl, in a voice rendered nearly inaudible by her suppressed sobs, and gently closing the door, "poor dear Miss Emily—Miss Georgiana——"

"What of them? What of them?" I mechanically whispered, for the appearance of every thing seemed to impose an almost death-like silence.

"Oh! sir, sir!" but she could add no more, for at this moment the lamp giving one brilliant flash, expired, leaving us in total darkness, and the affrighted girl, uttering a faint scream, fell senseless in my arms.

The footman quickly procured another light, and relieved me from my burden, which, from excessive agitation, I was scarcely able to support; and giving her in charge to an elderly female, who now made her appearance, he ushered me into the dining-parlour, and in reply to my anxious inquiry he said,

"We are all in sad distress, sir. Two days after you were last here Miss Georgiana sickened with the small pox

in its worst form, and died in a few days; and my young mistress caught it from watching night and day by the bedside of her little sister. Every body else in the house has escaped; but poor Mrs. Napier is confined to her bed unable to get up through illness, only from fretting and worrying herself. So you see, sir, we have had sad changes here."

"Sad, indeed," said I; uttering a deeply drawn and deeply felt sigh. "But where is Mr. Napier, Robert?"

"At Miss Emily's bedside, sir, as usual," replied the man. "He never leaves it but when he can't help it; and I'm sure my poor master seems to me neither to eat, drink, or sleep. He is worrying himself to death about my *misses* as well as Miss Emily, and he darn't go to see her for fear of carrying the infection."

"It would of course be improper to disturb him," said I.

"O no, sir," returned Robert, "he left orders to be denied to every body but you and Lieutenant Latimer; but he said he wished to see you, if you wasn't afraid of the infection."

"Afraid of the infection!" repeated I in a half reproachful tone; for I felt it rather unkind of my friend to make such a proviso with me, though I was gratified by the exception in my favour. "Mr. Latimer is, I make no doubt, here every day."

"No, sir," answered the servant, "he too is confined to his bed by illness, and has only been here once since you left town, and that was before Miss Emily was taken ill."

"Good Heaven! Nothing but misfortune upon misfortune," exclaimed I. "Be so good as to let Mr. Napier know that I am here."

Robert quitted the room, leaving me in a state of perturbation, which I cannot describe. I thought in how short a space of time the Almighty can heap so many, and such great calamities upon a whole family; and, though inapplicable to the present case, I reflected with wonder upon the continued career of man in sin, amidst such every-day

manifestations of the annihilating powers of an offended and avenging God! I thought of Emily; but I could only think of her as in the grasp of death, and the tears coursed down my cheek unrestrained.

It may be asked, and plausibly, how, if my feelings were so agitated as I have described, I retain so distinct a remembrance of all the minutæ of my first entrance into the house—the appearance of every thing—my thoughts, &c., and whether it is not most probable that the recollection of such trifles would be swallowed up in the principal source and cause of them all. I reply, that although *at the time* I scarcely appeared to notice any thing, yet, during after reflections upon the subject, inconsiderable events which I had then scarce thought on, and which had laid dormant as it were in my memory, crowded upon my brain with a celerity and minute accuracy that was to myself astonishing. Every trivial circumstance connected with the tragedy is as indelibly impressed upon my heart as is the hand-writing of the GREAT MASTER upon every object in the creation! and not until the vital functions have ceased to play, will the remembrance fade from me.

I endeavoured as much as possible to calm my feelings before the arrival of Mr. Napier, that I might avoid adding to the unhappy parent's distress; and by the time I heard his light but slow footsteps descending the carpeted stairs, I had partially succeeded.—My heart kept time to those footsteps.

Mr. Napier entered the room; and, oh! how changed was his aspect during the short time which had elapsed since our last interview: his hair had become whiter, his form was thinner, his gait stooping and unsteady, and his broad manly forehead was already lined with the marks of care and grief. He looked at least twenty years older. I took his hand: it was burning with a dry and feverish heat. For some moments we were incapable of utterance.

Mr. Napier first broke through the painful silence.

"You are come," said he, in a subdued tone, "into a house of mourning, instead of a house of feasting. Death and disease, my friend, have made this an abode of misery."

I scarce knew what to reply, for my feelings seemed as acute as his own.

"Heaven forbid, my dear sir, that there be ground for this despondency. These visitations are awful mementos of the uncertainty of life, and serve to make us all prepare for that change which to the youngest of us can be at no very distant period. The inevitable doom awaits us all; and one step towards preparation is to be resigned. But for all that, Miss Emily may not—I trust is not, in any immediate danger."

"Who," said he, raising his wan countenance, and fixing his dimmed eye upon mine; "who is not in hourly danger on this side the grave? My youngest darling is gone, and the physicians give me no hope of my best-loved Emily. The undertakers," and his voice faltered as he spoke, "the undertakers are now in the house performing the last offices for the remains of Georgiana, and I cannot but consider it ominous of my Emmy's speedy departure to another world. They are lingering, sir, as if waiting to snatch from me all my soul holds dear. My wife, too——"

Our interview was protracted and painfully interesting, and I left the house with feelings of grief and commiseration for my unhappy friend, and the most anxious solicitude concerning the fair but unfortunate Emily.

My calls and inquiries were repeated daily. I frequently saw Mr. Napier, and with pain observed his health declining as his despondency increased. William was unfortunately compelled to be absent in the west of England on mercantile business of vital importance, which would not admit of delay, so that his father was deprived of the support and comfort which his presence would have afforded on this trying occasion.

I called one day at Mr. Napier's on my usual errand, and to my great pleasure observed that he wore a more cheerful air than usual.

"Joy! joy! Congratulate me, my friend," exclaimed he, rising to meet me. "The physicians have declared my Emmy out of danger. Her complaint has taken a sudden and favourable turn, and in a week she will be able to descend into the drawing-room. But she has lost her beauty for ever, poor girl;"

and his tone resumed something of his former despondency.

At the welcome but unexpected intelligence thus conveyed to me by the delighted father, I felt the leaden load which had so long oppressed my heart, lifted suddenly off. I breathed more freely, and participated in my friend's felicitous feeling with a truly sympathising spirit.

"In a week then, I think, I may promise that you shall see my girl," said Napier, on my bidding him adieu, after an interview in which he had fully given vent to his pleasurable emotions. His hopes were not disappointed. With each successive day Emily's health improved, as did likewise that of Mrs. Napier, and in a short time the three were enabled to meet together in the sitting-room. The interview was affecting. One dear inmate was lost to the domestic circle for ever, another was absent, and a third, the pride and ornament of the family, was so awfully disfigured by the despoiling ravages of the disease to which she had been a prey, as scarcely to be recognizable as the same person. Emily's beauty was, indeed, gone,—gone for ever! and that radiant and heavenly countenance, on which once beamed loveliness that seemed almost more than mortal, was scarred and seamed in a manner, that rendered it as revolting to the gaze of a stranger, or uninterested person, as it was formerly attractive. But her mind was unchanged,—the bright and angelic virtues which adorned her soul remained as before; and in all, save outward appearance, in all qualifications of real intrinsic worth, Emily Napier was the same. Nor was her temper rendered in the least acerb by the misfortune she had suffered; at times, indeed, a soft sigh would steal from her bosom as she viewed her sadly, sadly altered appearance in the glass; but she quickly resumed her spirits, and upon the whole seemed less agitated than any other member of the family.

Lieutenant Latimer still remained an invalid, and confined to the apartments which, for the benefit of a change of air, he had taken a short distance from town. His groom was, however, every day at Mr. Napier's, with notes of inquiry, which were latterly replied to by the gentle Emily herself, as she

became well enough to write. One day she had prepared a long letter in readiness for the servant to convey to her lover on his next visit, a copy of which I afterwards saw, and the style was at once so affectionate and touching, that I could not restrain my tears. The following is an extract:—

* * "That beauty, Charles, which your partiality induced you to admire and laud so far above its humble merits, has fled from me for ever. I am, indeed, dreadfully disfigured; and I fear that there is not the slightest chance of my features ever recovering even the semblance of their original form. I regret this, but regret it only for your sake, as you appeared to value it so highly. I cannot consider that this vexatious, but in fact, trifling loss, will have much weight with one possessing a mind of your stamp; but still I feel called upon in honour, under existing circumstances, to return your plighted troth, and to give back those vows which you voluntarily offered and made me in happier days. If you avail yourself of this relinquishment, we, of course, meet no more; but, should your inclinations remain the same, return, as soon as your health will permit, to your poor Emily."

Two or three days elapsed before any reply was received to this epistle, and the delay at once surprised and alarmed the Napiers. Emily attributed it to a thousand causes, and a dread of approaching evil mingled with the sanguine anticipations which she formed concerning the tenor of the expected reply.

At last, the expected letter from Latimer was brought by a groom on horseback, who, without waiting for a reply, rode off. It was addressed to Mr. Napier, who was sitting alone with his wife when it was placed in his hands. He broke the seal, and perused its contents; but, ere he had proceeded far, his cheek whitened, his eye distended, and his trembling frame bespoke excessive inward agitation.

"What is the matter, my love?—Surely, Charles is not worse;" inquired Mrs. Napier, who observed with alarm the changes in her husband's countenance.

He made no reply, but continued reading; and as he went on, rage and indignation seemed struggling for as-

candancy with surprise, in the varying expression of his strongly-marked features. When he had concluded, he struck his clenched hand violently on the paper, and throwing it on the table before his astonished partner, he exclaimed "Heartless, cold-blooded villain! — Read, Adelaide, read; — and learn what a viper I have fostered."

Mrs. Napier took the letter in silence, and read as follows:—

"*Richmond, February —*

"MY DEAR SIR,—No one can feel more acutely than myself the distressing events which have lately occurred in your family; and no one can be more deeply impressed with a sense of the great obligations under which I labour towards you. But, my dear sir, you cannot but be conscious that the heavy misfortune which your charming daughter has so unhappily sustained, must have a powerful influence over our projected union; and you will not, I dare to say, feel any great surprise, on taking all circumstances into consideration, when I candidly confess that I must trust to time for a removal of the impression which your daughter has made upon my heart, and that I now feel myself under the necessity of withdrawing the proposals which I made for the hand of that young lady, however painful the sacrifice may be to my feelings. My unpleasant and delicate task is, however, rendered somewhat more easy, by the receipt of Miss Napier's last letter, in which she most nobly and generously frees me from all ties.

"With sentiments of the deepest respect and esteem, I have the honour to remain,

"Dear Sir, your most obliged,
and very obedient humble servant,

"CHAS. LATIMER."

"*To Henry Napier, Esq.*"

Mrs. Napier read this astounding epistle throughout with a tremulous agitation, which resolved itself, on the conclusion, into a violent burst of tears. "Oh! how chilling, how unfeelingly formal!" she exclaimed. "Could I have anticipated such conduct from Charles Latimer!

"The insolent scoundrel!" cried the indignant

is one continued sneer. But he shall not go unpunished——."

Before the astonished pair could think whether or not it would be proper to conceal this letter, for the present, from their daughter, Emily herself entered the room, as hastily as her weak state would permit, having descended from her window the Lieutenant's groom. "So we have a letter from Charles, at last," said she, smiling.

In the excitation of the moment, and without reflecting on the imprudence of the step he was taking, Mr. Napier pointed to the open letter which lay upon the table, and, in an almost inarticulate voice, exclaimed, "Read that, my love, and thank God—thank your illness, which has so fortunately occurred to prevent your union with a hollow-hearted rascal like Charles Latimer!"

A faintness came over Emily as she took up the paper, and her heart throbbed with emotion. Her spirits would not permit her to finish the perusal of those fatal words which blasted her earthly happiness for ever; for, no sooner had she succeeded in gathering their import, than with a deep-drawn sigh she closed her eyelids, and, faintly articulating, "Cruel, cruel Charles!" she sunk motionless on the sofa.

Cursing his folly in permitting her to read the letter, Mr. Napier, assisted by her affrighted mother, ran to the assistance of the insensible girl. A long time elapsed before they could restore her to consciousness; and when they succeeded, it was but awakening her to an, if possible, still more acute sense of her misery. Fit succeeded fit, with a rapidity that excited fears, but too well grounded, that she could not survive the shock. It was not humanly possible, that her already debilitated frame could sustain such tremendous mental convulsion, and such laceration of heart, as the riving asunder her long and deeply-cherished affections had occasioned.

In a fortnight from the day which saw her fondest hopes crushed whilst yet blossoming in the sunshine of confiding affection, the sainted spirit of Emily Napier took its departure, to seek peace and reward for earthly cares in the bosom of the Deity who had called it into life. — Her heart was

Oh, Man! where is thy boasted nobility and grandeur of soul,—thy firmness and constancy in affection, enduring through all trials and disappointments?—where that devotion to an object of attachment which is to be found in the warm beating heart of woman? You are clamorous in your vows of eternal affection, and call to your assistance oaths, vehemence, and ardour; but the diffident and retiring delicacy, the downcast look, the ‘silence professing nothing’ of woman, dear woman, mantles tenfold more real sincerity, more true and chaste warmth, than is to be found in the hollow protestations of too many of our own sex. Man, like a child attracted by the brilliance of a diamond, struggles violently to gain the prize of a woman’s heart; and when once obtained, he is pleased with the novelty, plays with it awhile, and then casts the inestimable gem as a worthless bauble at his feet. Such was Latimer’s conduct.—All who saw his bearing towards Emily whilst in the zenith and splendour of her beauty, believed her the only idol of his heart, and that his whole soul was merged in the intensity of his attachment to her. The sequel has shown how widely they were mistaken, and how different a feeling from true and heartfelt love was that with which he regarded her. It was *vanity*,—it was *selfishness*. He was attracted by the unsurpassed personal loveliness of Emily,—he felt gratified at the conquest he had made over so pure a heart, and he pictured with self-congratulation how he should be the object of general envy amongst the men for the possession of such a treasure. His proud heart swelled as he fancied the buzz attendant on their entrance into any assembly,—the envious looks of the ladies,—the undisguised admiration of the men,—the half-suppressed exclamations of “What a heavenly creature!”—“How surpassingly lovely!”—“What a handsome couple!”—“Well, they are admirably matched!” &c. &c.—Oh, coxcomb!—coxcomb!

It was with such views as these that he exerted himself to gain the heart of Emily Napier; but, when he had too fatally succeeded, her beauty, which was the sole object of this heartless man, became lost for ever, and he flung

the invaluable creature from him with a savage rudeness, that crushed her tender spirit, and consigned her at once to an early grave.

While performing the last sad duties of humanity for the departed Emily, the attendants observed a blue ribbon suspended from her neck, to which was attached a small silken bag of the same colour. It contained nothing but the few withered leaves of a rose, which, in her halcyon days, Latimer had taken from the bosom of his coat and given to her, telling her jocularly to “wear it next her heart.” Poor girl! she did indeed wear it next her heart, and valued that trifle more than all the costly jewels which he had profusely showered upon her shortly before her illness. She died with her hand closely pressed upon her inestimable treasure, and her last breath faintly murmured forth a prayer for blessings upon the head of the unworthy Charles, showing her affection strong and unaltered even in death towards him who had so unfeelingly caused it.

Poor William was denied the melancholy satisfaction of receiving his beloved Emily’s expiring breath, as he did not arrive from Bristol till the day after her decease. Long and silently did he gaze upon the inanimate corpse, and bitter were his feelings as he regarded the mortal remains of her he had loved with “all a brother’s love.” But his sensation partook less of sorrow than of implacable rage and enmity, and an insatiable desire of revenge against him who had thus wantonly bereaved him of a sister. Laying his hand upon her cold bosom, he swore solemnly to avenge her death, or meet his own in the attempt. Casting one parting glance at the sad remains of all that was once so beautiful, he loaded his pistols, and throwing himself into a postchaise, without naming his intention to any one except the confidential friend who accompanied him in the capacity of second, he drove furiously towards Richmond.

They met; and deadly animosity rendered the aim of William sure. The bullet from his weapon passed through the very centre of Latimer’s heart, and the destroyer of Emily was stretched a corpse at the feet of her avenging brother!

THE SLEEPING YOUTH ; OR, A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUITE GOOD ENOUGH," &c.

ON a low couch, within a rich saloon,
 Lay he,—the very beautiful, and young,—
 The boy—yet scarcely risen into man ;—
 Slackly, in languid grace, his limbs reclin'd
 Unstudiously flung, to meet repose,
 In attitudes beyond the dream of Art.
 Slumber sat lightly on his high, pale brow,
 Seal'd his sweet eyes, and hush'd his winning lips ;
 Whilst, from his tranquil features, Innocence
 And Peace look'd forth, whose home was in his heart.
 He slept, 'mid twilight shadows, where the flood
 Of day's full splendour was by festoon'd folds
 Of crimson draperies subdued ; where flowers
 Twining, and bow'ry, the excess of light
 Within that sanctuary of Art forbade,
 By shedding o'er its casements a sweet gloom.
 He slept, where one rich, vivid beam of gold
 Flash'd from the sinking sire of day, athwart
 The dun and silent chamber, burnishing
 Pale, alabaster sculptures, and his brow,
 Which most resembled theirs—save that crisp locks
 Of glossy blackness shadow'd it like night.

————— O rich ! O radiant Eve !
 Sweet hour of dreams ! whose colouring is caught
 From our day-fantasies of hope, and fear,
 And wishes—innocent, perchance, but kept,
 Like sinful thoughts, imprison'd in the breast.
 O ! blessed, holy, visionary Eve,
 What dream now happ'd the slumberer in Heav'n ?
 Into the chamber seem'd to glide a maid,
 And spirit-like beside his couch take stand ;
 Her face he knew ; but with it came that blight
 Of mortal life, *vain love—unspoken love*—
 The warm, deep, tender, *holy*, hopeless love
 Of early youth, scarce to itself confessed,—
 Th' *ethereal* love, that never glows again !
 And, felt the maiden such ? Say, did she bless
 One, from whose timid glance in waking life
 She turn'd confus'd, dismay'd, or in disdain,
 With the wild, passionate fervour of a soul,
 All feeling, fire ; and still consuming thought ?
 Thrilling emotions trembled through her frame
 As on the slumberer she gaz'd, which crept
 Through his—contagiously, and consciously ;—
 Yet he stirr'd not—albeit his glowing heart
 Throbb'd madly, *heard* by his o'er-sentient ear.
 Entranc'd, he powerless lay, *feeling* the gaze,
 Soft and intense, of that fair girl, a fire
 And fascination to his soul ; but, no—
 His limbs were fetter'd, and immoveable,
 As those of knightly effigies on tombs ;
 Nor, could his chain'd tongue ask, " What dost thou here ?"

And for the maiden, an unwonted flush
Ting'd her fair cheek, as whisp'ringly she sigh'd,—
First pressing on the slumberer's brow *a kiss*,
Light, gentle, sinless, as young Zephyr's breath :

“ Sleep on—sleep on—thou beautiful !
The sunset glow
Athwart thee cast, is dark, and dull,
By thy bright brow,
Whose grace is surely less of youth,
Than of peace, innocence, and truth !

Sleep, dear one ! twilight's dubious beam
For rest is given ;
And long and lovely be thy dream
Of thine own heaven ;
Whilst guardian angels round *thee* stand,
Their *brother*, in a stranger-land !

Sleep on ! nor cank'ring care nor dread
Forbid *thy* rest !
Nor sin chains down when thou would'st flee
Unto the blest,
In dreams, too holy to be quite
Class'd with *vain* visions of the night.

Sleep, that I may uncheck'd awhile
Gaze on thy face ;
Pale, beautiful—and in that smile
Unconscious, trace
The *good* for which I fondly prize
Thee *secretly*—ay, *idolize* !

Sleep, Brother of the Angels !—sleep !
My prayer—my sigh,
That thou, youth's bloom of soul may keep,
Are heard on high ;
And blest and holy shouldst thou be,
Thou'lt know not how 'twas crav'd by *me*.”

Here ceas'd the song, which came upon his ear
Who lov'd, as youth will love, *without a hope* ;
Like the cool voice of streams in desert lands :
He starts—the veil of slumber from his soul
Is partially withdrawn ; his ears believe
A rushing sound of steps retreating, greet them ;
And his dark lustrous eyes seem to perceive
The momentary flutter of white robes,
'Mid shadows far without that shadowy room.
With scarce awaken'd sense, he gazes round,
And through the solemn gloom a *glove* descries,
Dropp'd by his lonely couch, snow-white, and small :
Then, sudden light,—and ecstasy ! illumines
His joyless spirit,—blushes in his face,
And makes his hitherto unhoping soul
Cry, in the consciousness of love return'd—
“ Angel of light ! that kiss—it was *no DREAM* !”

M. L. B.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—A TALE OF FACTS.

(Continued from page 24.)

ONE evening, about the latter end of last October, having an appointment with a friend at a late hour I had sauntered into a cigar divan at the west end to wile away the time. Whilst I was sitting peering over the columns of a dry and uninteresting paper, there entered a young man whom I had met there before, but who then wore a military dress. He began relating to one or two, with whom he seemed to be acquainted, some of the exploits of the British Legion in Spain, and before quitting, I thought I would inquire if he by any chance knew Roscoe;—so when he appeared to have unwound himself of the heroic actions,—

“Pray, sir,” I said, “were you acquainted with an officer named Roscoe?”

“Roscoe!” said he, “Roscoe,—O yes, I remember,—he was the greatest rascal that ever lived, and was turned out of our regiment.”

“Rascal,” I replied warmly, “I beg you to know that you are naming one of my most intimate friends.”

“Your friend, sir,—oh, then, I suppose he has been at his old tricks again,—but, sir, if I may presume, may I ask his name?”

“William Henry Peyton Roseoe,” I replied, laying an emphasis on each.

“Oh, I see, he has been christened again. His name with us was only William Henry; but the other is quite new to me. I suppose he thought William Henry too common, so he has added ‘Peyton,’ to make it sound better. But, sir, if you have time to listen, I will detail to you a few facts that may perhaps give you an insight to his character.”

“Go on,” I said, hardly knowing what I was about, for a veil seemed about to be lifted from before me, which I scarcely dared, yet was obliged to raise. “William Henry Roscoe joined at Santander as a cadet in our regiment,—he gave himself out to be a young man of fortune, but we discovered, from a private, that his father was merely a drawing-master at * * *. I never saw a poor fellow so entirely

destitute as he was, yet he pretended that all his accoutrements had been left behind him, and we were obliged out of charity, to lend him things, some of which were never returned.”

He then went on to relate some circumstances of trivial importance, among which was a duel they had fought together, but had afterwards become the greatest friends. But I will not weary the reader with these, but come at once to the most important.

Mr. Monk (for that was his name) stated, that at last Roscoe was accused of stealing a pair of aiguettes from the quarter-master, and also a watch from Captain Hugston, of the same regiment,—for this he was arrested and placed under confinement,—a court-martial was called, and he was arraigned upon the charges. Of the first there was not sufficient evidence, but he was found guilty on the other, and sentenced to have his head half shaved, to receive four dozen lashes, and to be dismissed the service; and, as to his ever having been wounded, it was his firm belief Mr. Monk said, that he had not even smelt powder, except on the occasion of the duel.

I knew not what to think, or what course to pursue,—ought I not acquaint Rawdon of the facts?—for I knew well the happiness of one more dear to him than life, was at stake,—one whom, as he had often told me, he would have resigned to no other than Roscoe,—not even to his own brother. It was too late to see him then, for I was aware that he had gone out of town. I wandered about the whole of that evening, careless of my appointment, in a state of mind that can be imagined much better than I can describe it. Was it true that the good, the virtuous Roscoe was a hypocrite and a villain? Was the story of his former love all fabrication?—had there never existed such a being as Amie Vernon, and was she but the offspring of imagination?—I knew not what to think.—Was the tale of his wound all false,—and but a veil thrown over his infamy, and the wig that he wore a cover for his disgrace? At one

moment I determined to let the matter rest, but then I could not visit them more, and my conduct would have been remarkable and created suspicion. However, as Monk had said, he should be ready to meet Roscoe at any time, and in my presence re-state the accusations, I tried to ease my mind with the idea that some mistake had occurred,—some confusion of names, and that the next day would clear up the whole mystery. At an early hour the next morning I called upon Rawdon, and acquainted him with the facts precisely as they had been stated to me, without any comment or remark. I never saw a person so affected as he was,—and had I not supported him, he would certainly have fallen. When he recovered, we talked the matter over, and determined that the best plan would be to meet Monk that very evening and clear up the mistake, for such we both imagined it. It was with the greatest difficulty, however, that Rawdon restrained himself from mentioning the matter, and asking Roscoe if there existed in it the least truth,—but had he done so, and there had been any foundation for it, Roscoe would have been put on his guard and prepared with some subterfuge. As we had engaged to go with some friends that evening to the theatre, we told Roscoe that one of the party had appointed to meet us at the *divan*, and that we should call for him on our way. When we entered, Roscoe looked round to see if he had yet arrived, but immediately his eyes met Monk, he turned as pale as death. Mastering, however, his emotion, he held out his hand, “Ah Monk!” he said, “how do you do, I am glad to see you.”

Monk looked at him full in the face, while a smile of withering contempt gleamed upon his lips, but said nothing.

“For God’s sake, Monk,” continued Roscoe, “I hope you have not told any thing!”

“Yes, Mr. Roscoe, I have told that gentleman the whole of your conduct, and I now repeat, in the presence of all, you are a thief and a scoundrel.”

He then stated all that he had before told me, and which I have laid before the reader. As, however, the place was too public, we adjourned to a private room at a neighbouring hotel.

I had expected that Roscoe would immediately have cast back the foul accusation, and have denied the charge,—but the moment we entered the room, he sat down and buried his face in his hands. Had there been no other proof of his guilt, no other ground on which to condemn him, his emotion had betrayed him. Knave, though he seemed, and hypocrite, hitherto perfect in his character, yet, now in the time of difficulty, did his cunning forsake him, and his tutelary star desert him. The blow had been sudden, but it had struck home, and his usual energies were faded; for when he started up, himself surprised at his abstraction, he stamped upon the floor, and in no courteous or gentlemanly language, accused Monk of falsehood; but the next moment, as if recollecting himself, he admitted the charges, but denied having taken them with the intention of stealing. Much he said in extenuation; but not a single sentence was at all to the purpose. What he asserted one moment, he contradicted the next;—indeed, so bewildered was he at the unexpected blow, that I believe he did not know what to say.

We separated that evening with heavy hearts and sorrowing spirits, and determined to consider the matter and weigh each circumstance thoroughly, before we gave any decided opinion; and poor Helen! how she was to be informed of the events, and by whom, or whether they ought to be communicated at present to her was now a question of import. Of her brothers, the eldest was in the West Indies, but the younger was then at home. He was informed immediately of the whole, and from that moment Roscoe was forbidden the house, until the matter should be cleared up.

Two days after I received a letter from Rawdon, requesting my attendance at his lodgings, as Mr. Monrose, and two or three with whom he had been on the most intimate terms, were invited to meet, to hear the accusations of Monk and the defence of Roscoe, and to form our judgment from the arguments brought forward. As we were all attached to Roscoe, and felt as great an interest in his welfare as our own, surely we, of all men, were the most likely to view in softened hues the con-

duct of Roscoe, and if we, his own friends, adjudged against him, his cause must indeed be hopeless. It was only the previous week that in that very room we had all met with hearts as light and spirits as gay, as the lark in its morning song. The cares and annoyances of the world were laid aside and had given place to the "Feast of reason and the flow of soul." The hours glided merrily away, and what with the jovial laugh and never ceasing song, it was one of the pleasantest evenings I had ever passed. But now, how altered was the scene! Sorrow had sealed our lips, and anxiety depressed our hearts; and if they who had seen us but a day or two before, had now beheld us in mournful silence, they would not have believed us to have been the same. It was indeed an eventful evening. Either Roscoe was a consummate villain, or he was an injured man,—there could be no medium,—no halting place between.

I will not weary the reader with the numerous vain and empty excuses made use of by him, but mention the principal. He allowed that such charges had been preferred against him, but he denied the motives assigned; namely, theft. As to the aiguillettes, he said, that he had borrowed them, and intended to have returned them; but on this head we could not condemn him, for at the court-martial he had been acquitted from want of stronger evidence.

Of the second charge, he said he was likewise innocent. Captain Kingston and he were billeted in the same house,—they had that morning (referring to the day) had some slight disagreement. When the Captain had gone out, seeing his watch upon the table, he had taken and concealed it, purposing to restore it the next day. "This," said Roscoe, "this was my generous revenge, for I believed myself to be the injured party." When he returned he missed the watch, and having searched fruitlessly for it, Captain Kingston had, in the presence of another, looked into Roscoe's bedroom, and found it in his box. He was arrested by Monk, who happened to be the officer on duty, and placed under confinement. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to have his head half-shaved, to receive four dozen

lashes, and to be dismissed the service. "But," said Roscoe, "the members of the court thinking I had been punished unjustly, all told me, that if I would never mention the circumstances in England, they would pledge themselves to be silent on the subject, and in confirmation of this, they all shook hands with me before I left." This was denied by Monk,—he asserted that he had never heard of it before, and that it was false; nor, indeed, had such stipulations been made, was it the least likely it would have escaped him.

Roscoe did not appear much affected, and whilst one of the gentlemen was making some remarks, he rose from his seat, and went to the glass to see if his collar wanted adjusting, so careless and unconcerned seemed he of the event, and his manner altogether was as though he had been making a speech at some convivial feast, than on such anxious and exciting an occasion as the present. I shall never forget the finish of his defence. "Gentlemen, whatever may be your opinion, whatever your decision, *conscious rectitude*," laying his hand upon his breast, "*conscious rectitude* upholds me." There was not one dissentient voice—we told him, we believed him culpable, and even acquitting him for one moment of the charge, his behaviour was far from that of an officer and a gentleman, and that his conduct was stamped with meanness, and indelibly branded with pusillanimity. Mr. Monrose was deeply affected; he told him he could no longer behold him as a brother, nor would he even allow him to see his sister again, but that the moment he could clear himself of the imputations on his character, he would receive him back and esteem him as before, but till then, not the slightest intercourse should take place between them.

Poor Helen! when the mournful tidings were conveyed unto her, (and would it not have been cruel to have concealed them from her?) she fell senseless into the arms of her mother. For the whole of the next day, fits of swooning continually succeeded, and she was perfectly senseless. All that medicine could do for her seemed in vain. At length she was restored to consciousness, but this, alas! was not of long endurance; fainting would every now

and then come over her, and left her in a state of utter exhaustion. Soon after, she became delirious: she lay, poor girl! in a most precarious state for nearly a month, and oh! how altered from the gay and fairy creature of a few days before! Her light brown hair had all been taken off, her cheeks were sunken, and her eyes, but lately in themselves a soul, were now dull and heavy, save when lighted up with a maniac fire. That one so young, so beautiful, should be thus afflicted!—and by whom? The being that she loved, that she adored with all the fervour of a first, of an only affection. In her ravings, his name was ever upon her lips, it seemed the only chord to which her heart would vibrate. Now and then, amid her light imaginings, glimpses of reason would be visible, and she would appear to be arguing with her inmost soul; and poor indeed is the sophistry of love. She would not believe him guilty—she could not suppose him otherwise than innocent, than worthy of her esteem. She had never mixed in the world, had never seen the double bosom bared, or vice unmasked of its seeming virtue. Herself a girl of pure and spotless innocence, she fondly clung to the same idea of excellence in her lover. She would not believe that he, in whom her heart's best affections were centred, was unworthy of her love. She recalled every syllable he had spoken, every line he had written to her,—she lingered on each word, each look of tenderness, and she seemed but the more firmly convinced of his innocence. Oh! it is a fearful thing to behold a fellow mortal deprived of reason—to see the mind so vast, so incomprehensible, deprived of its light, of the image of its Maker. The stoutest heart must ache to hear the frantic moans, and burstings, as it were, of the hidden fire that consumes within, and sicken at the bare recital. Man is indeed a fallen creature!

Mr. Monrose had made inquiries, but he had heard nothing in favour or condemnation of Roscoe. One only hope remained—he had written to his father, and most anxiously did he await an answer; one at last arrived. It began as follows:—

“Sir,—I am an artist. William Roscoe is indeed my son, though it

grieves me to acknowledge him as such. As to his ever having any money left him, or going to College, it is utterly false. He has fancied that every girl, during the last two years, has been smitten with him, and the love-tale is a complete fabrication. He was studying under me, but ran off, and joined the Spanish Legion, taking with him many of his mother's jewels. I never heard of him, or from him, until I received your letter,” &c., &c.

Disclaimed by his father, and condemned by his parent, he was indeed a villain—no other testimony was wanting.

At length reason began to dawn upon the long bewildered brain of Helen; she recovered gradually. At first it seemed to her as though she had awaked from a long and dreary dream, but as her faculties began to exercise their wonted functions, the awful reality was but too evident. However, she never once mentioned the name of Roscoe, or even alluded to him, and when the letter from his father was put into her hands, after having read it, she burst into a flood of tears, but said nothing. Weeks glided by, and by degrees she resumed her former occupations and pursuits, and her family beheld the change with gladness, for they believed that she had drank deep of the waters of oblivion, and had forgotten Roscoe. But no; often would wild wandering visions of the past be present with her—often would she lay upon her sleepless couch, while her feverish mind was brooding o'er days gone by;—then would imagination fondly linger on the past, and vainly strive to cull the faded blossoms of withered happiness. But soon, soon would she start, and burning tears of bitterness would chase each other down her lily cheek, as the truth flashed before her. Once or twice, to please her friends, she had mingled in the gaieties and joined in the merry circle of her companions.

“The world might think her gay,
And on her cheek the ready smile,
Might ceaseless seem to play;
The ray that tips with gold the streams,
Gilds not the depths below:
All bright alike the eye might seem,
But yet—it was not so.

And though she appeared to enjoy the mirth and music around her, none

could read her heart, or dive into its secret recesses; and they who would sometimes fancy her dull or depressed in spirits, knew not the feelings that were smouldering beneath the mask of merriment.

It was on a lovely morning towards the close of last May, that I bent my steps to the village church of — The clouds of April had wept themselves into blossoms, and all nature had put on her livery of green. The joyful birds were chirruping merrily among the trees, and poured forth their liveliest lays; no other sound was there to break the enchantment and quiet of the landscape, save when the gentle breath of spring, murmuring through the groves, whispered its notes of gladness, and the gurgling waters of the gushing stream danced along, and seemed to revel in the sunshine. There is a charm in a Sabbath peculiar to England. All is hushed in silence and repose; the very cattle, as they browse upon the mountains, appear to feel the sanctity of the day, and fear to break the solemn stillness. Every thing acknowledges the presence of the Deity, and when the mind has thrown aside its ephemeral trammels, and is no longer bound, as it were, to this earth, it is sensibly awake to every beauty, and feels a lively and unmixed delight in all around it.

I there met Helen, and her family. The rose had again begun to bloom upon her cheek, and she looked more beautiful than before, for there was a pensive sadness in her smile, that bound you in a spell, and rivetted your gaze: she was leaning on her brother, as they came out of church, when suddenly she left his arm, and uttering a scream, she flung herself into the arms of Roscoe. Villain, hypocrite that he was, this was but wanting to complete his infamy. Well, too well, he knew that she had loved him, and loved him still; it was not sufficient that he had nipped the blossom in the bud, but he must also destroy the parent plant. It was in vain that they tried to draw her away, entreaties, prayers, were all fruitless, and she but clung to him the more closely. He would not attempt to loosen her hold, and when by main force they could tear her away from him, good God! she had fainted.

I will not dwell upon this sad and

piteous scene,—the remembrance of it makes the heart to bleed. She was taken home senseless, and from that moment till within a short time of her death, which occurred before the expiration of a week, she never returned to consciousness. It was on the Friday evening that her family were gathered around her bed-side, for they saw too clearly that her hour was at hand. Poor girl! she was much altered: all her beauty had disappeared, indeed so much so, that on her features there scarcely remained the faintest traces of the once lovely Helen. She had just fallen into a gentle sleep, when suddenly she opened her eyes, and seeing them all bathed in tears, she held out her hand to her mother, "Dearest mamma," she said, "do not weep, I shall soon cease to trouble you, for I feel that I am going. Forgive me! forgive me, mamma, the sorrow and trouble I have caused you." For a minute or two she left off speaking, exhausted at the exertion—"Roscoe—poor Roscoe—pray for him, mamma—pray for him—hush!—I come—they are—waiting—for me—I come—Farewell—we—shall—meet—again!"

These were her last words, and as the sound died upon her lips she smiled faintly but sadly, while her eyes were irradiated with seraphic lustre, as though reflecting back the glories of the heavenly world.

Twice since have I met with Roscoe. He is still lurking about London, and is deceiving others, it may be, with the same story, or perhaps he has taxed his imagination for one less romantic. The last time I saw him was near Newgate; ominous, no doubt, of his future fate.

I have often thought that if Roscoe had never invented that love tale I should not for one moment have doubted his veracity. "Those who endeavour," says Shenstone, "to pass for the lights of the world must expect to attract its eyes. A small blemish is more discernible in them, and more justly ridiculous, than a much greater in their neighbours. A small blemish also presents a clue which very often conducts through the most intricate mazes and recesses of their character.

And has it been ever harboured, gentle reader, in your breast, that in

Rawdon I have sketched myself? If it has, banish it, I pray you, for you are mistaken. Years have passed since I entered upon (to me) the happiest period of existence. It has been my lot to encounter many trials, and to contend with numerous difficulties, and were I to begin life anew, most willingly would I pass again the same, ay, more dangers, were I sure of the same reward. Perhaps at some future period I may lay the tale before you. Myself, I have learned from experience that

when once a woman loves, she will sacrifice honors, and wealth, even life itself, were it requisite. I have witnessed its flame unquenched, though oppressed by treachery and slight; like the ivy, it is clothed in sempiternal verdure, though too often it is twined around some worthless object; and though at times it may seem cold and clouded, yet the *Ætnean* fire burns not more fiercely within, though imperceptible to the eye, than does the true undeviating ray of WOMAN'S LOVE.

THE PEASANT GIRL.

AND whither wanderest thou, fair child,
 In sportive innocence so free?
 Ah! whither wanderest thou, as wild
 As is the roving summer bee?
 And why dost thou delay to bring
 The limpid treasure from the spring?
 Such thoughts passed through the mother's breast,
 As she sat by her cottage door;
 And ever and anon she'd rest
 Her eye upon the path before:
 But still her sweet child did not come
 To bless her humble cottage home!
 That child in thoughtless gaiety
 Has wandered from the crystal spring;
 As she pursues the butterfly
 That trembles on its Iris wing,
 She thinks not of a mother's fear—
 She sees not now that mother's tear.
 The butterfly has run the plain,
 And she, of her gay prize bereft,
 Has sought with eager haste again
 The pails which in her flight she left;
 And Buff, her faithful dog, is there,
 To claim awhile her playful care.
 His very attitude is full
 Of frolic pleasure as he stands
 Before that child so beautiful,
 Awaiting still her little commands;
 And she—she graceful bends above,
 And smiles a welcome to his love.
 While thus she greets her humble friend,
 She twines her hoop above her head,
 And quick prepares her steps to bend
 To where her mother's low-roof'd shed
 Peeps, in its lonely solitude,
 From yonder deep embow'ring wood.
 A mother's love awaits her there—
 Affection's brightest purest heaven;
 She is that mother's only care,
 Her every other hope is riv'n:
 Her husband died long years ago,
 But left this child to cheer her woe.

THE RANDOM SENTENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A PEDESTRIAN."

Many a shaft at random sent,
Finds aim the archer never meant,
Many a word at random spoken,
May wound or heal a heart that's broken.

Heav'n has no rage, like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.

MOURNING BRIDE.

MR. LENNORD LOVELAUGH and myself, found ourselves one fine spring morning perambulating that magnificent and delightful lawn, the Steyne, at Brighton, in quest of adventures. It was charming weather, and well calculated to harmonize with the scene under its influence. The sky seemed to have been imported from Italy, and could only be equalled in hue by the glancing galaxy of eyes beneath it. The brisk air bore far and wide a busy hum of voices, accompanied by the gay laugh, the musical prattle of children, and the jocund salutation of many a beau and belle on meeting. Here sauntered the London dandy with his spurs, his switch, his white gloves, and his cigar. There grouped a cluster of lovely faces, blooming like roses in the refreshing sea-breeze; some smiling with the expression of heaven's own daughters, some playing off pretty airs of innocent coquetry, and others exciting admiration by their beauty, and indifference by the frigid starched air of prudery which pervaded it. Nearer the ocean might be observed the slow and measured step of a cit and his dame, who had come to enjoy themselves after passing the winter beneath the smoky atmosphere of the metropolis; followed by their footman bearing a petted lapdog in his arms, whose occasional yelpings evinced his desire of joining his brothers of the canine race whom he saw at liberty; but in vain, as the servant, thinking probably that there were quite a sufficiency of puppies at large, retained Pug in close custody.

On the water all was equally animated. Boats shooting to and fro,—passengers landing from different steam-packets, and now and then some accident, more ludicrous than serious, helped to enliven the scene.

At some little distance we observed a trim looking young fisherman, standing in his smack, divested of his jacket, and with folded arms complacently

looking around, totally regardless of the pitching of his boat as she rose and fell on the edges of the fickle waves. I could have sworn to his being a true disciple of Burnet, from the good-humoured, yet careless expression of his eye, which seemed to look upon the assembled crowds of beauty and fashion, the splendid equipages, and the entire scene of fascination, as created only to pleasure him.

Filled with pleasing sensations, we wandered from group to group of happy looking beings, till we approached a knot of young men in the naval uniform, laughing at some pithy jest uttered by one of their party. I was struck with something in his features which appeared familiar to me. In return, he regarded Lovelaugh and me with some attention, but, meeting at the moment with some ladies, he drew out a card, and tracing on it a few lines, handed it over to my friend, and passed on. We read as follows:—

"Dear <

"If my recollections be correct, return the countersign.

Yours, | "

"By Jupiter," said I; "it is Jack Seabright, one of 'The Three.'"

"What, and in England!" exclaimed Lennord, joyfully! "Hurrah! then, the triangle will once more re-unite. Lend me your pencil and the card—quick!"

I did so, and he wrote in answer.

"Dear |

"Let the Δ form on the chain pier as soon as possible.

Ever yours, > "

and directing one of the "amphibious," to deliver it, we hurried towards the appointed spot.

Seabright had been the companion of our boyhood, and such was the intimacy subsisting between us, that we became known and designated as "THE

THREE," or, "THE TRIANGLE OF FRIENDS," and in boyish sportiveness, we each took one side of a triangle for our signature, and all our letters to each other were addressed and subscribed in the same manner as above; but when manhood succeeded to youth, the triangle became broken. Seabright obtained a midshipman's birth on board a king's ship, and many years had passed without our again becoming united.

As we pursued our way to the Chain Pier, we indulged in anticipations of the pleasure we should experience on meeting after so long a separation. We soon saw him advance with sparkling eyes to meet us. "Quintius! Lennord! Jack!" was simultaneously uttered by all, and a cordial grasp literally joined "the three" into a triangle.

After the first expressions of joy, our conversation turned as a matter of course upon "OLD TIMES," the occurrences of which now crowded thick and fast upon memory. As we stood thus engaged, and leaning against the chains, a group of ladies passed, amongst whom was one so inexpressibly beautiful, that my eyes danced at the sight.

"By Heaven!" cried Seabright; "that bewitching girl crosses me at every turn, I would to mercy I could learn her name."

"And what then, Jack?" asked Lovelough.

"What then! why I would pursue her to the world's end, till I gained her hand. Oh, my dearest friends! you cannot conceive the havoc she has made in my heart. My first meeting with her was on Thursday last, at a ball; where her dancing would have driven Terpsichore mad with envy. She looked like a frigate on a smooth sea; now gliding lightly along on the water's very surface, then altering her tack, and gracefully saluting the leeward heavens. You may be sure I kept in her wake, and in one voyage we sailed in consort, but the enemy deprived me of her, and I have been tossed about ever since a complete wreck in hope.

"Tut man," said I; "why not refit and commence a chase?"

"What!" he returned, "do you think I am vain enough to imagine for a moment that my mis-shapen vessel would stand any chance, surrounded as

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she is by the first line-of-battle-ships?"

This he said in allusion to his features, which, though not unhandsome, were marked by the small-pox. His countenance was likewise pallid and thin; but then his eyes redeemed the whole face. They were black and animated; vivacity and intelligence shone in their every glance, only tempered by the mildness which formed a part of his disposition, and which governed every flashing beam. There was also an awkward diffidence that prevailed in his address, and prevented him from shining in the society of our polished butterfly exquisites; but this was amply compensated by his inexhaustible fund of sterling art, real good humour, and sound sense and observation, which rendered him an acquisition in every society composed of men of sense.

Of the possession of these advantages, he certainly entertained a shrewd suspicion, but he painfully doubted whether they were sufficiently displayed in his general manners and conversation; and indeed they were not, as it required a friendship of some standing before his merits could be appreciated. In expressing his sentiments he was equally unfortunate. His ideas were of the loftiest description, but he wanted eloquence to give them utterance, and had he been gifted with command of language, and the facility of writing down the sublime thoughts he at times conceived, Seabright would have been a poet of the first order; however these little defects were cast into the shade by his good qualities, and those gentlemen of the navy, who may recognize the portrait, will bear me out in the assertion.

Our new found friend had scarcely concluded his last sentence, ere his charmer again approached with her friends. She was met, within a few yards of where we stood, by a foppish-looking sprig of fashion, who, on seeing her, skipped back half a dozen paces, made a low genuflection, and then tripped up to her.

"Ah machere mamselle Ausonia!" said he, in a finikin tone of voice; "'pon my *integrity*, I'm superlatively *blist* in the *ixquisite* *sinsation* of beholding you. I was on the *pint* of paying you a morning call."

K

"Indeed," said the young lady, whom he had addressed by the name of Ausonia; "and may I ask to what I am indebted for the honour of your intended call?"

"He, he, he!" simpered the coxcomb, displaying a beautiful row of small white false teeth, and drawing from under his arm a book bound in purple and gold; "may I die if it was not for the purpose of returning your collection of scraps, to which I have presumptuously added my little effusion on love, according to your divine commands."

"I really am greatly your debtor," returned Ausonia; "and will relieve you of the trouble of carrying it, as my servant has only stepped to the library, and will soon return."

Although the young lady said this with the evident design of getting rid of the fribble, he still retained his position, and passing his fingers through his hair, said, "'pon my integrity you look as blooming as a carnation, the sea-air has positively done wonders for your complexion. I really begin to imagine it is the most salubrious after all."

"Why, yes," rejoined the young lady, "if air be the anodyne of health, we may here enjoy it in perfection."

"Anodyne,—anodyne!—oh, ah, yes,—he, he, he,—*div*'lish good 'pon my integrity:" so saying, our beau, breathing a killing sigh, smiling unutterable things, and hanging his head after a most lack-a-daisical fashion, danced off in a style that would have led one to suppose he had been blown away, had there been a breath of wind stirring.

"Admirable!" exclaimed one of the young ladies; "give poor Jingle a word. he don't understand, and you are sure to get rid of him."

"Certain," observed another, as they passed on; "and what is better, he will use it in a hundred senses but the right one, till it is completely worn threadbare."

"What a ridiculous puppy!" observed I to Seabright.

"Yet, would you believe it, I envy him," returned the captain; "envy him for having had the felicity of speaking to that adorable creature."

"What a pity it is," said Lovelaugh, "that we are not in Northumberland;

as by paying a visit to St. George's Chair, according to our wonted custom when boys, we might attain the completion of any wish we gave utterance to."

"And pray what would form the subject of your wish?" asked Seabright.

"The one of old, that I might laugh and be merry as long as I lived."

"Mine," said I, "would be the attainment of literary fame."

"And mine," exclaimed Seabright, "would be to obtain the hand of sweet Ausonia!"

"And why may not the Chain Pier at Brighton be equally propitious to wishes as St. George's Chair?" asked I. "Come, let us address ourselves to the sea, which is now so beautifully reflecting the delicate hues of the sky, and beg old Neptune to petition the gods in our favour. I suppose Apollo will answer my prayer regarding literary eminence."

As I spoke, two gentlemen passed in deep conversation, and the elder addressing his friend in a loudish tone, said, "It entirely depends upon your own abilities, and the manner in which they are displayed."

"Egad," said I, "those words, which we caught flying, would dovetail with my wish, by way of answer."

"They would indeed," cried Lovelaugh; "it was no doubt a Triton in disguise. But let me now take your place, and try if the oracle will be as favourable to me. Oh, Amphytrite!" he continued sportively, "vouchsafe to woo Momus in my behalf, and then send the most beautiful Naiad in thy train to glad mine ears by the favourable report, that I may laugh for ever."

"*Too much exertion will make your side ache*," said a lady to a beautiful boy, who was frolicking in full gallop along the pier.

"You have your answer, Lennord," said I, laughing heartily at the singular coincidence.

"Yes: but the entire sentence smacks too much of the doubtful to please me."

"It is singular, too," observed Seabright, who, in common with many of his profession, was rather superstitious; "and," he continued, "should the next RANDOM SENTENCE we hear be

applicable to my wish, I shall certainly deem it prophetic," then, placing himself upon the spot where we had stood, he added in a low tone, "and now, good passers by, let the foremost among you say, if the treasure I long for will be ever mine."

"You will assuredly gain the prize, and once in your possession, you will never know its loss." This was said by the same person who had gone by, while I was speaking, and who, having reached the end of the pier, had turned back and passed at this moment, apparently giving some advice to the young gentleman by his side, and who appeared to be his son.

"I accept the oracle, by Jove," cried Seabright, "nothing could be less ambiguous, or more propitious; pray congratulate me, my friends."

Simple as was this occurrence, and though one that might happen every day, yet it put the Captain in the highest spirits, and his conversation became animated and entertaining to a degree. About this period, a large black cloud, which had been forming for the last few minutes, came in collision with another of equal magnitude, and poured forth its liquid burden in a plentiful shower. Helter-skelter, was the word of command, away flew belles and beaux, and the pier shook with the thronging of ladies, footmen, dogs, and dandies, all in one confused mass, endeavouring to reach a shelter.

"Let's be off," cried Seabright, starting forward to join the throng.

"A pretty fellow you," said I, "why you are nothing better than a fresh water sailor, if you fear a shower of rain."

"No, no," he returned gaily, "it is because I am a salt water sailor that fresh water don't agree with me. But the truth is, I observed a fellow making an attempt upon the divine Ausonia's reticule; and look, by Heavens! he has snatched her scrap-book." Seabright darted forward, and with a blow felled the light-fingered gentleman to the ground, who, starting like lightning upon his feet, made off in a moment, leaving his prize behind, which Seabright instantly secured, and looked round for its fair owner, but she was no where to be seen. He therefore carefully covered the book with his

handkerchief, saying he would take it with him to George's Hotel, where he resided, and at which place he begged our company to dinner. We, however, were bound by a prior engagement, and reluctantly compelled to decline the invitation. Promising, therefore, to meet him the next day, we shook hands and departed:

"He to his affairs,
And we to ours."

Seabright embraced with avidity the opportunity afforded by the seclusion of his own apartment, to inspect his prize. On opening it he saw the name and address of "Miss Ausonia Freeloze, Marine Parade, Brighton," written in a small and delicate female hand. He kissed the characters a hundred times.

The book contained the usual collection of good, bad, and indifferent poetry, and drawings, to be found in the album of every young lady. The last piece, which, from the paleness of the ink, appeared to have been but recently inserted, was written in a kind of "six lessons a-guinea" hand, and ran as follows:—

EFFUSION ON LOVE,

Produced under the inspiration of Ausonia's charms.

"Oh what a bright beautiful boy is young Love!
The god in my heart does every where rove;
But as beauteous are you, and for your dear sake,
Declarations of love I'm resolv'd for to make."
ARIOSTO JINGLE.

"Perdition seize the fellow's addle-head," exclaimed Seabright, in a passion, "how dare he blot the fair page with such execrable stuff? May I fall foul of a quicksand, if the rascal don't deserve to be squirted with ink by every poet in the land, for presuming to ascribe his doggrel to the inspiration of the heavenly Ausonia.

In his rage he would have torn out the leaf, but reflecting that it was a liberty he was by no means warranted to take, he sat down, and leaning his head upon his hand, listlessly turned over the leaves. A standish was on the table; he unconsciously took up a pen, and while his fancy wandered to the regions of bliss, he wrote the following:—

"TO AUSONIA."

"In earlier days, when ladies fair,
To while away the cheerless time,
Began collections, made with care,
Of scraps, and drawings, prose, and rhyme.

The works of pencil and of pen,
Were scarcer than in modern age,
And 'twas a rule in scrap-books then,
To write this law on the first page.

"HE WHO TO OPE THESE LEAVES DOTH DAKE,
MUST VERSE OR PICTURE PENCIL THERE."

"Thus, sweet Ansonia, none should look
At pencill'd sketch or painted flow'r,
Conceal'd within this treasur'd book,
Without exerting all their pow'r,
To add a drawing, song, or tale,
Worthy its fair owner's eye.
The humblest effort ne'er could fail,
When you inspir'd their poesy.

"Then, lovely maiden, by your leave,
An ode to you I would achieve:
Methinks I hear you say, 'I ween
My face or form you scarce have seen.
Why, then, to me your lays address,
When at my form you can but guess?'
To this, your question, I reply,
(An humble son of poesy)
That like a hero in romance,
I will maintain Ausonia's glance,
Brighter than that of Beauty's queen,
E'en though the glance I've never seen.
And ay my boast would be to wear.
A braid of fair Ausonia's hair.
Nay need you, lady, think it strange,
I've ample scope for fancy's range!
And by my side, with rainbow wing,
Erato runs the magic string.
Her lute inspires my feeble pen,
To tempt her sisters once again.
But not for me the thrice-sung theme
Of love, (so oft the poet's dream,
While slumb'ring in bright fancy's bower.)
For love's but like a tinted flow'r,
That blooms in some sequester'd glade,
Blooms but to please the eye, and fade.

No—mine shall be a strain far truer,
FRIENDSHIP, disinterested, pure,
That maid, who first, with precepts bland,
Joined lip to lip, and hand to hand.
And must her lineage be trac'd?
She's child of Sentiment and Taste.
Her nurse was nam'd Sincerity,
Her sponsor was Eternity.
Her charms, men say, far far excel,
The radiant beams of Asphodel.
She's precious as the golden spot,
That gems the blue Forget-me-not.
She's pure as the ambrosial ray,
Which, brighter than the orb of day,
Is to the dying Virgin given,
To light her spotless soul to heav'n.
None with the goddess can compare,
Save seraph habitants of air;
In short, fair Friendship is to me,
What fancy pictures you to be.—S."

On perusing his effusion, our lover
was far from satisfied, as it fell short
of what he wished it. Sublime ideas
had floated across his brain, but, like a
flitting shadow, they escaped before he
could find words to express them.

"Folly bears its own punishment,"
ejaculated Seabright. "Now shall I
be prevented from personally restoring
this book, by my incorrigible vanity in
scribbling in it. What can be done?
I must find out that consummate ass,

Jingle, and entrust it to his care, with-
out letting him know who I am. Con-
found it all! how provoking to lose such
an excellent opportunity for an intro-
duction to that sweet girl, and be obliged
instead, to exchange words with such
an idiot." Thus muttering, he took up
his hat, and went in search of Mr.
Ariosto Jingle.

The evening of this eventful day wit-
nessed a gay collection of fashionables
assembled at Lucombe's, to participate
in the pleasures of the night, and which
formed one of those scenes of enchant-
ment that are no where to be met with,
but in those parties composed of English
women. Sounds of harmony charmed
the ear, and the no less musical voices of
the ladies made the heart thrill with
pleasing sensations.

One corner of the room, near a loo-
table, was particularly distinguished by
the knot of beauty and elegance which
graced it. Amongst the group, she
who ranked highest in attractions was
Ausonia Freelove, over whose head
nineteen joyous summers had flown so
lightly, as to give her the appearance
of being two years younger. To a coun-
tenance of the most bewitching beauty,
was added an intellectual expression,
tempered by modesty, which evinced a
strongly cultivated, yet delicate mind.
Had a painter wished to delineate a Ze-
phyr in her lightest attitude, Ausonia's
was the form he would have chosen as a
model; easy, slender, and flexible, it
united a dignity and grace, an elasticity
and elegance, rarely to be found blended
in one being. All-arbitrary fashion,
with her daring fingers, had lowered
Miss Freelove's dress sufficiently to dis-
play a neck like swansdown for white-
ness, which was relieved by the rich
tresses of dark hair that wanted upon
it, and claimed a share of the admira-
tion awarded to her other beauties.
Next to this lovely girl sat a dark hand-
some female of about the same age with
herself. In the words of a modern
song—

"She was Italy's daughter I knew by her eye,
It wore the bright beam that illumines her sky."

Signora Adelaide Romanzini, having
been bred from childhood in England
was not distinguishable from our own
countrywomen, save by her complexion
and large black eyes, which possessed

the colour as well as lustre of jet. She was rather diminutive in form, but exceedingly light and graceful, and her beauty, added to her unaffected simplicity and liveliness of manners, obtained her general admiration. Although the Signora was a formidable competitor with the fair Ausonia for the palm of beauty, there was a vast difference in the expression which the features of the two ladies wore. Ausonia's, though always cheerful, were softened, and we may say beautified, by a slight pensive cast, mainly attributable to the mild ray which shone like moonlight from her large blue eyes. Adelaide's countenance on the contrary was always laughing, and her brilliant eye served to increase its witchery, in the same way that a sunbeam will heighten the polish of a plate of gold on which it shines.

Near the Signora, sat the charming Lady Isabella Mornington, surrounded by a host of admirers, and opposite her was perched upon a high backed chair, the short ungainly form of the Honorable Miss Viper, who sat next. But, soft, ere we proceed a step further, the reader ought to be made acquainted with this lady.

Miss Viper was about forty, and under the middle height; her figure, from the shoulder to the ankle, was one straight line, exhibiting nothing which the most fertile fancy could shape into even the semblance of a waist. Her black crisp hair was short and coarse, and in spite of daily pluckings, was interspersed with partial streaks of grey, indicative of her approaching age, and being curled in a most juvenile crop about her head, gave her forehead a lowering disagreeable expression, emblematical of her unamiable disposition. Her eyes were dark, but unless when excited, (and the irritability of her temper was such, that this was of no unfrequent occurrence), as void of expression as two withered black cherries, and beneath their wrinkled and compressed lids, lurked deceit and venom. The glassy orbs themselves seemed to whisper to each other—*venom*; and the fiery flashing of her glance, when the spleen of her unaimable temper was aroused, bespoke trebly distilled *venom*—*venom*! These attractive organs of vision overlooked a long sharp, pointed

and most ill-tempered looking nose, bearing on its tip two amiable looking warts, peering most vituperatively at each other. Its colour; but here must the spirit of simile aid me. Reader, didst thou ever see a stagnant pool, covered with duck weed, to which the rising sun imparted a sort of bright rusty hue? Paint an old woman's proboscis with a similar tint, and thou wilt have the colour of the Honorable Miss Viper's nose before thee, save at the very extremity, which glowed with a redness unrivalled by any thing, save perchance a fine fresh cut rump steak; hollow cheeks, pointed chin, and thin bluish lips, disclosing stunted and discoloured teeth, added a finishing touch to her ugliness. But, however hideous the face, it bore no commensurability with her mind and its concomitant vices. A mischief-maker in every sense of the word; it was her sole delight, or rather occupation, to form an intimacy with the friends of those with whom she was acquainted, and by her artful lies and diabolical deceit, raise suspicions, create a coolness, and finally rending asunder the bonds of sympathy by which they were united, break for ever that friendship, upon which she had looked with an eye of malignity, merely because she herself was without a being who would confide their joys or sorrows in her bosom, or perhaps for the purpose of revenging some real or ideal slight; for the slightest cause was sufficient to excite her most determined hate. To sum up this disagreeable picture in the words of an old ballad:—

“ Her form was as hideous as that of a Demon,
Her heart was composed from the essence of
venom.”

It may be necessary to inform our patient readers, that when Seabright was a midshipman of about sixteen years of age, he had met this paragon of old maids on the Continent, where his smart manly air attracted her attention, and being at that time past all hope, she thought it would be no bad plan to win his youthful affections by every kind attention her nature would permit her to display, and thus be secure of a husband when he arrived at a proper age, as Miss Viper doubted not she would be able to maintain her sway over his heart till then; she having somewhere read that first love lasts for

ever. The young rogue however soon penetrated the good lady's drift, and promised himself on the strength of it, some noble sport; he therefore forbore showing any of those half-mannish, half-boyish attentions to the ladies that he had been before wont in the presence of Miss Viper, and attached himself to her alone; the result of which was soon seen in the shape of sighs, smiles, ogles, squeezes, and moonlight walks; all of which formed an inexhaustible fund of conversation between our hero and his no less frolicsome messmates.

Seabright, however, soon became tired of her caresses, and having one night nearly fatigued himself to death with walking along the sea shore to pick up shells for her amusement, he resolved to bring the affair to a climax at once, and took the opportunity, while kneeling, to secure a large cornelian which Miss Viper had dropped on the sands, of considering the best plan for so doing.

The love-stricken Joan, for such was Miss Viper's Christian name, on observing her beloved remain rather longer upon his knee than was necessary, tripped up and asked if he was ill.

"No," said the youth, "I was only comparing this blushing stone to your lips, and had come to the conclusion that nothing in nature can equal their unrivalled colour."

"Oh you little flatterer!" cried Joan, pretending to blush, and putting up her fan to hide the glow which did not arise upon her cheek.

"Ah, Miss Viper," rejoined the rogue, "did you know the sentiments of this beating heart, you would say that I was actuated by the purest truth; and instead of calling me flatterer, you would own that I did not express half my feelings towards you, and you would then see how dear you are to me. Oh Joan, lovely Joan! for ever could I bask in the brilliance of those bright eyes; tell me then, dare I but for a moment indulge the idea of once calling you mine? Yet, say not yes, for I fear the blissful thought would incapacitate me from living."

"Dearest youth!" returned the lady, "how can you be so naughty, recollect the disparity of our ages; think what our mutual relations would say."

"Age! what has age to do with love? Relations! shall the trammels of their

cold prudential advice be worn by hearts like ours? Perish the thought. No, Joan, possessed of thy fair hand, I will be thine while the tide of life rolls through my veins. If not, when next we meet the enemy, I will brave the cannon's mouth, the sword's point, the boiling billows, and should they cruelly refuse the death I seek, my own hand—"

"Hold, Seabright, hold!" cried the old romantic maid, for in spite of the hideousness of her form and face, in spite of the still more vile conformation of her mind, and the determined malice of her disposition, Miss Viper was or rather pretended to be romantic, to be a lover of the soft charms of music and poesy; in fine, a woman, or rather girl, for all the arts that human ingenuity could invent, were brought into requisition to conceal her real age of taste and sentiment. "Hold," she continued, placing her tough hand in his, and sinking on his shoulder; "I am yours — yours for ever!"

Seabright nearly sank beneath the weight of his enamoured burden, who leaned against his breast, hugging herself in the idea of having at last secured a husband, and avoided the dreadful doom of leading apes in Pandemonium. The very thought drew pearly drops down her leathern cheek; and what was her delight on discovering, from the agitation of her juvenile lover, and the heaving of his bosom, that his joy was equally unsupportable, and found the same vent as her own, in sobs and tears. Hastening to assure him again of her affection, she stooped still lower, and found the features of Seabright convulsed, not with sighs, but with suppressed laughter; which at sight of her pointed scarlet capped nose, aimed full at him, escaped in a loud peal from his quivering lips as he rose from his kneeling position.

Disappointment, rage, and mortification, lent their aid in lighting up the fires which blazed in Miss Viper's eye on this discovery. For a moment she stood transfixed with astonishment; but finding no alleviation in Seabright's mirth, she drew closer to him and muttered "revenge," in a tone like that in which Satan might be fancied to have first whispered the word "sin" in man's ear, and then flew from him with her utmost speed.

After his laughter had subsided, the natural goodness of Seabright's disposition made him feel somewhat angry with himself for the part he had acted, in deliberately wounding the feelings of any fellow-creature, however disagreeable in outward appearance, or however hateful in disposition. Still when he pictured to himself the rueful countenance of Joan, and the irresistible twirl

of her nose, whilst the ornamental warts grew redder and redder, every feeling of regret was so strongly blended with mirth, that he found the latter predominated too much to allow more than a moment's indulgence of the former. In [fine, he felt somewhat ashamed of the part he had acted, yet would not have hesitated to repeat it, had the scene again to have been performed.

(To be continued.)

THE BRIDAL DAY.

BY L. E. L.

SHE leans besides her mirror, in her old accustomed place,
Yet nothing unfamiliar is on her lovely face :
She wears a wreath, a snow-white wreath, which yet she never wore ;
It gives a paleness to the cheek, unknown to it before.

The maiden goeth to the grove, and, of the flowers beneath,
She takes the lily to the rose, to bind her midnight wreath ;
But of one plant she gathers not, though fair its blossoms be ;
Only the bride hath leave to wear buds from the orange tree.

Once, only once, that wreath is worn,—once only may she wear
The pale white wreath of orange-flowers within her shining hair ;
They wear, upon their soft wan bloom, the shade of coming years ;
The spiritual presence is around of human hopes and fears.

Ay, let her soft and thoughtful eyes, upon her mirror dwell,
For, in that long and tender look, she taketh her farewell
Of all her youth's unconsciousness, of all her lighter cares,
And for a deeper, sadder life—a woman's lot, prepares.

She leaves her old familiar place, the hearts that were her own ;
The love to which she trusts herself, is yet a thing unknown :
Though at one name her cheek turn red, though sweet it be to hear,
Yet for that name she must resign so much that has been dear.

It is an anxious happiness,—it is a fearful thing,
When first the maiden's small white hand puts on the golden ring ;
She passeth from her father's house unto another's care ;
And who may say what troubled hours, what sorrows wait her there ?

Ah ! love and life and mysteries, both blessing and both blest ;
And yet, how much they teach the heart of trial and unrest !
Sweet maiden, while these troubled thoughts 'mid bridal fancies sweep,
Well mayst thou pensive watch thy glass, and turn aside to weep !

From Friendship's Offering.

Literature, Reviews, &c.

The Life and Character of Joan D'Arc.

—E. CHURTON.

The author of this clever little volume appears to have been well acquainted with the history of the Maid of Orleans (Joan D'Arc); it is written with great truth, and to many of our readers, we should say, would prove an interesting volume.

The Duchess de la Vallière and Madame de Maintenon. Romances by the Countess de Genlis.—COLBURN.

MADAME DE GENLIS has really touched the very heart in these noble historical tales of misfortune. Perfect taste and moral genius are displayed in every page. The entire history of Madame de la Vallière, the celebrated and enchanting mistress of Louis XIV. is here given in the detail, with so much only of the tincture of romance as renders it the more agreeable.

The Album of the Cambridge Garrick Club, containing Original and Select Papers on the Drama, and the Proceedings of that Society. With Illustrations. Edited by a Member of the Club.—W. H. Smith, Cambridge.

The matter is certainly not so recherché as we anticipated on our first glance, yet it is a pleasant volume enough, and will no doubt prove acceptable to the lovers of the drama. Most of the anecdotes are quite new, and will be found interesting. Eight portraits, with memoirs, accompany the volume, of Garrick, Knowles, Macready, C. Kemble, Braham, Liston, Jerrold, and Miss Mitford, many of which are faithful likenesses.

On Deformities of the Chest and Spine.

By WILLIAM COULSON, M. R. S. Hurst.

THIS work, we perceive, has reached a second edition, in an almost unprecedented short period of time. The subjects it treats of have hitherto been too much neglected, even by medical men. The great merit of Mr. Coulson's treatise consists, however, not so much in prescribing remedies for the cure of these diseases, as in pointing out the causes by which they are produced.

This he does in a lucid and popular manner, wholly unembarrassed by professional technicality, which, considering that this advice is addressed chiefly to the female sex, is most judicious. The first edition having been received with marked approbation by many eminent practitioners, the author has been induced to republish it in a more enlarged shape, and with additional illustrations, descriptive of the peculiar effects of the disease, which is quite palpable even to those who have never studied the anatomy of the human frame

Ryall's Portraits of Eminent Conservative Statesmen. Fraser, Regent-street.

The third number of this publication contains portraits of Sir Robert Peel, Sir Henry Hardinge, and the Right Honourable Frederick Shaw, each of them displaying eminent talent, and engraved with great vigour of expression and taste.

Flittings of Fancy. By R. Sullivan, Esq. 2 vols.

We cannot call to recollection any two volumes that afford greater proofs of the possession of a true versatile talent than those which lie before us. They are composed of a series of interesting and pleasant articles, almost new.

La Hogue Bie de Hambie, a tradition of Jersey. With Notes, &c. By James Bulkeley, Esq. 2 vols.

We have been much struck with the fresh and abrupt character of these volumes. The writer is, without the slightest doubt, an accomplished and curious reader.

Rambles in Egypt and Candia. By Captain C. Rochefort Scott. 2 vols.

The two volumes now before us, claim rather more of our attention and space than we can possibly spare. Our Rambler leads us through many short cuts and unexplored passages of great interest and truth. We can therefore recommend the volume without hesitation.



Court News. &c.

BRIGHTON.—We are happy to state that their Majesties and the Princess Augusta continue in the enjoyment of good health. The Duchess of Gloucester has passed the last few nights in a tranquil state, and is now gradually recovering from her long and severe attack of illness.

The King and Princess Augusta have frequently attended Divine Service in the Palace Chapel.

The dinner parties at the Pavilion still continue on a very limited scale.

His Majesty's picture by Sir David Wilkie and that of the Queen by Sir Martin Shee, are intended for the exhibition of the Royal Academy, this year, in the National Gallery.

Nearly fifty of the royal establishments have been attacked with the prevailing epidemic.

The Duke of Cumberland is expected at his apartments at St. James's by the latter end of this week.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was accompanied by Lord Charles Churchill, and on the highway from Holkham to Newstead Abbey, when the accident happened to his carriage, which was entirely broken by the concussion. Neither the Duke nor his friend sustained the slightest injury. His Royal Highness will leave Col. Wildman's, at Newstead, towards the end this of week, and immediately return to Kensington Palace.

PRUSSIA.—The King has been seriously indisposed, but his Majesty is now said to be out of danger.

VOL. II.—No. 9.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The Empress has been indisposed, but is now gradually recovering. The ball which was to have taken place on the Emperor's birth day was postponed for ten days, in consequence of her Majesty's illness.

GAETIES IN HIGH LIFE.

The Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam have left Wilton Castle on a visit to the Hon. Sydney Herbert.

Northumberland House and Sion House, Isleworth, are ordered to be ready for the reception of their noble owners by the 10th of this month. The Duke and Duchess are still at Alnwick Castle, accompanied by a select number of friends.

Eaton Hall, the seat of the Marquess and Marchioness of Westminster, has, during the holidays, been very gay and much frequented by the noble friends of the Marquess and Marchioness.

The Earl and Countess of Mansfield and the Ladies Murray arrived in town from the Palace at Scone.

The Duke of Wellington gives a grand dinner this week to Sir Robert Peel and a distinguished party.

The Duke de Palmella, Sir John Hippisley, the Right Hon. the Master of the Mint, and Mr. and Mrs. Baring, have been on a visit at Highlands, in Essex, the seat of Mr. Labouchere.

Earl Cowper is still at Pansanger, and we are happy to learn, in much better health. A great influx of company, both Whigs and Tories, have been enjoying the holidays at Lord Cowper's mansion.

Lord Beresford will recommence his dinner parties this month in Cavendish square.

L

Fashions for February.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

SINCE I last wrote you *ma tout aimable amie*, we have had a continuation of what we call *mauvais temps*, which has kept us all prisoners *chez nous*, en vérité it is ennuyeux. At one time, but you will scarcely believe me, we had no less than seven feet in depth of snow in our streets. *Mon Mari et ma petite Josephine* have suffered much from the extreme severity of the weather. *En fin chérie* I am the only one in the maison who has miraculously escaped the fashionable *maladie*.

Have you heard of the number of recent but fortunate escapes *Louis Philip* has had of being downright murdered in broad day light. It is no enviable situation to be king of the French, *je vous assure*. We really pity him,—oui ! *chère amie*, there must be a certain party who are daily seeking some opportunity to deprive him of life; it is affreuse, is it not ? and so good a man too !

I understand that a new carriage is about being constructed, with double windows of plate-glass, strong enough to resist a pistol-shot, *j'espère qu'il est vrais, car en vérité*. It is not safe for him to venture out without some further security against the murderous attacks *des assassins*.

Paris has, notwithstanding *des affaires disagreeable*, presented one scene of gaiety; splendid balls, soirées, fashionable parties, masquerades out of number, in short, *les Parisiens* acknowledge this to be one of the plus gai seasons since the year 1826.

Maintenant *chère amie*, que je t'apprenne à ta belle, since the opening of l'Athénée des Familles. I have noticed some beautiful and novel dresses at the last ball distinguée. White muslins are much worn, with short sleeves quite light, ornamented with three rows of trimming *en tulle* embroidered, placed apart, but near together in the inside of the arm, and tied with rows of ribbon; white gloves accompany these dresses, but rather shorter than those generally worn on such occasions, ornamented with two rosettes of ribbon with loose ends.

Caps.—I have noticed some elegant

caps made of *tulle illusion*, also of crepe lisse, also of black blonde; the front is raised, and it descends a little on each side below the temples; a bouquet of half-blown roses should be placed on the left side, which gives it a neat appearance, — no lappet is used.

Hats.—The most novel hats have the fronts rather large, spread out in front so as not to envelop the face as little as possible; the crowns are rounded, and they should be ornamented with rouleaus and the Barolets small. Violet, florentine, bronze, and emerald green, are the colours most suited for velvet hats, quilted wadded capotes are generally bordered with *ruche de tulle*.

Turbans.—*A la juive*. These turbans should be made of cachemere, either white or coloured, embroidered with gold, and the bias with gold fringe. This style is preferred to the *bandelette*, which is used to pass under the chin; the bias should be made of the same material, ending in a point, and falls on the shoulder.

Dresses.—Silk dresses for the evening should be trimmed with satin volans, with a *ruche* of silk tulle. Satin dresses and others of rich materials, are embellished with *bouillions* of gauze, flowers or bows of satin ribbon are placed under the same.

Trains.—Dresses are now worn so long, that I might say they have a tendency to trains.

Walking Dress.—Instead of a volant, you should prefer two rows of puffings of the same material as the dress.

Sleeves.—Light sleeves look much prettier with full trimmings, by means of *bouillion* of blond and bows: they look more becoming and suit general taste among the fashionables.

Lace.—The gothic lace is more in request than ever known, for trimming embroidered dresses and scarfs.

Pelisses made of black levantine continue to remain fashionable, if made of poplin should be lined with plush.

Morning Dress.—So extremely comfortable for the fire-side in the winter, are now become very fashionable. They

are mostly made of cashmere or printed marino, and should have a large collar.

The Hair.—Louis XIV.'s style is thought becoming, and is much adopted this winter, mostly demi-haute or low, with ringlets à la Sévigné. Velvet bows, beads, and pins are the ornaments supposed to look best; the bows of hair are quite plain.

Furs.—There is no end to furs this severe winter. It is introduced on most articles of morning dress.

Gloves.—Can you imagine that some of our elegantes have them trimmed with lace a nail wide, for balls; the colours most used are bronze, green, and straw.

And now, ma belle, I am come to the end of my letter, and must, though with regret, say adieu!

Je t'embrasse bien tendrement, aime toujours ton amie M. de W.——

Rue Richelieu, à Paris, Jan. 27, 1837.

New Music, &c.

The last sweet Chime. Composed at the request of Madame Malibran, by M. A. Lee. This pleasing song was composed for Malibran for the festivals of the last year. It is beautiful and touching.

Noreen of Killarney.—An old Irish ditty, sung by Mrs. Waylett in the operetta of *Kate Kearney*, with enthusiastic applause. This is as charming an old ballad as ever we met with. The air and words are as national as they can well be. It is Mr. Collier who has revised this old ditty.

Improved Psalmody. Nos. 1 and 3. By Phillips.

Rondeau Sentimental. By G. Gurney.

Night at Sea. By H. Hertz.

There is no Home like my own. Hertz.

Angels ever Bright and Fair. H. Bishop.

Hush ye pretty Warbling Choirs. H. Bishop.

Let me Wander not unseen, &c. &c.

He was despised, &c. &c.

Can I see my Infant Gored, &c. &c.—

Published by Dalmaine and Co.

Want of space in our last, obliged us to defer our notice of the above beautiful pieces till now, but as we naturally suppose the musical world are

already in possession of many of them, we shall content ourselves by adding that the whole of the above are a beautiful selection, and well worth the attention of those who may not have procured a copy of either.

Wisdom and Wine. H. Tolkien.

There is a great deal of talent displayed, both in the words and composition of this song. It is just the thing for our country jovials.

The Parting Ray of Fading Day.

The words by W. M. Tolkien. H. Tolkien.

Mr. Baker has done justice in the composition of this piece. The music is sweet and melodious; it is the best of the kind we have seen for some time.

On the Severn's Banks I love to Roam. H. Tolkien.

This is a song that will prove a profitable hit to the publisher; every lady will buy a copy. We regret not having space for the beautiful words.

Quadrilles.—Composed by Frederico Antonio Weber.

This set of quadrilles should be purchased by every one who is fond of dancing; they are excellently arranged; and we have no hesitation in pronouncing them the best compositions of the kind.

The Drama, &c.

DRURY-LANE.—The success of the experiment of the reduction in the prices of admission has succeeded so entirely here, that there has been no necessity for the production of novelty. *Cinde-*

rella has been revived, with considerable efficiency of cast; and Duvernay continues to give delight by her elegant dancing.

COVENT-GARDEN.—In spite of illibe-

ral criticism and absurd imputations—in spite of the influences of private jealousy, and of political, yes, even of political prejudice, Mr. Bulwer's fine drama, *The Duchess de la Vallière*, has during the last fortnight, aided by some alterations, judicious in a theatrical sense, and by the effect of a new scene in the third act, completely borne out the predictions of its first and warmest admirers. We witnessed its performance, and can bear testimony to the deep interest and the earnest applause with which it was attended throughout. We have observed that the alterations are judicious, theatrically; it is in that respect only that they were at all required, and even thus were only rendered desirable by the incapacity of some of the actors.

ADELPHI.—The attractions here are headed by Mr. Buckstone's additions to the stock favourites, produced under the title of *La Duchesse de la Vaubalière*—a drama in which the deeper as well as the livelier interest is assiduously kept up by Mr. and Mrs. Yates, O. Smith, and that "son of the sleepless," the author.

QUEEN'S.—Mr. Sheridan Knowles has entered into an engagement here. *The Hunchback* was performed on Monday to a crowded house; Knowles of course, the *Master Walter*, [and Miss Clifford appearing as *Julia*. She entitled herself to commendation, and convinced us that she must rise in her profession; we hope they know her value at this house. Miss Grey played *Helen* with animation and spirit, but she was not perhaps sufficiently acquainted with her author. The house is crowded nightly.

SURREY-THEATRE.—The performance at this house is varied and good, and promises every attraction. Our friend Davidge knows exactly how to cater for a good audience.

ROYAL VICTORIA-THEATRE.—The proprietors of this theatre have recently gone to an immense expense in the production of several splendid pieces. *The Jewess* has also been revived with great splendour, which appears to attract beyond measure, and excites the greatest interest, a proof of which is, that the house is nightly crowded almost to suffocation.

Miscellaneous.

Approaching Marriages in High Life.—A treaty of marriage is said to be in contemplation between the eldest son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Loule and the Princess Amelia, the late Don Pedro's youngest daughter.—It is reported that Lord M—— H—— is about to be united to Miss B——, a young lady of great beauty, from the sister island.—There is an *on dit* that Lord A—— L——, being much fascinated by the charms of Miss B——, one of the belles of Almack's, proposals are to be made as soon as the families have settled the arrangements.—It appears to be settled that a marriage is to take place between the heir presumptive of the house of Esterhazy, and the daughter of the niece of Prince Talleyrand, the young Duchess of Dino.

PARIS.—The present Carnival is said to present a disastrous contrast to those of the two preceding seasons. The Exclusives of the Faubourg St. Germain, who are in deep Court mourning for the ex-King, pique themselves not only upon abstaining from giving

balls, but upon entering no house where dancing is admitted; and concerts have accordingly been substituted for the usual winter entertainments of the *beau monde*. Causes of a private nature have at the same time shut up several of the brilliant mansions hitherto distinguished by their *fêtes*; such as those of Messrs. Rothschild, Delmar, Thorn, &c. &c.; and above all, the expectations of the English residents have been disappointed, by the closing of the Tuilleries. The recent attempts on the King's life, and the Strasburg *procès*, are assigned, it seems, as motives for the resolution of their Majesties, which, however, may be more reasonably attributed to respect towards the memory of Charles X. A deference so honourable to Louis Philippe naturally excites discontent among certain political parties; for, were the angel Gabriel himself to be anointed King of the French, within six months he would probably become unpopular, and be exposed to the attack of an assassin, to the sneers of the press, and the animadversions of the

noble Faubourg; and it needs all the sterling excellence of the family of his present Majesty to preserve towards them the veneration in which they are uniformly held by the better classes of the French community.

It is supposed that, even had the death of Charles X. not occurred previous to the Carnival, there would have been no more of the *bals monstres*, which have produced such ludicrous assemblages at the Tuilleries, or of the private Court balls; but in their stead, weekly balls of moderate extent, comprising the higher classes both of French and foreigners. This modification was rendered necessary by the enormous concourse of English, unrepresented at Court in England, who crowded last year to the reception of the Queen.

The final interment of Madame Malibran took place on the 4th inst., at the chateau of Ixelles, a residence which she herself, a few years ago, built and fitted up with almost regal magnificence.

During the prevailing epidemic, no friend can be so truly friendly as he who recommends a real relief from the trying attack of the Influenza. We have no little pleasure in saying, that our own experience confirms the strong impression in favour of the beneficial effects of *Mr. Wodehouse's Balsam of Spermaceti*. It is a powerful antagonist of the dread enemy, and the fact deserves to be known.

The talented and industrious Mr. Ede, the Chemist, who has invented so many useful auxiliaries to the popularization of Science, has added to his stock a Portable Laboratory, for simplifying the practical processes of Chemistry, which we think particularly worthy of the attention of ingenious youth, and of amateurs of this delightful science; since, in a neat cabinet, the size of a dressing-box, he has furnished, not merely the apparatus for experiments, but all the chemical preparations requisite; some of which are very often difficult to be obtained. Hence can be performed, without danger, not only in a library, but drawing-room, a large series of instructive and pleasing experiments, but also the analyzation of minerals, &c., so useful in those geological inquiries that may accompany us every where; on the whole, opening an

easy access to a very wide field of science: for all of which we think Mr. Ede is deserving of the highest praise, and as such recommend his labours to the attention of the public. For such as have not already acquired the necessary information, we understand an accompanying Treatise is to be furnished.

Medico-Botanical Society.—The anniversary meeting was held on Monday 16th Jan. The reports of the curator and librarian described their departments as satisfactorily progressive, whilst that of the treasurer detailed the funds as equally satisfactory.

Horticultural Society.—The ordinary meeting was held on Tuesday 17th Jan., Dr. Henderson, Vice-President, in the chair. Earl O'Neil, K.P., was elected a member. Amongst the specimens on the table were some *Primula Sinensis*, with double flowers, from Mr. J. A. Henderson; as also an interesting collection from Mrs. Lawrence. The fruits consisted of some West St. Peter's grapes, from the gardens of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, and several varieties of apples and pears from the gardens of the Society. The meeting adjourned to the 7th instant.

A Dramatic Slave.—On seeing Mr Cooper in a Helmet:—Useful Cooper, who never yet shrunk from his task,

Graces Tragedy's robes, and wears Comedy's mask;

But we fancy that Cooper looks best in a casque! E. L. J.

Stevens's Improved Inkstand.—Mr. Stevens has recently invented a new inkstand, which, for convenience, neatness, and ingenuity, claims our praise and recommendation.

Mr. Nathan's Assembly Rooms.—On the 10th ult., Mr. Nathan's Annual Dress Ball took place, which was most fashionably attended, and the entertainment was placed under the most judicious management. On the 16th of the same month, a Masquerade was given at the above fashionable rooms, when the gentleman who presided on the previous occasion undertook a similar duty. The rooms were crowded with guests in a variety of fancy dresses, but, decidedly, the onus of the masquerade devolved on two individuals, who sustained the respective characters of a country housemaid, and Paul Pry.—

The housemaid, with her provincial accent, and droll performance of her household duties, afforded much amusement; and Paul Pry was sustained with a degree of genuine humour only equalled by Liston, its original representative. These two characters were the very soul of the evening, which passed most pleasantly, the company not departing till a very advanced hour.

We understand that the next Assembly will take place on the 14th instant.

Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator.
A Tragedy, in Five Acts.—Ridgway and Sons.

This is not only well written, but likely to prove successful as an interesting tragedy.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF CORFU," ETC.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

LET her be laid within a shady dell,
Where hanging trees, like twilight, dimly gleam;
Just within her hearing of some village bell,
And by the margin of a low-voiced stream;
For these were sights and sounds she once loved well:
Then, o'er her grave, the blue-eyed stars will beam,
And all around the fragrant wild flowers blow,
And sweet birds sing her requiem while the waters flow.

From Friendship's Offering.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 17th ult. in Cumberland-terrace, Regent's-park, Mrs. W. S. Browning, of twin-sons, one still-born.

17th, the lady of H. Hendricks, Esq. of Oxford-terrace, Hyde-park, of a son.

12th, the lady of C. T. Warde, Esq. of West-over-house, Isle of Wight, of a son, still-born.

MARRIED.

On the 18th ult. at St. George's Hanover-square, Lieut.-Col. E. H. Bridgman, son of the late Hon. and Rev. G. Bridgman, to Harriet Elizabeth Frances, sister to the late H. H. Aston, Esq.

14th, at Caversham - church, Oxfordshire, the Rev. A. N. Buckridge, M. A., to Louisa, daughter of the late W. Vanderstegen, Esq., of Cane-end-house, Oxfordshire.

19th, at St. George's, Hanover-square, T. Dent, Esq., late of Canton, to Sabine Ellen, daughter of J. T. Roberts, Esq.

Nov. 15th, at the island of St. Helena, E. Gulliver, Esq., R. N., to Caroline, daughter of T. Baker, T. Esq., of the island.

31st ult. at Florence, T. T. Fawcett, Esq., of London, to Mary, daughter of R. Edmonds, Esq., of Hatcham, Kent.

DIED.

Dec. 23, at Kilburn, at the residence of his mother, of consumption, Thomas Sanctuary Hill, Esq., aged 30, late of Panton-square, sincerely regretted by a numerous circle of friends.

17th, at Kensington, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. T. W. Champnes, rector of Fulmer, Bucks, aged 63.

9th, in Duke-street, Westminster, Martha, relict of the late Capt. J. F. Moriarty, R. M., aged 77.

18th, Jane Mary, wife of Mr. R. Cullingworth, of Trig-lane, Upper Thames-street, aged 45.

16th, Mr. N. Rutt, of Lime-street, aged 60.

15th, Mr. W. Hill, of York-place, Kentish-town, aged 70.

17th, at Kensington, B. Hinton, Esq., aged 62.

17th, J. Turton, Esq., aged 75.

Subscribers are requested to glance over "Notices to Correspondents" in the 2d page of the work.

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The Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria.

**BLACKWOOD'S
LADY'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE
OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD;
OR, ST. JAMES'S COURT-REGISTER
OF BELLES LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.**

MARCH 1837.

**THE METROPOLIS OF THE UNIVERSE,
FROM THE NARRATIVE OF AN OLD TRAVELLER.**

BY L. M. B.

"The golden palace of my God
Towering above the clouds I see;
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angel's thoughts can be!"

BOWRING, *From the Russian.*

THE journal of father Alva from Ahernmore, contains the following curious passage:—

"At Leyden," says he, "I was so much noticed, not only by merchants and travellers in general, but by the members, seniors and juniors, of that learned university; and I remember the youths were wont to hold amongst themselves certain disputations, touching points of faith and practice, which obliged them to bring all their reading,

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as well as natural talent, and ingenuity into the field, though it is to be feared that their powers of reasoning were too often strengthened at the expense of their religious faith. At more than one of these debating societies, I observed a young man enter the room, take his seat amongst the auditors who professedly took no part in the proceedings, give the profoundest attention to every word uttered, oft times sigh very deeply, and on the conclusion

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of the night's discussion, rise and depart without noticing or being noticed by any one. I made inquiries as to who he was. No one could tell, but they thought, probably, some poor student not yet matriculated, who was willing to avail himself of those meetings as a sort of preparation for the University, and whose visits therefore they did not intend to prohibit, so long as he conducted himself in a quiet gentlemanly manner. My curiosity, I confess, was not thus easily to be satisfied; I had taken it into my head, that some mystery attached itself to the youth, who would be well worth knowing, could he and it be fathomed; now, besides that mystery invests even an ordinary individual with a dangerous degree of interest, I had gazed myself into an ecstasy with the divine countenance of the young unknown, than which I had never beheld a face of such perfect seraphic, but mournful loveliness.

One evening I was sitting alone in lodgings, musing upon the beautiful stranger, and internally asking myself whether I should again, in the course of the next two hours, behold him in the debating society of the University, when a voice so musical, that it carried instant ineffable rapture to my heart, answered my thoughts aloud.

"Probably not, Father Alva."

Astonished to find the unspoken words of my heart penetrated and answered, and that I was not, as I had fancied myself alone, I raised my eyes, and beheld, with a feeling almost allied to horror, the subject of my thoughts standing before me, whilst an ineffable smile illumined his blessed visage; I was for some seconds speechless.

"You wished, I believe, to see me, ere you quitted Leyden," said the stranger youth.

"How!" cried I, lost in excessive amazement, "how came you to know that? Answer in the name of all that is holy! I am but for a brief space a sojourner in Leyden, and no one knows my thoughts and wishes, save——"

"Save myself," interrupted the youth, "and the myriads of deathless spirits which unseen surround you; but, Father Alva, guard your speech, and reserve all that is holy for occasions more holy than this, of my visit to

you; and Alva, believe me, I have frequently been with you, though you knew it not."

"How?—when?—and why?" I asked, half terrified to death, "and who, young man, are you?"

"That which I am here to narrate," replied he, "will answer these queries; be calm." Unsolicited, he took a seat, and after a short pause, as if for the recollection of his scattered ideas, that beautiful and glorious unknown, was thus pleased to favour me with one of the most singular narratives I have yet had the pleasure of recording:—

"Alva," said he, "because high Heaven knows thee to be a man whose heart is pure and sincere before it, whose intentions are upright, whose ardour for knowledge is laudable, whose desire to arrive at truth is honourable, but whose faith hath been in the search for it, terribly assailed and shaken, ay, even by the men whom thou hast deemed the guardians of its pure fountain, and dispensers of the waters of life. Alva, I repeat, because high Heaven has seen and known this of thee; and that, moreover, thine errors have not proceeded from presumptuous self-conceit, but from that real humility of heart, which gladly relied on the judgment of others rather than its own. Alva, I say, on these accounts I am allowed to instruct thee: beware, mortal, of INFIDELITY; it will occasion me, unless the Most Merciful finds me some aperture of escape, the loss of that heaven from whence I came. One thousand six hundred years have I for my sin walked this earth, and cannot yet find him, of whom I am in quest—the *perfect* man; one, over whom the taint of guilt has never passed."

"God help thee, then," said I, "of this description, earth never knew but one, and *he* was the Lord from heaven!"

"I know it! I know it!" cried the young man, wildly, and in accents of deep despair, "and therein laid my stumbling block, as you shall hear."

"Father Alva,—mankind talk of heaven—the heaven they never saw, the heaven which most hope to inherit; but of which no tongue, human or divine, can give to mortals an adequate idea; and of which, if you will be pleased to accept my feeble transcript of incommunicable things you are now

to hear; for that heaven *was* my incomparable home—and, alas! one thousand six hundred years by-gone, by my own sinful murmurings and presumption, I *lost it!*

“There are many heavens—that is to say, dispersed through the meteless ocean of space; there are many Eden isles, paraisaical worlds, for the reward of different degrees and species of human perfectibility. Every fixed star is the central sun of a system of planetary heavens and hells, which, beheld by man’s eyes, seem to lie in disorder amid the ethereal abyss: but no! *disorder* intrudes not upon the works of the Divine Creator of the universe; which, the better they are understood, and the more narrowly inspected, will the more evidently be seen fraught with symmetry, harmony, and beauty. The heaven of heavens, from whence I come, is the grand central world of the universe; and may, par eminence, be styled its METROPOLIS, from these circumstances;—it is the CENTRE, round which revolves each system of a sun and planets, which by itself mortals deem a universe; for though conforming my expressions to those used by mankind, I termed the sun of each such system a *fixed star*. Know, Father Alva, that by imperceptible degrees the suns themselves, conveying with them their attendant planets, satellites, and asteroids, revolve round the *metropolis of the universe!* That delightful world is in magnitude a thousand times larger than all the wandering spheres around it combined, and all their superlative beauties are concentrated in that heaven which knows not a defect. Man could not look upon its effulgence, and live; and there are spirits of exceeding purity, and yet not holy enough to dwell in this sanctum of the HOLIEST! But, in the many surrounding Edens, inferior ranks of angels, souls of men, and spirits of all orders and degrees, are gradually prepared to enter the city of God, from whence they will depart no more. Divine peace, to be *felt*, not described, pervades that unimaginable region; and a holiness, which the spirit avidly imbibes, as it were, the waters of eternal life, is inseparable from the very atmosphere of that golden clime. There glows Nature, under modifications and in combinations to this nether

world unknown; and the luxuriant, immortal trees and flowers which freight the soft air with odours that are perceptible thousands of miles from the Metropolis of the Universe, *live* with a vitality inconceivable to mortals, and have voices whereby to express their sanctity and their joy, which may be *felt*, not heard! Untouched, those flowers bloom for ever; no hand presuming to rifle and despoil the Paradise of the LORD; whilst by their rich and lavish beauty every eye is gratified, and every heart made glad! Over the Metropolis of the Universe are far spread, in broad, majestic rivers, and in calm, deep, crystalline lakes, the shining waters of life, only to gaze upon which renews the vigour of the immortal spirit, and imbues it with incommunicable joy! Throughout the fadeless region flit innumerable hosts of sparkling birds and insects, resembling in colour and brilliancy so many animated gems; evidences of the superfluity of the Creator’s power, and goodness, and delighting in an existence which is a stranger to suffering and decay. From the exceeding high mountains of the Metropolis of the Universe may be beheld, by those whose searching glance can penetrate millions of miles into the interminable regions of space, all the countless bright suns, and their revolving dependencies, which twine and intertwine in magical, mysterious, and intricate mazes about each other; and slowly, but surely circle round about that CENTRE, which is to many of them as unsuspected as unseen. The glory of this vision alone, its sublimity and magnificence, is utterly unutterable by angel, and inconceivable, I doubt, by man!

“Ah! ineffable world! garden of the Lord! city of God! Metropolis worthy, indeed, of a limitless, incomparable Universe! The memory merely of thy surpassing beauty, holiness and joy, has supported me during the weary years of my long, long hopeless exile from thee! Still do I seem to behold thee! still to converse with thine immortal inhabitants!—spirits, glorious as earth’s noon-day sun,—spirits of excellent brightness, so that the feeble eye of their brethren of the dust should not be able to behold them unveiled,—spirits, of such unsullied holiness and consum-

mate beauty, as should cause the heart of man at once to quail with awe before them, and to be ravished by their surpassing loveliness! Seraphs! friends! companions! where are ye? Still do your voices—the unforgotten melodies of happier, but far, far days—ring in my listening ears, and fill with pleasant, but mocking hopes and memories, my languishing soul! Still do I hear, oh! living founts of music, your ecstatic choirs, filling incessantly the almost measureless expanse of the Heaven of Heavens with harmonies which should have power, like the archangelic trumpet, to arouse the dead! Alas! alas! ethereal centre of the sublime universe, why am I your denizen no longer? Alas! alas! angelic brethren, *where are ye?* Do none respond to my mournful cry? do no bright faces gleam around me *now*, even as the thousand, thousand glorious systems gleam around my *home*—the metropolitan centre of their external evolutions?"

The angelic youth paused awhile, and gazed upwards with a countenance of more than mortal beauty, and fraught with super-human woe.

"But alas! alas! Alva," resumed he with sighs, and a voice, whose mournful music went to my very soul, "I have lost, by mine own presumptuous sin, the beautiful abode of which I speak."

"How?" said I; "does *sin*, then, enter heaven? can guilt profane that blissful region, the aspect and very air of which, you tell me, inspires one with involuntary holiness?"

"Sin," returned the youth, "does indeed find no place in the Metropolis of the Universe; which, as it is of all the Creator's worlds the largest, brightest, most beautiful, and best, is also inconceivably holy, and the residence only of the thousand times refined; but *earth*—not *Heaven*—was the sad witness of my temptation, and my fall!—Nay, start not, I repeat it—my temptation, and my fall: for, Alva, you are not vainly to imagine that even the archangels are *infallible*;—*one* only, and that is God—*Elohim*—cannot err; but it has not pleased the Triune to create an *equal*—hence, the fact is as notorious to mankind as to ourselves, that there are myriads of angels 'who kept not their first estate'; and, Alva, my crime was *scepticism*; that, in which

the unfortunate youths, with whom you have lately associated, under the fair pretext of 'searching the Scriptures,' to know '*what is truth*,' so liberally indulge, and the occasion of it was this:—at the dreadful hour of the Crucifixion of the Redeemer of man, I, with countless bands of divine intelligences, powers, and spirits (for, whilst *man* beheld the awful scene unmoved, the hosts of Heaven and hell were assembled, with anxious interest, to view it)—I was one of the witnesses of that stupendous event. Deeply affected by the humiliation and agonies of the Divine Sufferer, and indignant at the callous indifference of those for whom so great a sacrifice was offered, I ventured to question the *necessity* of this inconceivable admixture of Almighty wrath and compassion: the one wreaked on the head of Jehovah's divinely innocent Son—the other, extended towards ungrateful, guilty man. '*Why*,' sinfully said I, 'should mankind need a Redeemer? why, with the revealed will of the Lord before them, should they not so live as to assure their own salvation? or *why* must their Redeemer be their *God*? Could not one of our own orders—one of the holy spirits, who, in the Metropolis of the Universe stand before the throne of *Elohim*, suffer for, and save them?' These, and other thoughts equally foolish and blasphemous, were the immediate cause of my ruin.

"When the last sigh of the Divine Sufferer had been breathed, and I was preparing to return to the land whence I came, until the glorious morning of the Resurrection, I found, to my utter dismay, that I no longer possessed the power of soaring through the ethereal demesnes. I had become like, and one with, man; garbed in flesh, tangible, visible, and locomotive indeed, but powerless to quit the earth, upon which mortals creep. Then, amidst the thick darkness which covered the land of Judea, came a voice unto the ear of my spirit, like the murmur of many winds when forests answer their call, thrilling me with unspeakable terrors and apprehension, so that I felt as if my new frame must melt away, like metal in the refiner's furnace, at that breath of mild reproof:—

"'Why, O Melchios,' said the voice,

' art thou troubled with many thoughts? Shall the creature presume to question the Creator? shall the finite charge the Infinite with folly? Save thyself, thou foolish angel, ere thou darest venture to impugn the wisdom and goodness of Him whose schemes are to His creatures incomprehensible, yet all based upon consummate wisdom! *Save thyself*, O Melchios; created, as *thou* art, more pure and perfect than was ever man—though, as now thou knowest, not *infallible*. This do, ere thou mayest hope to regain the holy Heaven thy presumption has lost thee. Find me *one perfect, unsinning* man amongst the myriads who now inhabit earth, and who shall do so until the grand and complete revolution of its sun round the centre of the universe be once accomplished, and which is, as thou knowest the time, to it, of the end;—find me one man only meet to be an inhabitant of the Metropolis of the Universe,—or, failing in this, find me one of the angelic host sufficiently perfect and *infallible* to redeem himself alone! Then bring with thee such man, or such angel, to the CENTRE, and with acclamations never yet heard throughout the blessed regions, shall ye both be welcomed HOME! * * * *

"Alva," resumed the angelic youth, after a pause, "I need not say that hitherto my search for a man whose innate holiness should redeem himself, has been worse than vain: *sin* is unhappily as inherent in the human race

as is the germ in fruit and flowers. The most guileless man approaches not in purity the most inferior of superior spirits; whilst the magnates of the Metropolis of the Universe may, as you perceive, be charged by their Maker with folly, and become blighted by guilt! O, Alva! to warn *thee* against the evil heart of unbelief, and the *false* spirit of inquiry touching matters which thou shouldst accept as certainties, am I, by the permission and instigation of Heaven, come hither. My dreary task I must still pursue; aware that it is hopeless, but not knowing whether Almighty mercy contemplates any plan for the restoration (on his bitter repentance and unwearied toils) of the outcast angel to his *home*! Man has an all-sufficient Redeemer; and in this, is he happier than those who, originally created purer than himself, are yet not infallible? Father Alva, again I repeat, beware of *infidelity*!"

I was about to reply, when I perceived that Melchios had departed as suddenly as he came, and I never beheld him more: but the unearthly beauty of his countenance and form—the ravishing melody of his voice, and his faint transcript of the indescribable glories and beatitudes of the Metropolis of the Universe, remain indelibly impressed on my memory; and, in bequeathing to posterity that unhappy wanderer's remarkable history, I humbly hope I have rendered unto them good service.

QUEEN OF EVENING.

BY MAURICE HARCOURT.

STAR of Night! that brightly shining
In the broad celestial plain,
With a glory, ne'er declining,—
Welcome to my sight again!
For so pure are all thy beamings,
And thy orb of light so fair,
That childhood, and its golden dreamings,
Seem for ever centered there!
Queen of Evening!—thou art throwing
Lustrous beauty where decay
Those, who while with young life glowing,
Loved to wander 'neath thy ray.
Thus will Virtue light be casting
O'er the mem'ry of the dead;
And a halo, bright as lasting,
Round their sainted names be shed!

SKETCHES FROM LIFE; or,
LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.—No. II.

(Continued from p. 17.)

THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA:

BY JOHN C. HALL, AUTHOR OF "THE STORM," "MISCELLANEOUS POETRY," &c.

"Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,—
A spark of that immortal fire,
With angels shared—by Alla given,
To raise from earth our low desire.
Devotion lifts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love—
A feeling from the God-head caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought.—
A ray of him who formed the whole,
A glory circling round the soul."

THE GAIOUR.

THE morning was beautiful; the corn, just coming to maturity, promised to the farmer an abundant harvest; the rustic groups employed here and there in gathering the hay; the wild flowers scattered 'long the banks of the fields in which they were at work; the lark rising from its nest and warbling in the air, o'ershadowed by the beauty of a summer sky, formed a picture on which the eye loved to gaze with pleasure and delight. This beautiful day was succeeded by a bitter night. The wind roared, the lightnings flashed, and peal upon peal of thunder followed. Supper was placed upon the table, and Lady Kennada and her son sat down in silence.

"Heard you not a gun?" said Lord Henry—"another—another—and another)—*The Minute Gun at Sea*. What a night is this! I am sure many ships must and will be lost on our dangerous coast. Hark! another gun—another signal of distress; we must try to assist and save them;" and leaving the room, he hurried down to the beach, and found it covered already with people plundering the various things that drifted on shore.

It was too dark to attempt any thing till morning. Eagerly Henry watched its dawn. At length day broke—the grey light of morn peeped o'er the eastern mountains, and with the aid of a glass, a ship was discovered nearly parted in two upon the dangerous reef:—

"There she lay motionless, and seem'd upset,
The water left the hold and washed the decks,
And made a scene men do not soon forget;
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,
Or any other thing that brings regret."

The weather cleared a little, and a living form was discovered clinging to the wreck.

"I will give one hundred pounds to any one who will assist me to save them," said Lord Henry, jumping into a boat, "one hundred pounds to save them; come on boys, who will follow? The sea broke violently over the rocky entrance of the harbour; the convulsions of the ocean had reached it, and its waters were agitated by the swell. In answer to his calls for help, the oldest and boldest sailors declared the attempt to be madness, and that the boat could not live a moment in the breakers. The minute gun once more sounded—its deep note again struck the ear—how solemn the tone!—who can resist such an appeal? perhaps on board the bark are sons returning to their parents, husbands to their wives; they have braved the storm and the tempest, escaped the dangers of foreign climes; are now upon their own coast gazing on the green hills of Old England,—

"Great glorious and free,
First flower of the earth,
Brightest gem of the sea,"

but yesterday, thought that all their toils were over, and pictured to themselves the joys of once more meeting the friends from whom they had so long been separated of visiting the scenes of their childhood and their youth; endeared

as they must be by ten thousand pleasing reminiscences ; but the sunshine has changed for cloud—the gentle zephyr for the loud blast—the gallant bark, the companion of their journey too, now dismasted, a wreck at the mercy of every wave ; the billows she lately so proudly rode over.

“ List to yon gun,” said Lord Henry, not easily discouraged, “ come away boys, come away,” but they still refused ; again and again he called upon them, cursed them as cowards, and seizing the oars, said, “ he would attempt to reach the vessel alone.” He had already pulled a few boats’ length from the shore, when an old pilot and his three sons ran down to the beach, called upon him to stop, threw their jackets to the crowd, who endeavoured to restrain them, leaped into the yawl, old Broadstairs took the helm, and Henry and the sons plied the oars.

* * * * *

They pulled through the calm water and entered the breakers ; “ pull, lads, pull, pull, pull ! life and death are in your oars, boys, pull !” said the pilot. They strained till the tough ash bent like a willow, by main strength forced the boat into the surf ; a shower of spray concealed them some minutes from the land, their oars fell with the quickness of lightning into the foaming water, and a loud cheer from the cliffs now announced that the boat had crossed the breakers. The minute gun had long ceased to sound the signal of distress, and they now even began to despair of finding any one alive upon the wreck. They paused but one moment to look upon the land they were leaving—to recover breath after their exertion,—the next the oars again dipped in the waters ; and their little skiff, like a sea-bird, rose over the dark wave that rolled like mountains, and with longer and lighter strokes they directed their course to the stranded vessel. They neared her. All appeared still and silent on board—nothing was heard save the roaring of the wind, and the dashing of the waves upon the rocks on which she lay. They were not many minutes now ere they were at the ship’s side.

“ They are all gone,” said the pilot : “ I fear we are too late. Well ! well ! it was in a good cause we came—it was

in a good cause—though we may not reach our homes again ;—nor can we expect it reasonably with such a sea : and depend upon it that sun, now rising so red and fiery, is a sure sign that the gale will continue. Farewell, my old Molly ; you have welcomed me home after many a long voyage ; I have braved many a storm and many a tempest, but never such a sea as is setting in towards yon snore. I had hoped to have cast anchor never to have heaved it again ; but so long as old Broadstairs as a leg to stand up, or a arm to steer a boat, he will ever hasten to a signal of distress—to the bark that fires the *The Minute Gun at Sea*.” As the old man finished his speech, he looked upon his three boys and wiped away the tears that fell down his weather beaten face, and steered the boat round and round the vessel. Lord Henry in the mean time was not idle ; he had clambered up her side by a rope that hung over the deck, and was looking in every direction to find some of the passengers who might remain. He was about to leave her, when a faint scream arrested his attention, and covered with a sail which had before concealed them from his view, he beheld two human beings ;—one a beautiful female clad in the Spanish costume, and by her side was a man about thirty ; his head was reclining on her breast, and to his lips she was applying some cordial ; he was evidently dying, and seemed not to notice the Spanish girl or the assistance that had come to rescue them from a watery grave.

* * * * *

The tide had now begun to flow, and the wind, as the pilot foretold, was increasing every second ; no time was to be lost, and after lifting the stranger and his sister into the boat, they turned her from towards the shore. Wave after wave rolled over them ; onward, however they went, bounding through the foaming surge ; and turning round to look at the unhappy vessel, her whole frame seemed to vibrate with the concussion. At length a terrific sea struck her side ; a loud crash followed ; another sea struck her ; she reeled to and fro the—silvery foam hid her from their view for a moment, the next it had cleared away, and nothing was to be seen, save a few

scattered planks of the vessel from which but a short time before they had rescued their fellow-passengers. Where was the ship?—sunk—entombed 'neath the glassy surface of the ocean.

"Thank God, heaven be praised!" said old Broadstairs, "we have saved you for the present; steady boys, steady, 'we shall have yet hard work to reach the harbour."

The heights were covered with hundreds watching their progress; "but who is yon gazing from the highest window of the castle?"

"It is the mother of one on board the little bark; the dark speck as it appears, buffeting the waves—it is Lady Kennada; anxiously she watched its approach, and breathed many a prayer for their safety, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, to the bountiful Giver of all good. Her prayer was heard—when ever is it made in vain?"

They neared the shore, pulling with amazing efforts through a mountainous sea. A tremendous mass of water was sailing after them—the billows rearing their crests as though determined to overwhelm them: it proved, however, the means of their security. A rocky chasm lay between them and the harbour: desperately they entered it,—the water broke with thundering sound, casting its spray in the air. A few strokes of the oar carried them beyond its reflux, and a thousand voices cheered them as they beached the boat.

"We have saved you! you are safe," said old Broadstairs. "My poor old girl, are you again here to welcome me?" as he turned to his wife, who ran to meet him as they landed; "here we are, safe and well—once more in port. And

"Now safely moor'd—our perils o'er,
We'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more
The star—the star of Bethlehem."

Erris—for that was the name of the stranger—was conveyed to the mansion, placed in bed, and every means to restore him, but without avail. He never spoke—continued gradually to sink, and two days afterwards expired in the arms of his sister. Just before his departure he made a feeble effort, pointed to Lord Henry, then to his sister, and in a second his spirit fled to that bright clime—that better land,

which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard its deep songs of joy.

"Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
'Tis beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb."
"It is there—"

Lord Henry Kennada was gazing from his window on the ocean, musing upon the scene in which he had been so conspicuous an actor, and wondering who the beautiful stranger could be;—as he contrasted the calm surface of the waves before him with the awful grandeur of the late storm—the evening zephyr with the loud and harsh moan of the wind, which rapidly rose and roared over the sea, with the voice, and threatening of omnipotent terror—when the waters seemed to leap up to meet its rude embrace, from which they flew with a fierce recoil, as though driven back by some mysterious repulsion.

He remained till sunset—that beautiful hour when Sol is about to sink into rest—when the golden fringes with which his setting beams adorn the various masses of clouds, form a singular contrast with the deep varying hues they were perpetually assuming, as they evolved their vast, but fantastic shapes over the heavens, and unfurled their huge wings like the monstrous fictions of our dreams, or the no less "monstrous creatures of fabulous story."

Sunset is the hour of meditation. We gradually see day decline—darkness covering the earth, as with a cloud—the dew-drops falling—the rose, violet, daisy, and ten thousand wild flowers looking through their fringes to the sky, and opening their parched lips, drinking of the cool, refreshing pearly shower; and

"Is there one did not feel as he gaz'd on yon sun,
Whose short course ere an hour shall pass by,
will be run?"

Is there one who beheld its first rising at dawn,
When dew-drops bespangled yon beautiful lawn;
And hath seen it go down, 'neath yon western hill,

And cast a faint shade o'er each woodland and rill?—

Has not thought that so man, like yon once brilliant sun,
Shines forth a brief space, and then finds his course run?"

"She is beautiful," said Henry again and again; "who can she be?" and hastening down to the drawing-room,

hoped to learn whence she came, and whither bound.

"I need not, Henry, introduce you to the fair stranger," said Lady Kennada, as he entered: "you have become acquainted, under circumstances of a most painful character. This lady has briefly related to me some part of her history, which I shall now communicate. You will be pleased to hear that Donna Julia has consented to remain some time with us."

"Oh! my lord, my lord, I shall never forget your great kindness," cried the Spanish girl—"ever remember that to you I owe my life. Would, would, I had died! I have no friend—no brother—no protector: I am in a strange land—far, far from home. Home! where is my home? Who will be there to welcome me?—my father dead—my mother sleeping with him;—their ashes mingle in one urn. My brother! my brother!—alas! he is dead; beneath your hospitable roof never, never to wake again! and I!—I!—"

The tears fell fast down her beautiful cheeks, and sobs prevented her saying more. She seemed to abandon herself to despair; and it was long ere the kind inmates of — Castle could restore her to anything like tranquillity.

It appeared that Julia's brother had a plantation in South America; but finding his health declining (upon the death of their mother), he sold it, and embarked for England. The weather had for some time been very severe, and a continuance of thick mists caused them to deviate from their course: their reckoning was lost; and a heavy gale from the north-west coming on, the ship was unable to weather the storm, became unmanageable, and struck against a rock. When she struck, the captain and crew jumped into the long-boat, and pushed off, leaving her and her sick brother to their fate. But dearly did they pay for their cruelty: they had not proceeded far before the boat went down, and every soul perished.

As the poor girl again related her misfortunes, she raised her eyes to Heaven in despair, exclaiming, "Oh! would it not have been better had I perished also? now that I have lost my brother, and in an unknown country—

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thrown upon the world, without any one to protect me."

We not dwell longer upon the grief of the sister, or the solemnity of the funeral. In time Miss Erris (for we will no longer call her Donna) in some measure recovered her health and spirits. Winter, at length, wore away—Julia's natural gaiety returned—the bloom to her cheek, the lustre to each orb; and often, in an evening, she would warble to them some song of her own dear country, as she called it—

"Of home and friends and native clime."

Henry frequently had her for a companion. He sung with her—read to her—walked and rode with her; and in six months from the time he first started at the sound of *The Minute Gun at Sea*, found that he lived but in her presence—that he loved Julia to distraction.

Summer again had visited them—the snow no longer covered the mountains—the heather blossomed—the wild flowers hung to the rocks; and the feathery songsters of the grove, rejoicing in this happy season, warbled their wildest and most melodious strains.

One evening they had strayed together to their favourite walk by the river; the banks were covered with the richest heaths, and the crystal water rippled among the stones;—the sun was sinking 'neath the western hills, when Julia, seated on the mossy bank, lost in admiration of the scene before them, unconsciously touched the strings of her guitar, singing,

"Friends depart, and memory takes them,
To her caverns pure and deep;
And a forc'd smile only wakes them,
From the shadows where they sleep.

One who hopelessly remembers
Cannot bear a dawning light,
He would rather watch the embers
Of a love that once was bright.

Who shall school the heart's affection?
Who shall banish my regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh! teach me to forget."

"Are you unhappy, Julia?" asked Lord Henry; "and if not, why sing that melancholy air?"

"I was thinking of my late misfortune," she replied—"thinking that I am a wretch, cast upon the wide world, dependant on your mother's bounty, without parent, friends, or kindred."

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"Oh, say not so, dearest Julia—say not so: I am sure nothing will give Lady Kennada greater pleasure than for you to remain with us. But there is another theme on which I wish to address you; on which my hope, my happiness, my all depends. The secret of this heart must now be told to you. Long, long and fervently have I loved you—I live but for you: you know my feelings—will you reject my love? Speak; suspense is intolerable."

She spoke in animated whispers—her hand was clasped in his—her ear was listening to the first avowal of his love—her pale cheek became flushed—her lips trembled. Hiding her face upon his breast, she murmured, that "her first love and her last was his." The first kiss of mutual affection was given and exchanged. Now—

"Away with your fictions of flimsy romance,
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has
wove!
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing
glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss
of love.
When age chills the blood, when our pleasures
are past,
For years fleet away with the wings of the
dove;
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of
love."

Lady Kennada immediately gave her consent, and the lovers were shortly afterwards united. Long and happily have they lived together: and often as Lord Henry looks with pride upon his beautiful bride, and lovely children, he recalls to mind the dreadful night of the storm, and thanks heaven that he hastened to answer the signal of distress—
The Minute Gun at Sea.

7, Bath Place, Kensington.

(To be continued.)

THE CROCUS.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

Oh, pleasant is the hopeful hour,
When from her lovely bed
We mark the early crocus' flower
Uprear her golden head!
To greet the first soft smile of spring,
She opes her joyous eye,
Ere blackthorn buds are blossoming,
Or sky lark sings on high.
When southern breezes melt the snow,
She struggles into birth,
And sheds a bright rejoicing glow,
Like sunshine on the earth.
We deem the weary winter past,
When from her darksome tomb
The merry crocus bursts at last,
In her perennial bloom.
And as her earthward part decays,
Her frame of living gold
Becomes, to our admiring gaze,
More beauteous to behold.
The shapeless bulb in autumn sown,
Is now a flower of spring,
The same 'tis call'd, yet all will own
It is another thing.
The bulb that slumbered in the ground,
Hath felt a quickening change,
And wakes with bright apparel crowned,
As beautiful as strange.
E'en thus the spirits of the just
In glorious form shall rise;
When God shall summon from the dust
His chosen to the skies.

Floral Sketches.

THE RANDOM SENTENCE,

Continued from page 71.

They had never met from that time to the moment in which we have found her at Lucombes, seated near a tall well formed young man, attired in black, who, with a smiling countenance and animated eye, was watching the every movement of Signora Romanzini, and paying her those thousand nameless attentions which plainly told he was her lover. The circle was completed by some half dozen fashionables of both sexes, who were all amusing and eager to be amused.

"Positively," said Lady Isabella Mornington, "the deities have this summer been propitious. I really think they have framed an act of parliament, wherein it is decreed and set forth that Brighton shall be illuminated by a sun hitherto unsurpassed for brilliance. Such delightful weather! Who was on the parade this morning?"

"I believe all present," replied Ausonia, "but the clouds were ill-natured enough to break some clause of the act, by showering their unwelcome favours upon us this morning."

"Ah!" cried Mr. Charles Mackenzie, one of the satellites round the planet *Mornington*; "but, I am credibly informed that the vapours merely acted in obedience to the commands of Sol himself, who most desperately envied the eyes beneath, which rivalled his glittering orb in brightness."

"I wish then his envious godship would have permitted me to secure my inestimable scrap book, previous to showing his spite," returned Miss Free-love.

"Dear Sonia," said Adelaide, "don't grieve about it, for I dare be sworn, if you employ that indefatigable creature, Jingle, he will search Brighton through, but he will restore it to you."

"Or send to Loder's, it may very probably have been left in his care," said the Honorable and Reverend Mr. Mowbray Clanwilliam, the young gentleman whose looks had been directed towards the Signora; "or, if you will honour me," he continued, "by enlisting me in your service, I will make a most diligent inquiry."

"You are a good creature," cried Adelaide, "and have anticipated the

request I was about to form, that you would lend your aid in dispelling the inconsolable dolour this untoward accident has occasioned our friend Ausonia."

"May I be confounded if this be not provoking," said Mackenzie, "I must absolutely go into holy orders myself, for the church and the sword seem to divide the fair sex between them."

"Indeed! that is a very presumptuous remark, and I should wish to know what foundation you have for making it," said the Honorable Miss Viper, pointing her nose most pugnaciously at Charles, "come, we'll have that cleared up."

"Probably Mr. Mackenzie imagined the two professions he mentioned as necessary evils. The one for our protection, and the other for absolving us of the follies of fashion," observed Ausonia, her soft heavenly voice assuming even a more harmonious tone than usual, from its contrast with the harsher notes of Miss Viper, which sounded not unlike a rusty hinge, when the door is opened to which it is attached.

"Humph!" said the Honorable Virgin.

"A truce with your explanations," said Lady Isabella, "they are incompatible with the enjoyment of the present hour. I wish the gardens had been open to-night, for I shall die with suffocation if I remain here. How charming would a moonlight walk upon the Steyne be now! Really, we are much indebted to the munificence and taste of the Royal Wales and noble Marlborough in providing that delightful promenade for our recreation."

"It is, indeed, an enchanting spot," observed Mr. Clanwilliam; "and when on such a night as this, the eye is arrested by the number of beautiful forms which flit across the velvet turf so lightly, as scarce to bow a blade of grass beneath their feet, when the light frolicsome laugh, accompanies the sweet tones of music to the ear, and when the heart is lifted to its Creator with those rapturous feelings which such a delightful *tout-ensemble* naturally excites; we can scarce divest ourselves from the wish of abiding for ever in a place, which

graced as I have described, almost meets our ideas of a paradise !”

“Humph !” ejaculated the Honorable Miss Viper, “I hate the look of the sea, and am always ill when I walk on the sands or even near them.”

“How strange,” said the lovely Italian, “nothing to me is more delightful, especially when in the society of those we esteem ;” and she stole a timid glance at her lover.

“We’ll have that cleared up ! What do you mean to insinuate by that ?” exclaimed Joan, snuffing. Fortunately, however, the voice of the immortal Ariosto Jingle, Esq., was heard softly murmuring inquiries after Miss Ausonia Freelove ; and in another moment his slim figure was seen gliding like a worm through the interstices of the surrounding walls of bonnets, ruffs, flounces and furbelows.

“By Jove, here comes that conceited ignoramus, Jingle,” said Charles.

“So much the better, we shall have something to laugh at,” returned Lady Isabella.

“He, he, he ! pray let me enjoy the laugh too. Who is it against ?” asked Ariosto, advancing.

“Only poor me, for being stupid enough to lose my Album this morning,” said Ausonia, with the amiable view of sparing poor Jingle’s feelings.

“Thin pray allow me to stand forth your champion, and proclaim it to be the very ‘*anodyne*’ of rudeness to *jist* with a lady’s misfortunes.”

“Valourously resolved,” said Adelaide, archly smiling, “and no doubt you will prove equally adventurous in endeavouring to remedy the misfortune.”

“*Anodyne* of beauty that thou art, my achievements have outstripped thy pleasing commands, which would inspire me with courage to do and dare all that was terrific,” replied Jingle, drawing from under his arm the lost scrap-book.

“What an inestimable creature you are, Jingle,” said Isabella. “I must retain you entirely as my own.”

“Nay, I will not be robbed of him,” said Ausonia, “he is my own true knight. But in the name of good fortune ! how came you to light upon this treasured shrine of sentiment and taste ?”

“Not three hours since it was thrust into my hands by a being whose man-

ners were stamped with the very anodyne of rudeness.”

“Pray, pardon me,” interrupted Charles, “but that is a singularly uncommon and beautiful expression, which you have thrice made use of. Can you favour me with the derivation of the word ?

Derivation—derivation—eh ! oh !—ay—he, he, he !—I cannot precisely call to mind at this instant, but am led to imagine it has its source from the first lines of an old song I have somewhere read, which were—

“*Ann—oh—dine* with me,
And thin we’ll walk near the sea.”

“Thank you, thank you,” said Mackenzie, laughing ; to conceal which, he took out his pocket-book, as if to note down the word : “I wish you could furnish me with the rest of the ballad ; as from the gentleman naming the sea, he was probably some conchologist in pursuit of his favourite study, to which the word you have mentioned, doubtless bears some analogy.”

“Conchologist—oh—ay—he, he, he !—a picker up of shells, and very profitable for the lady’s amusement.”

“Heyday, Jingle,” whispered Charles, “did you notice Miss Viper’s countenance, as you spoke ? She actually looked as direful as corrosive sublimate at you ?”

“Eh—cross looking substitute—oh—ay—he, he, he !—yes, she is a very cross looking substitute, sure enough.”

“In the names of Oxford and Cambridge, who and what is that unlettered fop ?” asked Mr. Clanwilliam in an under tone.

“His father, I believe, was a tailor,” answered Miss Freelove, “but having the honour to be knighted for some corporation service, he set up his carriage and forsook business ; consequently the son, all untutored as he is, was transferred from the shop to the haunts of fashion, where he contrives to introduce himself, and is in return laughed at. Yet let me beg that you will not treat him with ridicule, for he is perfectly harmless and sometimes useful ; besides, why distress one whose very insignificance should be his protection ? The summit of happiness to him is the permission to carry a lady’s parasol, tie her sandal, and be treated with common civility ; and surely, if

such trifles can confer pleasure, it would be cruel to render the poor fellow miserable."

"From my heart I laud your sentiments, Miss Freelove," said the young divine; "but pray ask him how he was clever enough to regain possession of what you considered irretrievably lost."

Ausonia consented, and requested Jingle to relate the adventures he had met with in her service.

"With the most obedient pleasure," he replied; "I was returning from Seaford, to which place I had been for the purpose of visiting a friend, and had reached as far as Rottingdean, when (my nerves shake at the thought!) a large beef coloured hand was laid upon the bridle of my horse."

"No!" ejaculated Adelaide

"You don't say so," cried Lady Isabella.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Ausonia.

"A positive fact, I assure ye;" and at the same time a stintorian voice shouted, "dismount!"

"You make my blood run cold," said Mackenzie.

"It certainly alarmed me very much. However, plucking up a good heart, I —"

"Knocked him down, I suppose," interrupted Charles.

"Eh!—no—I did as he desired me, and asked his pleasure; upon which the odious villain enquired if I would like to be pitched from the cliff into the sea; and on my asking him why I merited so terrible a fate, he said, for daring to string a pack of rhymes, which disgraced the pin that scrawled them in any lady's album."

"Ha—ha—ha!" re-echoed from most of the party, and even the gentle Ausonia could scarcely suppress a smile; but perceiving that poor Jingle was disconcerted, she begged him to proceed with that suavity of manner, for which she was so remarkable; and which like a cordial, was calculated to heal a wounded spirit.

Her soft voice immediately allayed Ariosto's dismay; and after a hem or two, he went on; "Upon my integrity," said I, "you are the very anodyne of ill-manners;" at which he gave a most stupid stare, and then taking the book from the side-pocket of his seaman's

coat, poked it into my hands, and desiring I would return it to Miss Ausonia Freelove, of the Marine Parade, Brighton, started off with the velocity of a steam-packet."

"How very singular," observed Ausonia, musing.

"Who could it be?" exclaimed Adelaide.

"Probably," said Mr. Clanwilliam, "it was some honest fisherman, who found it on the pier during the shower."

"He—he—he—he!" simpered Jingle, significantly.

In the meanwhile Ausonia had opened the book, and was carelessly running her eye over the pages, when it rested upon the verses which Seabright had written. She read them with some astonishment, and then silently pointed them out to the two other ladies, who attentively perused the lines.

"Oh gracious!—how charming!—quite a romance—an unknown unseen lover," exclaimed Signora Romanzini, in a delightful tone.

"The dear creature," said Lady Isabella; "who can he possibly be?"

"He is a complete Moore," rejoined the former.

"Byron never wrote better," resumed the latter.

"'Pon my integrity, ladies, you flatter too much," said Ariosto.

"Do you think so; you have read it then," interrupted Ausonia.

"He—he—he! I can confidently say yes, being the humble individual from whose imagination the poetry emanated."

"You!" reiterated all present, with astonishment.

"Me!" repeated Jingle, smiling; then blushing at having smiled, and again smiling because he blushed.

"Why man, you must be mistaken," said Mackenzie, "or how the devil,"—asking the ladies pardon for naming his Satanic Majesty, can you venture to assert that you are addressing an unseen beauty?"

"If I have, I must have done it unknowingly; for by the Georgium Sidus and its moons, I have forgotten all about it."

"The verses are certainly pretty, though evidently the production of a Tyro," observed Ausonia, smiling, but without correcting the mistake into

which poor Jingle had fallen, who was indulging himself in the happy supposition that the praises of the ladies were lavished upon his unfortunate solitary verse; as he had not observed the addition which Seabright had made.

"Tyro—eh?—oh—ay—he—he—he!—yis, I flatter myself that I am a perfect anodyne of a Tyro!"

"Oh, I have no doubt in the world that you are. We all know you to be possessed of wonderful abilities; but I wish we could get you to set about discovering who it was from whom you received the book," said Isabella.

"Most exquisite Lady Isabella, how blist am I in being able to oblige you instantler. Behold," continued Jingle, producing a card: "when that devilish brute I was tilling you of, took the book from his side-pocket, he accidentally dropped a card-case, therein contained, from which flew this card; and I, unperceived by him, placed my foot upon it, until he had vanished, and thin secured it, hoping by its means to discover the offender."

Lady Isabella Mornington took the card and read aloud, 'Captain J. Seabright, R.N., George's Hotel.' "Good—good," said she; "he is at all events a gentleman, and I am half in love with him already."

"For ever do you torment me thus, Isabella?" said Charles. "But for Heaven's sake," he continued, "what is the matter with Miss Viper? she was laughing and chatting with my friend Phillipson but a minute ago, and now she seems as though she would devour us all with her eyes, were that possible."

"Are you ill, madam?" asked Ausonia, kindly advancing to the assistance of Miss Viper, who seemed gasping for breath.

"No, no," she replied, thrusting the lovely girl from her, and pretending to laugh: but there was something terrible in her voice; and her agitation, blended with her attempt at laughter, made it resemble in tone the clattering sound produced by the fall of a harp, which crashes and jingles at the same moment.

"I ask pardon, madam," said Miss Free love, mildly; "but I thought you appeared excited."

"We'll have that cleared up,—what

should excite me?" cried Joan, reddening: "I suppose you think you may scorn and scoff me, at the same time, with impunity; but beware—*for—for—*" here, finding her emotions were hurrying her beyond herself, the old maid rose abruptly, and quitted the place.

"Follow her, Jingle," said Mackenzie, "and try to allay her perturbed spirit. You will amuse each other famously."

"Me! Lard Gad, you might as well sit two snowballs to keep each other warm," replied the youth, affrighted at the bare idea of an encounter with Miss Viper.

"Her feelings seemed roused by, the mention of Seabright's name," said the young clergyman; "who, I was about to observe, I am intimately acquainted with."

"Indeed. Then you can inform us whether he may be safely tolerated as a contributor to Ausonia's collection of scraps?" said the fair Italian.

"I will give you his character in a few words. He is a perfect gentleman; and though, perhaps, slightly tintured with the roughness of his profession, he has all its inherent frankness and sincerity."

"Then you are perfectly at liberty to introduce him when you please," said Lady Isabella, who seized with avidity every opportunity of tyrannizing over the heart, and exciting the jealous feelings of her devoted admirer, Charles Mackenzie. "Besides," continued she, "I have some knowledge of him myself. We were introduced at a party not many evenings ago, and I like him vastly."

"But, my dear Isabella, will it be quite prudent to suffer a gentleman to be introduced to our circle, who so far presumed as to open a book which did not belong to him, and write verses to one he never saw?" said Ausonia.

"Pshaw," exclaimed the Signora. "A thousand to one that he has met you fifty times, my sweet 'Sonia, and secretly adores you. Oh, lud! it is charming. We shall have a duel fought every morning, before he will be able to clear away your annoying butterflies so as to approach you himself."

"Hush!" said Clanwilliam; "he has just entered the room."

Mr. Clanwilliam was not mistaken.

Seabright came in, while he was speaking, in some perturbation, having met Miss Viper at the entrance, who, as she passed him, whispered in his ear the word "REVENGE," in the same low harrowing tone which she had spoken it on the occasion of his offending her on the Continent, many years before.

"Captain, I am happy to see you," said the young clergyman, advancing to meet Seabright; "pray allow me to introduce you to that select circle of friends which I have so frequently mentioned as divesting my every leisure hour of care and ennui."

"You do me honour, my dear sir," said Seabright, his natural diffidence overcome by the anticipated pleasure of an introduction to those friends of whom Clanwilliam had spoken so highly; "and I deem myself particularly fortunate in thus meeting you," he added, as he advanced with animation to the circle of beauty, behind which Ausonia timidly shrank.

"Ladies," said Clanwilliam, "the fair should ever be acquainted with the brave; I therefore make no apology in presenting, as a candidate for your favour, an intimate friend who has recently returned from foreign service—Captain Seabright. I need not name Lady Isabella Mornington to you, as I believe you are already acquainted."

He then, in due order, presented him to the rest: but when our hero heard the name of Ausonia Freeloze, and saw her blushing countenance as she tremblingly returned his salutation, he could scarcely support himself under the confusion of the moment. Lady Isabella observed this, and maliciously resolved to heighten it."

"Oh, Captain Seabright," she said, "I don't wonder at your looking at Miss Freeloze; she is in such shocking trouble about a scrap-book, in which somebody——"

"Dear Isabella," said Ausonia, imploringly.

"Don't agitate yourself, my love," returned the lady. "Well, Captain, as I was saying, somebody—some unknown personage has been scribbling in her book——"

"Bliss my soul!" said Jingle, "here must be some mistake: the poetry, ladies, which you did the honour of

commending so much, was, as I said before, written by me."

"Bah!" we allude to a different thing," said Mackenzie.

"Madam," said Seabright, partly recovering himself, "notwithstanding the shame with which it overwhelms me, I am compelled to confess it was none other than myself who was so egregiously conceited as to insert the poor attempt Lady Mornington alluded to, in your folio, which I had the pleasure of rescuing from the hands of a rascal whom I observed snatch it from you. I can therefore only apologize, and trust to your lenity for pardon."

"But my good fellow, as you appear aware there is such little merit attached to your poetry, how the devil came you to pin it? And how should you like, by way of punishment, to be pitched into the sea—eh, thou anodyne of ill manners?" said Ariosto, who had now looked into the album, and smoked the whole affair.

"Mr. Jingle, pray be my glove-bearer, whilst I arrange this stray curl," said Adelaide, wishing to avert the consequence of this speech, which Seabright's eye seemed to threaten.

"Ausonia, love, you do not answer Captain Seabright," said Isabella.

"I—I scarce know what to say. Indeed, sir, as I consider your lines an addition to my store, and have only to regret that as fancy had drawn so flattering a likeness of its possessor, so pleasing a picture should be dispelled by the original."

"Nay, there you do yourself and me injustice, my dear madam; for had the original been before my eyes, the merits ought to have excelled Anacreon's richest effort at female portraiture. But I see a lady about to join our circle."

"It is Mrs. Dowdeswell, aunt to your humble servant," said Lady Isabella Mornington.

"Dowdeswell," repeated Seabright; "surely I have heard that name, as being an intimate friend of an aunt of my own, named Rokeby, but whom I have not seen since I was a mere child, on account of her living almost wholly in France."

"It is as you say," returned Isabella; "but here comes my worthy relation; she will be delighted to see you."

On Mrs. Dowdeswell being introduced to our hero, she expressed considerable pleasure, and good-naturedly made him sit between her and Ausonia; to have, as she termed it, "a little bit of chat." She was a comely, good-humoured widow; possessing pleasing manners; and from her appearance would never be guessed at more than fifty-five years of age, although in reality she was upwards of seventy; which secret we do not hesitate to reveal from any fears of provoking her anger, as she was particularly proud of her age.

During the conversation Seabright gradually regained confidence. He entertained the old lady with nautical anecdotes—filled Ausonia's mind with wonder, and her eyes with tears, by descriptive pictures of the terrors of the ocean, and the disasters of war. He rattled with Lady Isabella—discussed the merits of music, and her sister art, poetry, with Signora Romanzini—joked with Mackenzie, and Clanwilliam, and was gay and enlivening with all. This was a matter of equal surprize to himself, and his friend Clanwilliam, as he was generally so remarkable for diffidence amongst strangers.

At length, however, two young ladies, daughters of Mrs. Dowdeswell, entered, leaning on the arm of their brother, and announced that the concert to which they had been listening was concluded.

"Then it is time to return home," said Mrs. Dowdeswell: "come girls, are you all ready to go?"

"Oh yes," was the reply; and the fair trio arose to depart; Seabright internally vowing vengeance upon Lucombe for putting a stop to the amusements so early, and thus interrupting the happiness he was enjoying.

"Come," said Lady Isabella to Jingle; "I am resolved to lure you from Miss Freelove's side; so shew your gallantry, and assist me to my carriage. Mr. Mackenzie, do you relieve Mr. Dowdeswell of one of his sisters; Mr. Clanwilliam will see to Adelaide; and as Captain Seabright has smelt gunpowder in his life, he must take a double charge, for I shall consign my aunt and Ausonia to his protection. There now, very well indeed. You have all obeyed me as every commanding officer should

be; and now, as the ranks are formed, quick march;" so saying, the lively and charming girl, with Jingle, formed the advanced guard, and the happy Seabright, with his charges, brought up the rear.

On the carriages of Mrs. Dowdeswell and Lady Mornington drawing up, our hero would have taken leave; but the good lady was so pleased at seeing and conversing with the nephew of her early playfellow, and later friend, that she insisted upon his accompanying them. "Besides," she added, "as he at first declined, it is absolutely necessary, or else these giddy girls will laugh at poor Sonia and myself, and declare that she is too young, and I too old, to be able either of us to have the protection of a lover as well as themselves."

"What, madam, will Miss Freelove return with you?"

"To be sure, my dear sir; she has been committed by her father to my care, together with my niece and Signora Romanzini, during the whole summer, so I am responsible for their safety," she added, laughing.

"A fair wind and a wet sail," thought Seabright to himself; and he now joyfully accepted the invitation; and having assisted the ladies into the carriage, he sprang lightly after them: and although the distance they had to go was not three hundred yards, yet he found time to say three hundred enlivening things; and by the time they stopped to alight, three hundred years could not have established a closer friendship than each conceived for the other.

A few moments sufficed to find the lively party seated in the drawing-room of a handsome house on the Marine Parade; where, with smiling lips and sparkling eyes, the gentlemen were welcomed by the ladies.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Dowdeswell, "you are most of you aware that I was born and bred in the north of England; therefore don't suffer your fashionable feelings to be shocked, when I say that I am about to follow up the good old north-country custom of giving you a supper; which despite of haut-ton, is far better than the present inhospitable fashion termed by some 'The Ghost'; so while I am giving the

necessary orders, be good boys and girls, and you may play at blindman's-buff, or any other pretty game you prefer."

"What a dear good soul it is," said Adelaide, as Mrs. Dowdeswell left the room; "she thinks of nothing but to make us happy."

"And we cannot do better than adopt her advice," said Isabella; "a game at romps is what I dearly love."

"Surely you will not be madheaded enough to propose the childish game your aunt mentioned," whispered Ausonia.

"Certainly not, Miss Prudence; but I shall put it to the vote whether our friends will join me in going through a set of quadrilles, or a game at romps—I am ready for either. Come, dear 'Sonia, you must assist me to canvas."

It may be readily conceived that none opposed the beauteous candidates for dancing; but the question was, how to procure music.

"Oh! I will be musician," cried Adelaide, flying to her harp, and passing her slender fingers across its strings; "and if Mr. Dowdeswell will lend Mr. Clanwilliam his flute, we will contrive to supply the want of a band, and there will be then the precise number left for the dance."

"I will fetch the flute instantly," said the young gentleman; "and in the meanwhile, gents, secure your partners. Lady Isabella is already mine."

"Thin, sweet Miss Freelove, may I big the honour of your hand in the dance?" said Jingle, with a soft smile, and a bow which he meant to be very engaging.

"You are behind the wind, sir," interrupted Seabright, "the lady has already done me that honour."

"For mercy's sake, beware madam!" whispered Ariosto; "this is the fillow that was so rude to me on the cliff this morning."

"I have to ask your pardon, sir," said our hero, overhearing him; "for my roughness this morning, which was assumed as a disguise, and when I add that, my wish for concealment was grounded in a good cause, you will, I hope, accept my apology."

"My very worthy, sir," said Ariosto, shaking his hand, "since you apologize, that is all I require;" so saying, Vol. II.—No. 10.

he tripped across the room to secure the hand of Miss Susannah Dowdeswell, whose brother now returned with his flute, which Clanwilliam, who was an excellent performer, immediately applied to his lips, and soon the light feet of the party beat time to its ravishing tones.

I was in a snug corner of the room myself at the time, and never remember to have dwelt with more pleasure upon what was passing before me. All was glittering with happiness, and far from the dull unmeaning countenances so frequently to be observed in the most splendid ball-rooms, every face in the gay band was gilded with a sunny smile. It was, as Sterne says, "a dance of the heart." The ærial forms of the ladies bounded like shooting stars in every direction, seeming to defy the eye to follow them, whilst the somewhat graver step of the men formed a pleasing contrast not unlike the rich touches of shade introduced by a master hand in his pictures. Seabright appeared actually handsome, as his pallid features were lit up with the glow of gaiety, and caught the reflection of Ausonia's glistening eyes. When he took her hand, it seemed to dissolve in his; and as his arm encircled her slender waist to support her in the fascinating waltz, he fancied himself treading upon air; nor were my ears less charmed than my sight; for had the sounds which Adelaide drew from her harp, proceeded from Paradise itself, they could scarcely have been more enchanting, mellowed as they were by Clanwilliam's flute; and as I caught the outline of her bending form and long streaming hair, through the trembling strings of the instrument; imagination embodied her as some imprisoned Peri, embarking, on the brisk zephyrs which flew around the gilded cage, her strains for liberty. Long—long may it be ere the scene fades from my memory!

By twelve o'clock supper was announced, and after discussing its merits in a tangible way, Terpsichore again was called upon to preside; nor was it till the natural light of day superseded the artificial illuminations of midnight, that her votaries sought the refreshment of slumber.

Seabright after this was a daily visitor. Was the weather dull, he read

to the ladies, or assisted in their little family concerts : when fine, he accompanied them in their excursions, pointed out the beauties of nature, contrasted them with scenes of other climes, and related events with which in the mind they were assimilated. He delighted in drawing forth the remarks of Ausonia, and dwelling upon their beauty, as with all the force and enthusiasm of her nature, she ascribed every thing tending to delight, or impress with instructive awe, to the beneficence of a Creator.

Still Seabright's happiness was not without alloy ; wherever he went, the Honorable Miss Viper, like an invisible thing, was near to cast her influence like a spell around him. Faces, whose smiles he courted, looked coldly on him : did he inquire the cause ?—some unknown enemy had circulated a tale to his discredit. Once on paying his usual visit at Mrs. Dowdeswell's, he observed a marked coolness in the behaviour of Ausonia, and on offering his arm, she declined, and seemed to shrink from him, as she observed that it was not her intention to walk that day. In explanation of this enigma, young Dowdeswell gave him to understand that she had heard of his breaking his plighted troth to a hapless foreigner who died broken hearted in consequence. " But," continued the young man, " I discredit the tale entirely ; therefore, do not be uneasy, as I will soon convince Miss Freelove of its falsity." Seabright thanked him and they parted.

Scandal, utterly without foundation, and uncorroborated by any proofs or coinciding circumstances, seldom makes more than a fleeting impression, unless persons be predisposed to believe it. A short reflection convinced Ausonia, that she was wrong in suffering an ex-parte statement, wholly unsupported by evidence, to have the slightest influence on her behaviour towards a gentleman whom she had heard spoken of in the highest terms by her friend Clanwilliam. The latter, upon the report being mentioned in his presence, wholly discountenanced it, and boldly affirmed that Seabright was incapable of such an action ; and, moreover, added he, I am positive that the Captain has never been on any part of the Conti-

nent since he was sixteen. Miss Freelove at once, therefore, resumed her former frankness and affability, and endeavoured to make the amende for the apparent caprice of her behaviour.

It is now necessary that the reader and Mr. Alfred Dowdeswell should be better acquainted. He was a young man, of six-and-twenty, by no means remarkable for any talents beyond the common run of ordinary beings, save one in which he was unsurpassed, namely, dissimulation, a key on which was strung every action he committed, with their motives and tendencies. Of this quality, however, he remained unsuspected, as there was certainly no trace to be discovered in that almost universal mirror of the mind,—his eyes ; which were dull and unmeaning, and possessed rather a dubious hue, as it required a strict scrutiny to discover whether they were blue, grey, or green. His nose was broad and turned up at the end, with a sort of scornful twist ; the sneering expression of which was by no means softened by his pursed lips and jagged teeth. A low sinister forehead, partly hid by his long straight hair, completed his disagreeable cast of countenance.

With regard to his character, little more need be said than that avarice was his ruling passion, to which every other was subservient. For the lucre of gain, he would hesitate at no action however mean and base, and however beneath a gentleman. Did it redound to his pecuniary interest, he would second the most villainous designs of the lowest sharper, but at the same time feel not the slightest hesitation at turning round upon his first employer and betraying him, if by so doing he could increase the weight of his purse. He was an expert gambler, and well known at the " hells" of the metropolis, and by many as an expert " pigeon hunter," although his profound dissimulation enabled him to conceal that part of his character from the greatest portion of the society in which he moved.

This young man had formerly made proposals of his hand and fortune to Miss Freelove ; probably attracted less by the loveliness of her person and mind, than by her fortune, which was very considerable ; but meeting with a repulse, he resolved upon retaliation for

the imagined insult; and observing a congenial spirit in the Honourable Miss Viper, he broached the subject to her, and artfully extracted from her a full account of the first cause of her enmity towards Seabright. Finding that such a trifling cause was sufficient to excite her venomous desire of revenge, notwithstanding the lapse of time which had intervened, he at once perceived that if any one was calculated to further his purposes, it was Miss Viper. He therefore fanned the flame of her hatred against Seabright, and excited still more the dislike which envy of her superior beauty and virtues had evidently inspired her with against the amiable Ausonia. He then imparted his desires; and in return received a promise from this vindictive woman of performing any part tending to revenge upon Captain S., and likely to wound one whom she deeply envied for her superior mental and personal attractions. But the wily Alfred did not attain this necessary step towards the completion of his plans, without having first secured Joan in a manner, which, though revolting in the extreme from her personal ugliness, placed a thread in his hand, from which a dagger was suspended ready to fall, and wound her in the most sensitive part, should she attempt hereafter to circumvent his plans.

Of these plans, something may be gleaned in elucidation by the following colloquy which took place betwixt these confederate disciples of Machiavel, a few mornings succeeding that on which Dowdeswell had hinted the cause of Ausonia's coldness towards Seabright; since which, however, Miss Freelove had shewn her disbelief of the reports by the kindness of her behaviour towards the Captain.

"Well, Alfred," said Miss Viper, on the former entering her apartment, "what success?"

"But indifferent," replied Dowdeswell; "we are likely, I fear, to be frustrated by Lady Isabella, unless we are wary how we tread the slippery path upon which we have entered."

"We'll have that cleared up. How is it possible for such a thing to happen?"

"Nay, in mercy's sake hear me out without interruption," returned Alfred.

"I have succeeded in making Seabright—now pray don't turn pale at the name—I have been successful, as I was about to observe, in persuading him of my friendship, from the manner in which I have disclaimed all belief of the reports against him. This is one point gained; but our plot is likely to be marred from his incredulity concerning the tale I forged of his friend Clanwilliam loving and being beloved by Ausonia. The latter is equally incredulous about Adelaide's penchant for Seabright; and to crown all, my Lady Isabella has most convincingly proved to Miss Freelove that the Captain has not been in Italy since he was sixteen; and consequently, if the report had any foundation, it could only be in a boyish flirtation. Again you start, Joan!"

This was said in a similar tone, and with the similar intent to the action with which an expert angler, when he finds his prey has caught at the bait, will twitch his rod to fix the hook still firmer in the wound it has made. Joan felt it, and exclaimed with bitterness,

"I do start; for well do I remember the time and the circumstances. The recollection maddens me; and mayfiends torment me if I devote another hour to pleasure until I have fixed the canker worm so securely in the heart of Seabright, that nothing can prevent it from eating away the false organ, and leaving a dreary blank in its place. Alfred, for revenge! I have given up my person to you; and now will I, in addition, bestow all the wealth I possess, if you can but be instrumental in crushing that reptile's hopes and happiness; at the same time you avenge your own wrongs upon Ausonia Freelove."

"Humph," ejaculated Dowdeswell. "I did intend to fix him as my prey at the gaming-table; however, I will not deny that I shall profit more by accepting your offer, therefore let me have an advance of five hundred, and I will not only make common cause with you, but enter heart and soul into your design, of which I will give an instant proof."

A cheque was soon filled up for the sum required; and Alfred Dowdeswell, drawing a small book from his pocket, said, "You see, Joan, I suffer nothing to escape me—look at these," and he produced two small pieces of folded paper.

"I see nothing remarkable in them," said Miss Viper, casting a careless glance, as she unfolded them; "there is nothing written within."

"Know you not that a cloak of spotless white will often shield a form possessing not that innocence which is painted in consonance to the colour," returned Alfred, fixing his large leaden eyes upon Joan as he spoke, whilst the slight and almost imperceptible curl upon his lip bespoke his inward scorn for the woman he was addressing. "These fair slips of paper may be made to cover as much mischief as does the shell of a Congreve rocket. Look at the addresses; they are envelopes to letters written by my mother's protégé to Clanwilliam and Seabright, inviting them to a dinner party: the one to the former was penned by Ausonia, that to the latter by Adelaide; but it chanced that these invitations were superseded by verbal ones, so I possessed myself

of them. Now should this tar-barrel lover of—of—Miss Freelove (and he emphasized the word, being one who cared little whether friend or foe felt the pain he loved to inflict) make proposals to the lady—which I doubt not he soon will—we may so contrive it that these covers may enclose other notes than those written by the parties."

"I see it all—I see it all," cried Joan, looking venomously; "and now the sooner his love-tale is told, the sooner will Seabright be in my power; and then, when he fancies himself upon the pinnacle of happiness, shall its basement give way, and he be crushed amid the ruins."

"And then shall I glut as I see the tear of misery steal from the scornful eyes which dared to glance with contempt upon me, when I stooped to supplicate their approving light," muttered Alfred, in a sarcastic tone.

(*To be continued.*)

IMPROMPTU ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. SNOW STRAHAN, TO MISS FISHER, AT CHARTER-HOUSE.

WHENCE is that gleam of beauty bright,
Which over *Carthuse* sheds a light,
As is not wont in cloistered fane?

It is the hymeneal train!
Fluttering about are Venus' doves,
All the Graces, all the Loves;
While youths and gentle maids around,
Skimming along the hallowed bound,
With joyous smile, yet tender sigh,
Bespeak the fair betrothed nigh;—
And *He*, the envied one, to share
With her, propitious Hymen's care.
O, tardy Spring, thy roseate shower,—
Hasten to deck a nuptial bower.

Happiest nymph, and happiest swain,
Free from sorrow, free from pain;
Loving and loved—each genial day
Pass sweetly o'er your tranquil sway;
And give to all your 'tendant throng,
Example for an annual song!

So, *Rawlings*, * prays your ancient bard;
The joy he feels—his sweet reward.

SENEX.

* Late Commissary-General, the bride's maternal Uncle.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP BOOK.

No. II.

TO A LADY IN MOURNING.

BY J. C. HALL, ESQ.—AUTHOR OF “THE STORM,” “MISCELLANEOUS POETRY,”
&c. &c.

“If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
’Tis sheer ill-nature—don’t the world know best?”—BYRON.
“And bear about the mockery of woe,
To midnight dances, and the public show.”—POPE.

WHY? why that sober air put on,
Those mournful weeds of sable hue?
Can grief and sorrow blend in one,
Or woe approach us join’d with you?
Away! away! in vain such mocks
To reconcile a paradox.

Tho’ clad in black those tell-tale eyes,
Discover clearly the deceit;
Swear that your dress your heart belies,
And every ribbon aids the cheat:
Sol hides behind a cloud his light,
But shall we therefore say “’tis night?”

Like Cynthia you indeed appear,
And people have it for that reason;
Your robe in such a dismal geer—
But soft, I must not deal in treason;
Howe’er you know the moon is found,
More shining for the darkness round.

Thus far the poet—now the friend,—
Distinguished people, doctors say,
Should not e’en seemingly offend,
For fear they lead the weak astray;—
This in religious points is true,
And just the case ’twixt us and you.

Seen in such woeful trappings clad,
Some guided by the outward show
May think you in good earnest sad;
Quick then the sombre robes forego,
Lest gaining too assured belief,
You make men fall in love with grief.

Bath Place, Kensington, 1837.

Literature, Reviews, &c.

The Pickwick Club. Part XI.

Chapman and Hall, Strand.

THE present part contains some excellent papers, equal in point of humour to any of their predecessors; also two wood engravings accompany the number, after the style of Cruikshanks, in one of which we perceive poor Pickwick on the ice in rather a dangerous situation. We extract the following for the amusement of our readers:—

How the Pickwickians made and cultivated the acquaintance of a couple of nice young men belonging to one of the liberal professions; how they disported themselves on the Ice; and how their visit came to a conclusion.

"Well Sam," said Mr. Pickwick as that favoured servitor entered his bed-chamber with his warm water, on the morning of Christmas Day, "Still frosty?"

"Water in the wash-hand basin's a mask o' ice, Sir," responded Sam.

"Severe weather, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick.

"Fine time for them as is well wropped up, as the Polar Bear said to himself, ven he was practising his skaiting," replied Mr. Weller.

"I shall be down in a quarter of an hour, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, untying his nightcap.

"Wery good, Sir," replied Sam. "There's a couple o' Sawbones down stairs."

"A couple of what!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, sitting up in bed.

"A couple o' Sawbones," said Sam.

"What's a Sawbones?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, not quite certain whether it was a live animal, or something to eat.

"What! don't you know what a Sawbones is, sir?" inquired Mr. Weller; "I thought every body know'd as a Sawbones was a Surgeon."

"Oh, a Surgeon, eh?" said Mr. Pickwick with a smile.

"Just that, sir," replied Sam. "These here ones as is below, though, aint reg'lar thorough-bred Sawbones; they're only in trainin'."

"In other words, they're Medical Students, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Sam Weller nodded assent.

"I am glad of it," said Mr. Pickwick, casting his night cap energetically on the counterpane, "They are fine fellows; very fine fellows, with judgments matured by observation and reflection; and tastes refined by reading and study. I am very glad of it."

"There's a smokin' cigars by the kitchen fire," said Sam.

"Ah!" observed Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands, "overflowing with kindly feelings and animal spirits. Just what I like to see!"

"And one on 'em," said Sam, not noticing his master's interruption, "one on 'em's got his legs on the table, and is a drinkin' brandy neat, vile the tother one—him in the barnacles—has got a barrel o' oysters atween his knees, vich he's a openin' like steam, and as fast as he eats 'em, he takes a aim vith the shells at young drosy, who's a settin' down fast asleep, in the chimbley corner."

"Eccentricities of genius, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "You may retire."

Sam did retire accordingly; and Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of the quarter of an hour, went down to breakfast.

"Here he is at last," said old Wardle.

"Pickwick, this is Miss Allen's brother, Mr. Benjamin Allen—Ben we call him, and so may you if you like. This gentleman is his very particular friend, Mr.—"

"Mr. Bob Sawyer," interposed Mr. Benjamin Allen, whereupon Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen laughed in concert.

Mr. Pickwick bowed to Bob Sawyer, and Bob Sawyer bowed to Mr. Pickwick; Bob and his very particular friend then applied themselves most assiduously to the eatables before them; and Mr. Pickwick had an opportunity of glancing at them both.

Mr. Benjamin Allen was a coarse, thick-set young man, with black hair cut rather short, and a white face cut rather long. He was embellished with spectacles, and wore a white neckerchief. Below his single-breasted black surtout, which was buttoned up to his chin, appeared the usual number of pepper-and-salt coloured legs, terminating in a pair of imperfectly polished boots.

Although his coat was short in the sleeves, it disclosed no vestige of a linen wristband; and although there was quite enough of his face to admit of the encroachment of a shirt collar, it was not graced by the smallest approach to that appendage. He presented altogether rather a mildewy appearance, and emitted a fragrant odour of full-flavoured Cubas.

Mr. Bob Sawyer, who was habited in a coarse blue coat, which, without being either a great coat or a surtout, partook of the nature and qualities of both, had about him that sort of slovenly smartness, and swaggering gait, which is peculiar to young gentlemen who smoke in the streets by day, shout and scream in the same by night, call weighters by their christian names, and do various other acts and deeds of an equally facetious description. He wore a pair of plaid trousers, and a large double-breasted waistcoat; and out of doors, carried a thick stick with a big top. He eschewed gloves, and looked, upon the whole, something like a dissipated Robinson Crusoe.

Such were the two worthies to whom Mr. Pickwick was introduced, as he took his seat at the breakfast table on Christmas morning.

"Splendid morning, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Bob Sawyer slightly nodded his assent to the proposition, and asked Mr. Benjamin Allen for the mustard.

"Have you come far this morning, gentlemen?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Blue Lion at Muggleton," briefly responded Mr. Allen.

"You should have joined us last night," said Mr. Pickwick.

"So we should," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer, "but the brandy was too good to leave in a hurry: wasn't it, Ben?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Benjamin Allen; "and the cigars were not bad, nor the pork chops either: were they, Bob?"

"Decidedly not," said Bob. And the particular friends resumed their attack upon the breakfast more freely than before, as if the recollection of last night's supper had imparted a new relish to the meal.

"Peg away, Bob," said Mr. Allen to his companion, encouragingly.

"So I do," replied Bob Sawyer. And so, to do him justice, he did.

"Nothing like dissecting to give one an appetite," said Mr. Bob Sawyer, looking round the table.

Mr. Pickwick slightly shuddered.

"By the bye, Bob," said Mr. Allen, "have you finished that leg yet?"

"Nearly," replied Sawyer, helping himself to half a fowl as he spoke.

"It's a very muscular one for a child's."

"Is it?" inquired Mr. Allen, carelessly.

"Very," said Bob Sawyer, with his mouth full.

"I've put my name down for an arm, at our place," said Mr. Allen. "We're clubbing for a subject, and the list is nearly full, only we can't get hold of any fellow that wants a head. I wish you'd take it."

"No," replied Bob Sawyer: "can't afford expensive luxuries."

"Nonsense!" said Allen.

"Can't indeed," rejoined Bob Sawyer. "I wouldn't mind a brain, but I couldn't stand a whole head."

"Hush, hush, gentlemen, pray," said Mr. Pickwick, "I hear the ladies."

As Mr. Pickwick spoke, the ladies, gallantly escorted by Messrs. Snodgrass, Winkle, and Tupman, returned from an early walk.

"Lor, Ben!" said Arabella, in a tone which expressed more surprise than pleasure at the sight of her brother.

"Come to take you hometo-morrow," replied Benjamin.

Mr. Winkle turned pale.

"Don't you see Bob Sawyer, Arabella?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, somewhat reproachfully. Arabella gracefully held out her hand, in acknowledgment of Bob Sawyer's presence. A thrill of hatred struck to Mr. Winkle's heart, as Bob Sawyer inflicted on the proffered hand a perceptible squeeze.

"Ben, dear!" said Arabella, blushing; "have—have—you been introduced to Mr. Winkle?"

"I have not been, but I shall be very happy to be, Arabella," replied her brother gravely. Here Mr. Allen bowed grimly to Mr. Winkle, while Mr. Winkle and Mr. Bob Sawyer glanced mutual distrust out of the corners of their eyes.

The arrival of the two new visitors,

and the consequent check upon Mr. Winkle and the young lady with the fur round her boots, would in all probability have proved a very unpleasant interruption to the hilarity of the party, had not the cheerfulness of Mr. Pickwick, and the good humour of the host, been exerted to the very utmost for the common weal. Mr. Winkle gradually insinuated himself into the good graces of Mr. Benjamin Allen, and even joined in a friendly conversation with Mr. Bob Sawyer; who, enlivened with the brandy, and the breakfast, and the talking, gradually ripened into a state of extreme facetiousness, and related with much glee an agreeable anecdote, about the removal of a tumour on some gentleman's head, which he illustrated by means of an oyster-knife and a half-quartern loaf, to the great edification of the assembled company. Then the whole train went to church, where Mr. Benjamin Allen fell fast asleep; while Mr. Bob Sawyer abstracted his thoughts from worldly matters, by the ingenious process of carving his name on the seat of the pew, in corpulent letter of about four inches long.

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, with the agreeable items of strong-beer and cherry-brand, had been done ample justice to; "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skait, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes; oh, yes;" replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skait, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it *so* much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skaits."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had got a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more, down stairs, whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller, having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight; and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skaits, on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skaits than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skaits were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, Sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop," said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, Sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, Sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skaits; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle staggering.

"I'm afeared there's an orkard gen'lm'n in 'em, Sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just agoin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller, "I find I've got a couple of coats at home, that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away, to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank—"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian; and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have ensured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skaits. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

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"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skaits off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated, Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skaits off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it, in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the by-standers; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what!" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir, I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavours cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon, in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a two-penny postman's knock upon it, with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

P

"It looks a nice warm exercise that, doesn't?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does, indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please Mr. Pickwick," cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skaits with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company; come along." And away went the good tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a bilin', sir," said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing, to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony: to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up: to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started: to contemplate the

playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down, (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardour and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it, and Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any person who might be within hearing, the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might and main.

It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer, on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—

for only one instant," bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake," roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being, that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so, for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible, bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant; and three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller; presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr.

Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart, by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen chimney was on fire—a calamity which always presented itself in the most glowing colours to the old lady's mind, when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner; a bowl of punch was carried up afterwards, and a grand carouse held in honour of his safety. Old Wardle would not hear of his rising, so they made the bed the chair, and Mr. Pickwick presided. A second and a third bowl were ordered in; and when Mr. Pickwick awoke next morning, there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him, which proves, as Mr. Bob Sawyer very justly observed, that there is nothing like hot punch in such cases, and that if ever hot punch did fail to act as a preventive, it was merely because the patient fell into the vulgar error of not taking enough of it.

The jovial party broke up next morning. Breakings up are capital things in our school days, but in after life they are painful enough. Death, self-interest, and fortune's changes, are every day breaking up many a happy groupe and scattering them far and wide; and the boys and girls never come back again. We do not mean to say that it was exactly the case in this particular instance; all we wish to inform the reader is, that the different members of the party dispersed to their several homes; that Mr. Pickwick and his friends once more took their seats on the top of the Muggleton coach; and that Arabella Allen repaired to her place of destination, wherever it might have been—we dare say Mr. Winkle knew, but we confess we don't—under the care and guardianship of her brother Benjamin, and his most intimate and particular friend, Mr. Bob Sawyer.

Before they separated, however, that gentleman and Mr. Benjamin Allen drew Mr. Pickwick aside with an air of some mystery; and Mr. Bob Sawyer, thrusting his forefinger between two of Mr. Pickwick's ribs, and thereby displaying his native drollery, and his

knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame, at one and the same time, inquired—

"I say, old boy, where do you hang out?"

Mr. Pickwick replied that he was at present suspended at the George and Vulture.

"I wish you'd come and see me," said Bob Sawyer.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"There's my lodgings," said Mr. Bob Sawyer, producing a card, "Lant Street, Borough; it's near Guy's, and handy for me, you know. Little distance after you've passed Saint George's Church—turns out of the High Street on the right hand side the way."

"I shall find it," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Come on Thursday week, and bring some of the other chaps with you," said Mr. Bob Sawyer, "I'm going to have a few medical fellows that night."

Mr. Pickwick expressed the pleasure it would afford him to meet the medical fellows; and after Mr. Bob Sawyer had informed him that he meant to be very cosey, and that his friend Ben was to be one of the party, they shook hands and separated.

We feel that in this place we lay ourselves open to the inquiry whether Mr. Winkle was whispering, during this brief conversation, to Arabella Allen, and if so, what he said; and furthermore, whether Mr. Snodgrass was conversing apart with Emily Wardle, and if so, what he said. To this, we reply, that whatever they might have said to the ladies, they said nothing at all to Mr. Pickwick or Mr. Tupman for eight-and-twenty miles, and that they sighed very often, refused ale and brandy, and looked gloomy. If our observant lady readers can deduce any satisfactory inferences from these facts, we beg them by all means to do so.

Copied Quadrille Conversation Cards.

By ALFRED CROWQUILL. Ackermann, and Co.

Messrs. ACKERMANN and Co. are always on the *qui vive* in bringing out new articles of importance. The Conversation Cards before us are perfectly original, and singularly curious: they will

prove of *grande importance* to quadrille parties and in the dance generally.

TO THE LADY.

Would you your partner's silence, or
His *mauvaise honte* discard;
You now may challenge him to speak,
And give, of course, your card.

TO THE GENTLEMAN.

When silent pauses in the dance
Your mind confuse or ruffle,
The *pack* employ—and, standing still,
You still may "*cut and shuffle*."

The Outcast. Simpkin and Marshall.

"The Outcast," as a poetical work, will be read with some pleasure. It is written in a most delightful strain; and those who are choice in their selection will purchase this work. The Author has our best wishes for its success, as it deserves.

The Library of Fiction. Part XI.

This work, which we have admired from the first, has slipped our critical notice for the last month or two. The present number is certainly not so good as some of the preceding ones; the only article worth reading is the "*Coquette*."

Ward's Companion, or Footsteps to Experimental Chemistry.

This is a little work of real merit, and would be found extremely useful to the young practitioner in the chemical art. It contains some excellent hints on chemical manipulation.

Prideaux's Concise Theories. 3rd Edit. Joseph Thomas.

The Third edition of this work is a good proof that Mr. Prideaux's labours have turned to some account. It is a little work of great merit, and very cheap.

Popular Politics. By EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, Esq.

A most instructive volume, and we are happy to be of opinion that it will become popular. Its cheapness alone will ensure an immense sale.

Captain Marryat's Novels. Illustrated Edition. PETER SIMPLE. Vol. 1. Saunders and Otley.

The illustrations in the volume before us, which have been puffed off by many of our contemporaries, are altogether inferior to those produced by George Cruikshank, and we may safely tell this talented gentleman that he need not fear, his laurels are yet his own.

A Treatise on the Magistracy of England, &c. Richards and Co., Fleet-street.

This work is the production of a Mr. Edward Mullins, who has rendered the Second Edition replete with deep research and able exposition throughout, and not only illustrates the defective management of the financial affairs of the English counties, but the mischievous effects that result from the irresponsibility of justices of the peace.

Delille's Introductory Lessons in the French Language. R. Groombridge, Panyer-alley.

It has been said by many classical men, that the French language could not be acquired under a whole year's close study, but it appears to us, by Monsieur Delille's excellent work, that it may be learnt in half that time. His exercises are given in an easy style, which is of the greatest importance to a pupil.

An Initiatory Step to English Composition, by means of an Expository Theory. Accompanied by suitable Exercises, &c., &c. By M. Rice: London. Published by N. Hailes, Piccadilly.

We never can remember having been more pleased than with the little work before us. It is truly a *multum in parvo*, containing remarks on the division of language, parts of speech, formation of sentences, analysis, and parsing. The second part, containing preparatory exercises in analysis, with a key to difficult modes of construction, definitions of the figures of speech, and examples in prose and poetry. English versification illustrated by many examples, &c., &c. The writer observes

in her Preface, that "she is aware that gentlemen of classical attainments have a strong prepossession in favour of Latin as the best *vehicle* of *sound* and *grammatical instruction*, and that all efforts made to impart the principles of a language through any other medium, are usually looked upon with disapprobation." We confess we are of this opinion, but at the same time observe, Miss Rice has presented to the public a very useful work, one we have long looked for. Mammals will find it a very useful assistance in the education of their children, and those who are employed in the training of the "young idea," an invaluable acquisition. The only part of the work we find fault with, is the *long* and *laboured preface*; this, however, is of no consequence, as the book possesses too much merit to need any introduction, much less such an one as is here given it.

The Sporting Magazine. No. 82. Pittman.

The sporting intelligence in this original Magazine is of a very superior character; it contains also some excellent papers both amusing and useful, besides two beautiful engravings by J. H. Engleheart. "A Hunting we will go," is a well written paper.

Duchess de la Vallière. A Play. By the Author of "Last Days of Pompeii," &c.

We shall give a few extracts before we offer any remarks upon the play before us. We intend to do little more, however, than select a line here and there, for the amusement of our readers:

SCENE II.

BRAGELONE, MADAME and MADMOISELLE DE LA VALLIERE.

VALLIERE. Can friendship flatter thus? or would'st thou train My ear betimes to learn the courtier's speech?

BRAGELONE. Louise! Louise! this is our parting hour:

Me war demands—and thee the court allures, In such an hour, the old romance allowed The maid to soften from her coy reserve, And her true knight from some kind words to take

Hope's talisman to battle!—Dear Louise!

Say, canst thou love me?

V. Sir!—I!—love! methinks

It is a word that

B. Sounds upon thy lips
Like land upon the mariner's, and speaks
Of home and rest after a stormy sea.
Sweet girl, my youth has passed in camps ;
And war
Hath somewhat scathed my manhood, ere my
time.
Our years are scarce well mated ; the soft
spring
Is thine, and o'er my summer's waning noon
Grave autumn creeps. Thou say'st I flatter !—
Well
Love taught me first the golden words in which
The honest heart still coins its massive ore.

* * *
Louise ! thy sire
Betrothed us in thy childhood. I have watched
thee
Bud into virgin May, and in thy youth
Have seemed to hoard my own !—I think of
thee,
And I am youthful still. — The passionate
prayer—
The wild idolatry—the purple light,
Bathing the cold earth from a Hebe's urn ;—
Yea, all the soul's divine excess which youth
Claims as its own.

* * *
We pass on a few lines, and we again
find the lovers together, Madame de la
Vallière saying,

V. The twilight darkens—art thou now,
Alphonso,
Convinced her heart is such as thou would'st
have it ?

B. It is a heavenly tablet—but my name
Good angels have not writ there !

V. Nay, as yet,
Love wears the mask of friendship : she must
love

Thee.

B. Think'st thou so ?

V. Aye be sure.

B. I'll think so too.
Bright lady of my heart—by heaven 'tis true.
The rose grows richer on her cheek like hues
That in the silence of the virgin dawn
Predict, in blushes light that glads the earth.
Her mother spoke aright—ah, yes, she loves me !
Bright lady of my heart, farewell ; and yet
Again—farewell !

V. Honour and health be with you.

* * *
The parting scene with Mademoiselle
de la Vallière and her mother follows, and
the following passage is truly beautiful :

“ My mother,
This night let every thought be given thee !

Beautiful scene, farewell !—farewell, my home !
And thou grey convent, whose inspiring chime
Measures the hours with prayer, that morn
and eve,
Rife may ascend the ladder of the angels,
And climb to Heaven ! serene retreats, farewell !
And now, my mother ! no ! some hours must
yet
Pass ere our parting.”

We hasten to the Fourth Scene, the
interior of a convent chapel, to which
she has been conveyed by Bragelone.

DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE.

“ Darkly the night sweeps on. No thought of
sleep,
Steals to my heart, What sleep is to the world
Prayer is to me—life's balm, and grief's ob-
livion !

* * *
And while I pray, his memory prompts the
prayer ;
And all I ask of Heaven is—Guard my Louis !
Forget him—that I dare not pray ! I would not,
Even if I could be happy, and forget him,

[Thunder.
Roll on, roll on dark chariot of the storm,
Whose wheels are thunder !—the rack'd ele-
ments

Can furnish forth no tempest like the war
Of passions in one weak and erring heart !
Hark to night's funereal knell—How thro' the
roar

Of winds and thunder thrills that distant sound
Solemnly audible !—the tongue of time,
In time's most desolate hour !—It bids us muse
On worlds that love can reach not ! Life runs
fast

To its last sands !——”

We do not see how we can present a
greater treat to our readers than the
extracts we have made from Mr. Bul-
wer's play. It is, indeed, a bouquet
formed of the most beautiful of flowers.
—We never have been so delighted.
We think several of the passages the
height of perfection ; and though we
here and there see some thorn sur-
rounded by roses that we should like to
pluck, yet fear to do so, lest we smart
for it ; still the work is doubtless one
that will ever be read with great in-
terest, and admired for the talent it
displays.

THE SNOW-DROP.

“ The first flower of the infant year,
Through kindred snows that springeth,
Though gemm'd with many a frozen tear,
Is to my musing mind more dear
Than all which gay June bringeth ;
When blossomed trees and rosy flowers
Look bright in summer suns and showers.”

Floral Sketches.



Court News, &c.

WINDSOR.—We are happy to state, that their Majesties and the Duchess of Gloucester continue in the enjoyment of good health. The Princess Augusta has been indisposed by cold, but the health of her Royal Highness is now improving.

The King and Queen left Brighton for Windsor, last week; and on the 27th, their Majesties proceeded to St. James's, where they will continue until after his Majesty's first levee.

The Landgrave of Hesse Homberg is expected to arrive in England soon after Easter.

The Duke of Sussex has again been suffering from indisposition, his Royal Highness having experienced a severe attack of asthma.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, together with their select suite, have been residing at Claremont ever since their return from Ramsgate. The poor villagers of Esher and that neighbourhood have participated largely in the bounty of the Duchess of Kent during the inclement winter. The Duchess and the Princess are now domiciled at Kensington Palace for the season.

A magnificent vase has just been prepared for her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge. The artist has here shown, perhaps for the first time, the possibility of applying with increased effect the style of Cellini on a much more enlarged scale than that artist had ventured to adopt. The subjects are the ancient races in various forms, the whole being richly embellished with horses. The effect is brilliant. Great credit is due to Messrs. Storr and Mor-

timer, for the admirable manner in which the work is executed.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The Emperor has been so seriously indisposed, that the several grand fêtes announced have been postponed. The latest accounts state that his Majesty is gradually recovering.

COPENHAGEN.—His Majesty's health is rapidly improving. The latest bulletins are of the most favourable description.

VIENNA.—The Emperor of Austria, at the desire of Prince Milosch, has authorised two magistrates to proceed to Servia, in order to translate the codes constituting the laws of Germany.

PARIS.—His Majesty has sent 500*l.* to be distributed amongst the families of the seamen of the port of Dunkirk, who perished during the late gales. This act of Royal munificence has been received with gratitude by the population.

GAETIES IN HIGH LIFE.

The Earl and Countess of Wilton are entertaining a select party at Melton Mowbray, where they will remain until the close of the hunting season.

The Speaker of the House of Commons gave his first banquet on the 26th ult.

The Earl of Scarborough will commence his dinner parties this month.

The Duke of Devonshire will give a concert early in the present month.

THE KING'S LEVEES.—His Majesty holds a Levee at St. James's Palace this day at 2 o'clock, and on every succeeding Wednesday, till further orders.

Her Majesty will hold Drawing-rooms on Thursday, 13th, and 27th of April.

Fashions for March.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

OUR mon amie. It gives me the greatest pleasure to write to friends so amiable, comme toi, but you will, I can anticipate your bonté, and excuse my writing you a long letter this month, as really we have not escaped the cruel epidemic, which of course has diminished my esprit. Mon Mari, as well as ma petite Josephine, are only just recovering from its consequences: it has made sad ravages in this capital, Je vous assure; and many thousands have left Paris for the campagne, in order to escape it if possible.

The carnival has been shorter than usual this season, but gay, considering the bad state of the weather.

The King and Queen, and most of the Royal Family have been attacked with the all-prevailing maladie. Paris is full of elegantes just now, and a greater number of splendid balls have been given this season than the oldest inhabitant can recollect;—thus the élite of beauty and fashion have had an opportunity of displaying to great advantage their nouveaux toilettes. And now, ma chère, I shall endeavour to describe to you some of our last new fabriques. You say, ma chère, in your last letter, that I do not give you sufficient information relative to the hair coiffeurs: now, had I wrote more on the subject, it would not have been from first-rate talent, as we have but five artists in Paris that I can depend upon, and that would suit your fashionable readers.

Hats.—At the different morning concerts I have admired a number of hats of different but elegant forms; some in the style of *Marie Stuart*, others à la *Beret*, others made of satin and velvet, in black, turquoise, and pink, and are mostly ornamented with birds of Paradise.

Hats de visites are made of white or pink *velours épinglé*.

Turbans.—Some I have seen are covered with a net work of diamonds, which look rich beyond description; others are ornamented with rich bracelets and cameos.

Ball Dresses.—A variety of gauzes, figured, striped, &c., and crape *tulle*,

are much in request for these dresses: velvet flowers with gold hearts are very fashionable; *Chenille* of the best kind is much employed; I think, also, that wreaths of marabouts have a graceful effect.

Sleeves, for evening dress, of velvet and satin: those made with three double points, which fall from the shoulder, are placed in bias, so that when the sleeve is formed, one partially covers the other: *sabots de tulle* or blonde, issuing from them, forms a beautiful ensemble.

Pelisses à la Russe.—These are composed of satin, and made with Venetian sleeves, much wider than usual at the bottom, showing the sleeve of the dress; square collar, almost like a small *pelerine*, which must not descend so low as the waist, to which the pelisse is confined by a broad ribbon, tied in a bow and short ends before: they should be wadded and trimmed with sable or ermine.

Dresses, made of *velours épinglé*, have generally sleeves composed of three bouillons, one of which support a lace volant. African, velvet, and figured poplins are the ingredients for many evening dresses; some are trimmed with rouleaus of the same material, others with black or white lace, to match the mantilla and manchettes. White crape dresses are now and then embroidered with white braid, which is sometimes preferred to blonde.

Short Sleeves.—Mittens are in great favour, in consequence of the short sleeves being worn, made of black or white lawn or net, and kid for demi toilette, trimmed round the top with ruches of blonde or ribbons, and should not reach higher than the wrist, with small bracelets.

Ball Coiffeures.—The hair should be worn in the most novel style of ornamenting; a *mélange* of feathers and flowers, a wreath of *Marguerites*, *pensées*, or small rows, and plain ostrich feathers: in this style the coiffeures have a truly elegant appearance.

Jewellery.—Diamond ear-rings, composed of a grape between two vine leaves; the grape in brilliants, and the leaves

and stalk in small diamonds. Other neat ornaments, such as butterflies in coloured gems, are greatly in request for coiffeures, and are the most becoming.

The Hair is still worn very low; the front curls are toujours à la Sévigné, which is approved of. Gold pins and a range of other ornaments are still worn among the fashionables.

Colours, for out-door dress.—The most distinguée are a variety of shades

of brown, violet, dark blue, green, and fawn. Violet, ponceau, red currant colour, green, blue, and fawn, and some light shades of rose, are much in request for evening. Violet and lavender are particularly fashionable.

I must now conclude my letter, ma tout aimable amie, which is much longer than I thought of sending you.

Je t'embrasse bien tendrement, tout a vous.

M. de W.—

Rue Richelieu, à Paris, Feb. 24, 1837.

New Music & Fine Arts.

"Lubly Rosa." By M. CORRI.
Willis and Co.

This is a perfect piece of originality. The music may be said to be quite fascinating, and the words are in a new style altogether.

The Warrior's Welcome Home. A Ballad. G. WARNE.

The words of this light and elegant ballad are quite out of the common style. They are both sweet and touching. The composition is also pleasing. We can recommend the ballad, and therefore give the poetry.

Oh, haste thee—haste, my gentle page,
To the crimson'd field afar,
And if, amid the battle's rage,
Thine absent Lord doth war,
Oh, bear to him thy Lady's love,
Her still devoted prayer;
That Heaven may his guardian prove,
And fame his crest may wear.

Shouldst thou the gladsome tidings bear,
That laurels wreath'd around
His brow, he doth still proudly wear,
And he by victory's crown'd,
O, haste to me, with joy, to tell,
That he has ceased to roam;
The heart, which droop'd at matin bell,
Shall breathe his welcome home.

Pretty Mary. The music by Barnett.
Mori and Co.

This is one of Bayly's prettiest ballads; and the music, by Barnett, is both light and elegant. Our fair readers can judge for themselves by the words, which we have some pleasure in giving insertion.

Pretty Mary, good as fair,
What a host of friends hast thou!
'Tis a poor one, tho' a sure one,
Who would fain address thee now;
And tho' gifts are lying round thee,
Such as ladies well may prize;
Good wishes, I've nought else to give,
From me thou'lt not despise.

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Be happy, then, be happy,
And how blest thy lot on earth,
If thy bliss be only equal
To thy beauty and thy worth.

Pretty Mary, thou hast known
Nought but sunny days as yet;
Not a cloud to chill a hope,—
Not a grief to cause regret.
May thy summer prove as radiant,
And as calm thy happy age;
In all the volume of thy life,
No dark and troubled page.
Be happy, then, be happy,
And how blest thy lot on earth;
If thy bliss be only equal
To thy beauty and thy worth.

Panorama, Leicester Square.—The talented painter, Mr. Burford, has afforded us a perfect treat, in the production of his new picture of *Mont Blanc*. The whole is taken from the most commanding spot, embracing the Valley of Chamouni and the surrounding mountains. The execution of the picture is admirable, and one of Mr. Burford's best;—indeed, the whole is most imposing, and will form a rich treat to the visitors, who, we hope and trust, will be numerous. It has as yet been well attended. We understand it is the intention of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent to visit it soon.

Invitation Cards.—This is a little commodity which our nobility has been long wanting, and which now will enable them to send invitations in the most elegant manner. The cards are neatly perforated with embossed envelopes of different colours. Mr. Lariviere could not have invented any thing more to our taste than the perforated cards now before us. The advertisement will be found in our advertising columns.

Q

The Drama, &c.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Two new pieces, from the pen of Mr. W. Collier, have been produced at the Queen's last week, and have proved highly successful.

Mr. Ole Bull made his first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, last week, and was received by a fashionable audience in the most enthusiastic manner. After the play, the gifted performer played a variety of Irish melodies.

ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE. — The spirited manager has recently brought out a variety of splendid pieces. The house is well attended.

The "Lenten" entertainments commenced last week. The Astronomical exhibition of Mr. C. H. Adams, at the King's Theatre, and Mr. Love's laughable ventriloquisms, &c., at the City of London Tavern.

The rehearsal and performance at St. Paul's, for the benefit of the Sons of the Clergy, will take place on the 9th and 11th of May. The Royal Society of Musicians has furnished a band for these festivals for nearly 100 years, the charity receiving a donation of 55l., the members giving their services on the occasion.

Fashionables.

The splendid nuptials at Burlington-house, and some other matters, are omitted from derangement of the types.

The marriage of Miss Fisher, only daughter of the late General Sir George B. Fisher, to Mr. [Snow] Strahan, of Ashurst, Surrey, created quite a sensation at the north-east end of the town, from being the first that has been celebrated, or at least solemnized at Charter-house for the greater portion of a century. Early in the forenoon of the 9th February, numerous carriages flocked through the ancient gateway in Charter-house-square to the inner courts, and about half-past 12, the bridal procession moved from the Governor's room at the Master's noble official residence to the Chapel, adown the great staircase of Queen Elizabeth, and through the Monkish cloister, the way being carpeted all through, to the front of the altar, where also flowers would doubtless have been strewed if Spring would have yielded them; their place, however, was well supplied by lovely and happy countenances. The bride of course led the way, in white satin, veiled as might have captivated Petrarca, leaning on the arm of her reverend uncle, the Master of Charter-house, ancient of days, which for the moment he seemed to forget: they were succeeded by two Miss Conroys, daughters of Sir John and Lady Conroy, followed by four more lovely young ladies as bride's maids, all sweetly habited in light blue silk, trimmed with

floating swansdown, and simple white satin bonnets. After these, the relatives; Lady Fisher, charming mother of the bride, in pale lavender satin, trimmed with swansdown, bonnet of white satin, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Captain Mould; Miss Rawlings' aunt, dressed as bride's-maids; Mrs. Snow, the mother of the bridegroom, in light fawn-coloured figured silk, white satin bonnets; the beautiful Mrs. Snow, his sister-in-law, in plain green velvet, pink satin bonnet; Miss Fisher, daughter of the Master, pale lavender, trimmed with swansdown, pink satin bonnet with flowers, Miss J. Fisher, as bride's-maids, but pale pink satin bonnet and flowers; Miss Fisher, daughter of the late Bishop of Salisbury, pale yellow silk, bonnet same, trimmed with bird of paradise feathers; Mrs. Mirehouse, lady of the Judge (Common Sergeant of London), figured puce silk, white bonnet; Hon. Mrs. Fane, figured white dress; Lady Conroy, dark silk with coloured figures. These were all our reporter could distinguish, though "full many a gem of purest ray serene," and many a flower must "blush unseen" in our brief narrative. Sir John Conroy, and son; General Sir James Cockburn, K.C.B.; Rev. Mr. Snow, — Snow, Esq., brothers of the bridegroom; — Rawlings, Esq., uncle of bride; — Haverfield, Esq., nephew of Master;

Rev. Mr. Drummond of Charlton; and many other gentlemen supported the ladies. The service was performed by the bride's cousin, Rev. William Fisher, prebend of Sarum, &c., assisted by the Rev. W. H. Hale, preacher, and assistant-master of Charter-house. A small assemblage of ladies witnessed the ceremony from the chapel galleries, and a small portion of the "ancient gentlemen," commercial and military, paid respect to the happy occasion, the remainder tastefully avoiding obtrusion. The procession then gracefully returned, bride and bridegroom, of course, leading the way, to the large gallery, where an elegant *dejeuné à la fourchette*, (provided in his best manner by Bridgman of Wigmore-street) awaited their reception, as well as other friends, the clergy and schoolmasters of Charter-house, their ladies and families. About half-past 2, the bride (in lavender silk, and white drawn bonnet) and bridegroom, set off, with many affectionate adieux, for their seat, Ashhurst, in a new and elegant post-chariot and four, but withal so neatly plain, as would have led none to suppose that its owner possessed not a great deal short of half a million of money. On the whole, this event formed a gay day for Charter-house, and the younger scholars got confections and a holiday, always dear to them—sweet qualifiers of all learning.

Miscellaneous.

Influence of Property.—Property ought to have its influence; and sweet indeed might be the uses of that influence in teaching the ignorant, in delivering the poor from the fangs of the oppressor, in binding up the broken-hearted, in visiting the widow and the fatherless. These are the influences which, in some measure, might atone to mankind for the evils which property, as now recognized, inflicts upon them. But if property will pervert its influence to effect the moral degradation and political enthrallment of those to whom it owes its value—if it will accumulate only to corrupt and crush, let it beware lest its "rights" and influence be deemed incompatible with the anterior rights of man; and, by producing general disgust at the present arrangement of society long before its members are fitted for a better, endanger those rights which at present it is permitted to have.

A New Joke.—The *Morning Post*, of Jan. 24th, excites the risible faculties of its readers by the following excellent *original* joke communicated to its Editor:—"A story has been told us of an old lady—who shall be nameless—at Bristol, who, happening to fall asleep, at Divine Service, a week or two since, let her Bible (which had large massive clasps) fall in her pew. The noise awaking her, the congregation were considerably surprised by

hearing her exclaim loudly—"What, Jane, you have broken another jug, have you?" This exclusive joke, which every body but such an old 'Post' recollects to have read in Joe-Miller- compilations, of all kinds, during the last twenty years, is laughably illustrative of the stationary position of certain understandings, and of the veracious manœuvres of this blind-tooling organ of its fashionable circle. What a rod of exterminating power the Editor uplifts in the dark insinuation of "who shall be nameless?" Who indeed! With what chronological acumen he designates the period of occurrence—with what sincere piety he identifies the Bible and the jug; insinuating, with equal reverence, that the snoring dreams of this well-known landlady of the jest-books had broken the Commandments and the delph, at the same inauspicious moment! O thou inspiring 'Post,' thou art "not only witty in thyself," but the cause of equally new wit in every one of thy unparalleled correspondents.

Burglary.—On Saturday morning, 4th of February, on the clerks entering the premises of Messrs. Price and Co., William-street, Blackfriars, it was discovered that the offices had been burglariously entered during the night. It appears that the outside door-locks had been opened with skeleton keys, the desks in the counting-house had

been forced open by a jemmy, and the lock of a large iron-safe was picked. The principal object of attack, however, was another iron-safe (in which all the valuable property was contained), which was fitted with one of Chubb's patent locks; this the thieves first attempted to pick; failing in that, they next had recourse to the formidable, and hitherto destructive instrument, called the "Jack in the Box;" but with they were equally unsuccessful; and after the most determined efforts to open it, they were completely foiled in their attempts to get at the property.—*Morning Chronicle*.

Many thousand of our fair countrywomen, that are actually tormented with audacious corns, &c., would almost give a fortune to get rid of them: we therefore have much pleasure in recommending "Allingham's Rotterdam Corn and Bunion Solvent." It should, according to our sample, bear the name of J. A. Sharwood, 55, Bishopsgate-street Without.

Beautiful Women.—Mr. Coulson, in his able and popular treatise on "Deformities of the Chest and Spine," a second edition of which is just published, makes some exceedingly pointed and judicious observations relative to the too prevalent custom of "tight lacing," erroneously considered by most females as conducive to the formation of a fine shape. He says:—"Every young woman knows that one of the most conspicuous differences between the maiden and the matron consists in the less or greater distension of the waist. Is it unnatural, then, that she should prefer seeming maidenly to seeming matronly? Men, who write so injudiciously, do not promote the interests of truth. It is the use of force and excessive compression that are alone blameable. When, indeed, corsets are employed to render the chest as small below, and as broad above, as possible, and greatly to increase the fulness and prominence of the bosom; when the young lady spends a quarter of an hour in lacing her stays as tight as possible, and is sometimes seen by her female friends pulling hard for some minutes, next pausing to breathe, then resuming the task with might and main, till, after perhaps a third effort, she at last succeeds, and sits down covered

with perspiration; then it is that the effect of stays is not only injurious to the shape, but is calculated to produce the most serious inconveniences. And what is the effect of this compression upon the eye and mind of the observer? It excites an instantaneous conviction of artifice, and a very natural suspicion of its necessity; notions equally at variance with beauty and purity are called up; and the object of these dark thoughts may excite much more contempt than admiration. When, indeed, a female is tightly laced, she loses the character at once of beauty, of grace, and of innocence. If the ancients, who have left us the most perfect models of human beauty, obtained it by simple means, by supporting the shape without compressing it, we must necessarily obtain the opposite result by our folly, in attempting to form the shape by means of whalebone bodies and corsets. The human form has been moulded by nature, and the best shape is undoubtedly that which she has given it. To endeavour to render it more elegant by such means, is to change it: to make it much smaller below, and much larger above, is to destroy its beauty; to keep it cased up in a kind of domestic cuirass, is not only to deform it, but to expose the internal parts to numerous and frightful accidents. Under this compression, the development of the bones, which are still tender, does not take place conformably with the intentions of nature, because nutrition is stopped, and they consequently become twisted and deformed. Women who wear very tight stays complain that they cannot sit upright without them, nay, are compelled to wear *night stays* when in bed; and this strikingly proves to what an extent tight stays weaken the muscles of the trunk. It is this which predisposes to lateral curvature of the spine. From these facts, as well as many others, it is evident that tight stays, far from preventing the deformities, more or less considerable, which an experienced eye might remark among ninety out of every hundred young girls, are, on the contrary, the cause of these deviations. Stays, therefore, should never be worn, under any circumstances, till the organs have acquired a certain development, and they

should never at any period be tight. A well-known effect of the use of stays is, that the right shoulder frequently becomes larger than the left, because the former, being stronger, and more frequently in motion, somewhat frees itself, and acquires by this means an increase, of which the left side is deprived, by being feebler and subjected to continued compression."

British Cosmorama.—This interesting exhibition is opened at the Western Exchange, Old Bond-street. It consists of 14 splendid views, 8 of which are remembrances from the pictures by Messrs. Stanfield and Roberts, which were unfortunately burnt at the Royal Bazaar. The views of Jerusalem and York Minster on fire, are particularly worthy of comment.

Dreadful Death—A few days ago, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, a young girl, named Jackson, daughter of a tailor, in Union-street, Southwark, ran into the street with her clothes on fire. Several individuals who were passing rushed to her assistance, and succeeded after some difficulty; she was conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where death put an end to her sufferings about ten minutes after her admission.

We have to congratulate our fair readers upon a most important improvement, equally effecting their health and beauty, in that indispensable article of French female attire, the corset. That stays have hitherto been constructed upon the most injurious principles, and have tended to shorten female life, is admirably displayed by Mr. Coulson in his Work, (Second Edition) on "Deformities of the Chest and Spine;" where he mentions with the confirmation of learned authorities, no less than ninety-seven diseases arising from the uneven pressure of stays in general use,—diseases, gradual but certain, and in his consideration, not only for the cure but also for the prevention of deformity, he strongly recommends a corset, invented by Mrs. Nicholas Geary, of 51, St. James's Street, as being "truly useful," and possessing advantages in its construction over all others, and consequently the one which should be

universally adopted. In M. A. Walker's new work on "Female Beauty," the advantages of Mrs. Geary's stays in forming a beautiful figure, are illustrated by plates, which give a perfect idea of the ingenuity of their construction. In the *Medico Chirurgical Review* for January, Dr. James Johnson, Physician Extraordinary to the King, has pointed out at great length the advantages of Mrs. Geary's valuable invention. Also in the book of "Ladies' Exercises," by Donald Walker, Esq., he states that "Mrs. Geary's stays are indispensable for all exercises requiring perfect freedom of the arms, &c." From the above authorities we have been induced to examine the nature of this invention, and we find the advantages are as follows:—"Without the introduction of elastic, it yields more freedom to the figure, than does any other with it; it lends all that support required from a stay without its usual compression; and instead of its shape being formed by the insertion of gores or gussets, Mrs. Geary's stay consists of several longitudinal portions, each varying in width above and below the waist, thus rendering them suitable to every variety of figure; and though they exert no uneven pressure, yet they form a breast and waist of such perfect symmetry, we should think impossible to be produced, but by the anatomical structure of this ingenious invention.

Greenwich Railway.—On Sunday, 12th ult. the trains of the London and Greenwich Railway Company, though not running during the hours of divine service, carried nearly 6,500 persons, and upwards of 180*l.* was taken.

The Influenza.—During the last month the mortality of persons of all ages was particularly numerous, occasioned by the prevailing disorder—the influenza. On Sunday, the 12th ult. the funeral processions were so numerous at the extensive burial ground of St. John's Wood, Regent's Park, (they amounted to 88), that it was necessary to appoint two extra clergymen. In Paddington-street burial ground, St. Marylebone, 22; Paddington churchyard, 51; St. George's, Uxbridge church, Hyde Park, 49; St. Pancras old church, 77; St. James's, Hampstead-road, 53;

Tottenham-court-road (the Tabernacle), 21. The congregations at the churches and chapels presented an appearance almost amounting to general mourning.

Manners of our Ancestors.—Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office; which in those days required no small share. For the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite, that is, urge and tease her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn, to be operated upon by her, and her alone, since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very

master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guess, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or sabalturn, or squire's younger brother, if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically; from one of whom Lady Mary Wortley Montague said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days; when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two alone before hand.—*Lord Wharnccliffe's Memoirs.*

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 27th January, at Ackrise Rectory, Kent, the lady of the Rev. K. C. Bayley, of a son.

Feb. 15, in Charter-house-square, the lady of the Rev. E. H. Penny, of a daughter.

On the 28th, at Tabley-house, Cheshire, the Right Hon. Lady de Tabley, of a daughter, who only survived a few hours.

On the 30th, in Upper Grosvenor-street, the lady of W. Webber, Esq., of a son.

MARRIED.

On the 24th, at St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, Mr. J. Hellett, of Rotherhithe, to Eliza, daughter of Mr. T. Legg, of Abbey-house, Bermondsey.

On the 26th, at Great Coggeshall, S. Rodick, Esq. of Helsted, Essex, to Caroline, daughter of H. Skingley, Esq., of the former place.

On the 30th, at Christ-church, St. Marylebone, A. Tomlins, jun., Esq., of the late East India Company's Maritime Service, to Mary Anne, only daughter of David Budden, Esq., of Blenheim-place, St. John's-wood.

On the 2nd ult., at St. George's, Hanover-square, C. Turnor, Esq., of Stoke Rochford, to the Lady Caroline Finch Hatton, only daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham.

Feb. 9, by Special License, at the Charter-house, William Strahan, Esq., of Ashurst, Surrey, to Anne, only daughter of the late Sir George B. Fisher, K.C.H.

DEATHS.

On the 24th January, at Egham, aged 63, Ann, wife of T. Newman, late of Coleman-street, London, sincerely regretted by all who knew her.

Of influenza, on the 28th, in the 50th year of his age, Mr. John Littlewood, late of Westmoreland-house, Walworth, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

28th, in Stafford-place, Pimlico, J. Nornaville, Esq., aged 83.

29th, at Ruddington, near Nottingham, Lieut. Gen. J. Grey, aged 76.

30th, in St. Nicholas Church-yard, Ipswich, Ann, wife of Mr. West, clerk, aged 80.

31st, in Cable-street, Whitechapel, aged 71, Mrs. Mary Rudge.

31st, in Chatham-place, Blackfriars, Emily, daughter of Mr. R. W. Herring, of Fleet-street, aged 13.

At her house in Charles-street, Queen's Elms, Harriet, wife of Thomas Greenfield, Esq., of the War-Office, a lady so truly religious and amiable, as to render it difficult to find a compeer. She endured, with her wonted patience, a short illness, perhaps predisposed by some anxieties during her third pregnancy, and the influenza; and was snatched away at the early age of 35, leaving a disconsolate mother, and two lovely children, and deeply regretted by all who knew her.

Subscribers are requested to glance over "*Notices to Correspondents*" in the 2d page of the work.

Under the Especial Patronage of their Royal Highnesses



The Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria.

**BLACKWOOD'S
LADY'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE
OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD;
OR, ST. JAMES'S COURT-REGISTER**

OF BELLES LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

APRIL, 1837.

MAURICE CRAWFORD.

"Of objects all inanimate, he made
Idols; and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks whereby they grew, a paradise;—
Where he did lay him down, within the shade
Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours;
Though he was chid for wandering, and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er him, and said
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe."—*Lament of Tasso.*

IN the registry-books of St. Mary's, in the year 17—, there is recorded, in due form, the marriage of John James Crawford, Esq., of Mark-lane, to Jane Elizabeth Sarah, the fourth daughter of the late George Ellis, Esq., of C—, Kent. The issue by this marriage, as set forth in these fleeting memorials of humanity, were two sons, John James and Maurice Ellis.

After the birth of the second son, the mother, finding it impossible to bear the cold and heartless tauntings of her husband any longer, requested a separate

maintenance, that she might retire into the country, and there bring up her children. Friends mediated between them; and after some trouble and much bitterness on the part of the husband, he allowed her one hundred and ninety pounds a-year, to include the care and maintenance of the children for the first few years. "He was a poor man," he said, "and could not afford more." He was then in the receipt of nearly 4,000*l.* a year! Blessed spirit of usury! that locks up each penny in a chest of flint.

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Immersed in the absorbing concerns of mercantile affairs—his whole soul lapped in the apathetic indifference of gain,—his sordid thoughts seldom reverted to his wife or children. All men have their ruling passions in a greater or less degree; and his was that of amassing wealth—that darling sin of the devil, that bears such “a damning poison on its tide.”

From small beginnings and flinty savings, having early in life learnt that the love of friends “is all unstrung,” because a man is penniless, he had become one of the richest and most influential merchants in the great city of cities.

The natural and almost never-failing result of wealth to those who, in the dawn of life, have felt the dreadful pangs of poverty, is, that it contracts the heart and narrows its affections, and in the end becomes avarice—closing up all the natural springs of happiness. The fervour and strength of the feelings gradually, but insensibly, decay before its all-pervading power. Like the vine with the oak, it twines its serpent tendrils around the heart, and, spreading from branch to branch, from feeling to affection, finally wins the mastery over it,—till, under its baneful power, every source of pleasure and enjoyment is obstructed, and the tender plant of happiness withers and dies. It is the huge Titan of the moral world that wars with heaven—the mighty pander of wickedness—the insidious foe of virtue and humanity; wearing on his seared and scorched brow the gilded crown of misery, that palsies heart and hand with its deadly influence.

To such men, the objects of external nature are as nothing, unless clothed with the grasping attribute of their own minds. They live altogether in a gloomy and selfish world of their own. Alas! for such who occupy the short space allotted to mankind between the two eras, and die,—in hoarding that which will eat like corrosive rust into heart and brain, binding down the overflowing energies of the human mind to the dull and cheerless monotony of GAIN—that golden sepulchre wherein lies buried the foul and loathsome carcass of human corruptions and immorality.

Though nature had not been very

lavish in her gifts and endowments to the elder Crawford, but rather like a malignant step-mother had reserved some of her choicest and most genial gifts, fortune had rewarded him, by dint of unwearying perseverance, with a wealth that amply avenged him of her neglect; and gold, that mighty talisman of human desire, made him courted, envied, and admired.

The wife of this man had been one of a large family of daughters, and had her mind, though naturally retiring and fond, early tinged with the sage doctrines of an advantageous match, by beings who seem to forget that virtue and all our faculties are frail as mortality; while

“Riches are akin

To fear, to change, to misery, and death.”

Woe unto such! for in an evil hour they shall find, with a shiver of agonized misery, how false and fleeting are such hopes—how like “the shadow of a dream” every emotion must be, whose key-stone is sordid wealth. In a world darkened by sorrow and disturbed by care—where even the sweetest and least earthly blessings bring with them a necessary alloy of evil—how can it be otherwise?

This, to the mother of this melancholy record, was taught by the stern and unrelenting hand of experience. In a few years she beheld herself wholly forsaken—cast away—despised. Between her and the husband, cold-hearted and avaricious as he was, the waters of strife had gradually rushed in with increasing violence, until, ruffling and disturbing its course, the stream of love became one of murky woe.

When about four years old, the eldest child, with his nurse, rambling, it was supposed, as customary, along the lake which was in their immediate vicinity, disappeared, and were never heard of afterwards; from which it was generally concluded they had perished in the lake. The only thing that gave hope was, that the bodies could not be found, and the father once caught a momentary glimpse, as he imagined, of the nurse; but as year after year passed away, and no trace of him was ever discovered, hope became gradually extinct in the fond heart of the mother.

To her, this was a dreadful blow, whose yearning love, tender and deep

in its excess, centered but the more fondly and devotedly upon her children, because she had lavished it in vain upon the hard and rocky nature of Crawford; and this second stroke of overwhelming misery wounded the stricken spirit still deeper, and bowed it still more. Yet, amid its withering agony, her meek spirit shone forth with brighter lustre; for women, in the hour of trial, are like stars in a dark night—the deeper the surrounding gloom, the brighter their rays glisten to the eye.

Oh! what can equal the enduring tenderness—the boundless generosity of a mother's love! It is not “of the earth, earthy:” it partakes not of self; ingratitude chills it not; it is undying, inexhaustible; all other feelings are ruled by the world, by deadly habit; but this is not—the world affects it not.

Maurice becoming thus the only child, his mother watched him with a tenfold love—with a love that went well nigh to spoiling him; for he learnt what he pleased, played when he felt inclined, and perhaps the hushed and quiet stillness of his character made her fancy him—too indulgent mother that she was—frequently undeserving of correction or restraint.

Alas! what ruination follows the loss of those golden moments of youth!—what glorious advantages are neglected!—what subtle and powerful energies are perverted, and allowed to run into a premature and healthless bloom!—virtues becoming vices, from their wild, uncultivated luxuriance! The natural energies and passions of an unemployed mind are the ceaseless source of eternal disgust and rancorous irritation. And Bruyere has well remarked, that the greatest part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.

The quick eyes of young Maurice had long told him that his mother was not happy; for he oftentimes noticed her sitting in a state of deep abstractedness, forgetful of all around her, the silent tears leaving their channelled traces on her sunken cheeks the while. But let the wild memorial, that bears the record of his days, and from which we have woven the fearful tale of his life, speak for itself. “Even now, through the lapse of long and mournful

years, during which the broad and swollen tide of guilt has rushed between me and the past, and severed me for ever from its joys; even now, I see before me, as of yore, the drooping figure of my mother, as she sat, in the dim hour of the summer twilight, surrounded by all the holy calm and stillness of a country scene; and while I have watched, in breathless quiet, the last fading light in the distant horizon, I have seen her raise her clasped and supplicating hands in the mute attitude of prayer to heaven, while the *living* tinge of death, the hectic plague-spot of consumption, glanced upon her wan cheek, shedding its still, serene, though mournful glow, over the touching beauty of her face. All—all are with me, even now, and shine upon me like a vision.”

She seldom spoke of his father to the boy, and when she did, it was with a chastened rather than an upbraiding tone; though the extreme reserve that she always maintained on this point, did not fail to impress itself indelibly on his memory; for the creeping sadness of grief is soon caught, even by the young and joyous; and those mute signs of agony garlanded around his heart, the fell and scornful associations with which he had linked his name, gathering strength progressively as he advanced in stature and in years.

All moral deformities seem to strike an inevitable dislike in the minds of children, and though Henry Ellis had but seen his father once or twice in a few years, still he seemed to feel it impossible to love him; were it only for the want of those simple feelings so strongly engrafted in his own heart, and that mysterious and pre-existent harmony that should grow up between father and child, seemed not to exist between them. The father's mind was like a barren rock, with nothing to relieve its bleak and desolate appearance; his manners, cold and formal, bore also the direct indications of his mind, and the son felt, young as he was, that though he had one parent who loved him as her heart's best blood, yet the want of a father's anxious care damped and chilled the earliest and best affections of the human heart, that of filial piety.

The character of the youth had hitherto flowed on in an even and un-

broken tenor; and to the shallow observer, perchance, his disposition would have appeared cold and distant; but his affections, though unexercised, save with his mother, did not perish.

Mrs. Crawford felt that she was sinking fast; yet, for a time, she tried to bear against it, hiding her fearful situation from all, and endeavouring before her son to wear a smiling brow, though within there was a breaking heart, and like the stern Spartan, nursing that which preyed upon her life.

"One day," says the memorial, "she appeared unusually cheerful; but as evening approached, there was something more than her accustomed melancholy and depression in her manner, which alarmed me. It was in the sweet summer season, when the days had advanced to their utmost length, I sat beside her, and her cold and almost pulseless hand, rested in motherly fondness on my head: the declining sun had shot a slant and mellow radiance upon the stately oak that rose before the window, tinging its leaves with a golden hue. The birds carolled their sweet wild music in the trees, and the solemn nightingale sent forth his evening pœan to the sun; but their merry and cheerful notes seemed to strike upon my mother's heart with so deep a sense of loneliness, that it brought tears to her eyes. I had laid my head upon her lap, and I felt her whole frame quivering with suppressed emotion. I raised myself, and anxiously gazing into her face, I inquired the cause. She bowed her head lower and lower, and laying it on my neck, wept long and bitterly." "My son, my son!" she said, in a voice so strained and agonized, that all its original sweetness seemed to have fled. "Who shall tend you when I am gone? He who should do so, cares not for you; alas! he never thought for any but himself. I feel that I am wearing away; my pilgrimage is nearly ended, and for your sake only, my spirit seems to rise against fate, and battle with her decrees; still I know my mortal house is fast failing in the uncertain strife, and that the hour is come when the bowl shall be broken, and the silver chord loosened. In the battle-fields of life, I have lost my all, but you—you, my child, are now the only link that binds me to my earthly

abode. Mighty Father of the fatherless, protect him amidst the guilty and erring paths of the world!"

Little did her gentle heart dream into what a wild web of sin,—into how low an abyss of pollution, the sobbing child over whom she leant, would fall. One sorrow, like Achilles' wrath, "the direful spring of woes unnumbered."

"I went to bed, and sleep came slowly and heavily upon me. My mother came into my room before she retired for the night, as was her wont, to see that I was sleeping, and then would she bend over me, kiss me, and depart; but if sickness hung around me, how long and untiringly would she sit like a guardian angel, keeping watch over my bed; and when feverish and restless, how gently would she soothe. Blessed days!—how have I mourned over your departure! heart-broken and worn, I have wandered through the world with none to comfort me; in sickness and trouble, with none to soothe; lowly, and in prison, and none to aid.

"Half asleep, half awake, I recollect my mother's wasted form bending over me. I felt her cold lips upon my hot cheeks; gradually the face seemed to change, and wore a ghastly hue; and anon, it seemed as if death were sitting by my bedside; once more my heated fancy became wrapt in the mantle of sleep, and dreamed no more.

"I awoke early in the morning; the grey light of the dawn crept lazily into the room; I raised myself in my bed, to shake from me the fearful dream which yet haunted my mind, when, oh! spectacle of withering horror, there sat my mother in the same chair where I had seen the awful vision; she had died by my bedside!

"The dim light, the unbroken repose, the yellow and sunken effigy of that face, once so fair; the glazed and glassy eye, but now beaming with deep, quenchless maternal love; the cold and colourless lips, that had erst so kindly admonished, now closed for ever, and food for abhorrent worms, then made that chamber look like a charnel house. For a moment I remained horror struck in my bed, gazing upon those rigid features so calm and reposed, that death must have come as a gentle sleep; my blood stood still, and I sank back senseless on my pillow."

The father was hastily written to, and the mournful intelligence communicated to him ; and on the day he arrived, the corpse was buried.

Unlike a child who had now but one parent, and him he had not seen for several years, Henry met him with apparent coolness and reluctance. Though a boy in stature, his feelings were far deeper than his years, and the almost unbroken solitariness of his life, contributed much towards forming his mental character.

The proud and hardened nature of the man was little moved by the awful ceremony of conveying to its last resting-place that form, that in its youth, had even touched *his heart*. The fearful words, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and the sullen and heavy sound of the clods of earth falling upon the coffin, produced but little effect. The unhappy boy was taken home in a state bordering on distraction ; but the elasticity of spirit, natural to that period of life, soon restored him to a more restrained and silent sorrow, and the joyousness of youth, often treading closely even upon the deepest grief, breaks like a beacon's ray over the waters that rush in sullen roar below. "But what are the sorrows of the young?" Like a stone dropping in a lake, the waters close above the wound it makes ; the momentary ripple it creates whirls gradually away, becoming fainter and fainter, until once more the surface becomes unruffled and calm. Would it were thus in manhood, that our affections were less unswerving ! Alas ! such a blow in the pride of our manhood, carries an abiding woe that will not listen "to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely," and then indeed we feel the dragging of our "lengthened chain."

The house was immediately advertised to let, and after staying a few days at C——, the father again left that place for town, leaving his son under the protection of a schoolmaster in the neighbouring village, who kept one of those cheap dormantries, mis-called academies, which are rather for the fostering of wickedness and vice, than for the proper and judicious training of children, whose thoughts and inclinations are either directed to frivolous objects, or are allowed to run waste

on the passing bubbles of an hour ; while the great concern of education, that of instilling principles which should be the guide for all our future actions, is totally neglected ; and thus the scanty knowledge gained in the spring-tide of that guileless age, too frequently becomes perverted to the foul and loathsome offices of sin.

Left to the careless superintendence of such a man, and even the slight restraints to which he had been subject during his mother's life wholly removed, he grew up with few fixed principles of action. In the treacherous warfare of his passions, he occasionally lost sight of the strict line of duty in the pursuit of some forbidden fruit that "clustered temptingly to view."

Reason alone, though the inestimable gift of God to man, will never be sufficient to be our guide and guard through the narrow paths of virtue and uprightness : precept and example must bind it on the youthful mind, or else he will surely fall into the slough of corruption, into the sink of vice : without this, we shall never be able to command those overflowings of our passions that urge us sometimes onward to the verge of guilt ; with it, though we may be like the lone camel, toiling over the burning and parched sands, still we carry within us the pure well that may quench our repinings and supply our thirst over the weary desert of life. Conscience is the magnetic needle, showing the true path, amid the disparities and darkening vices of the great stage whereon we are reared, and

"Where reside, all glories and all vilenesses."

Accustomed from infancy to little society but that of his mother, the love of solitude had naturally grown upon young Crawford. From loud and boisterous mirth he almost instantly withdrew, for it had nearly invariably the effect of producing a deep and melancholy dejection. Still, by nature bold, active, and intrepid, he greatly confirmed these dispositions by mingling in all the hardest sports of boyish days ; others he deigned not to enlist in ; but where cool and steady daring were wanting, few could be found to equal him.

Such solitary habits acquired him no popularity in the school ; yet, though

not physically strong, he possessed, as we have said, what is more than strength, a heart so bold and fearless, that it was never darkened by the slightest shadow of fear, and this betrayed in every look, begat respect among the elder boys, —among the younger, fear.

Years rolled on their leaden pinions, and scarcely brought anything to relieve the dull and wearying monotony of the school. From his father he heard but seldom. He was now about nineteen; yet possessed of all the thoughtfulness of a matured mind of thirty. The silent and reflective are soon old, and early grow wise in the cunning of human wisdom. How much longer the father intended to have kept him pent up in such an unprofitable waste of time, there is no saying: but accident brought his sojourn at the academy to a conclusion.

It had been his practice in the bright summer months, after all the boys had been sent to bed, to jump out of the bed-room window, and having thus escaped his weary bondage, to wander forth in the bright stillness of a summer night, in solitude to watch star after star, as they rose over the darkened heads of the grassy hills that surrounded the quiet hamlet of C——.

The silent voice of happiness that flowed from the depths of universal nature and spread itself over the azure void, here and there speckled with a light and fleecy cloud, impressed deep feelings on his mind. In such scenes as these did he gather that love of nature, which alone of all his feelings, did not afterwards turn itself into rancorous poison, and which never deserted him in storm, or sunshine, in tempest, or in calm. Yet then he loved the placid face of nature; the moon-beam as it glanced upon the waters; afterwards the fiery burst of lightning in the storm, which lives in darkness and in dread.

O holy nature! thy love alone is left unto us amidst the wasting cares and the blessed hopes that are gathered round us in our after years. Lulled on thy downy lap, allured by thy beauties, our darker musings for awhile give way; their stings and their sharpness vanish for a time; contemplating thy majesty, we forget the thousand petty "ills that flesh is heir to," and the torn and lace-

rated spirit rises in contented humility up to thine immortal all-seeing Ruler, and—

"From nature up to nature's God."

One night, returning from one of these rambles, he saw lights flying in every direction in the house, which at first somewhat startled him, and left him irresolute as to how he had better act; but, perceiving none in his bed-room, he clambered up as usual, and had just entered in at the window, when the master and one of the ushers came into the room.

"Where have you been, sir?" demanded the master, with an indignant and menacing gesture.

To this question, young Crawford hazarded no reply, but quietly proceeded in undressing himself. Incensed at his assumed calmness, the master came up close to him, and struck him heavily on the face with his clenched hands.

Though, as has been intimated from his peculiar habits, no great favourite of the boys, who rather feared than loved, because he was now the oldest and strongest, yet a suppressed cry of shame broke from them as they witnessed this ignoble attack.

The master was a powerful man, and the blow for a moment seemed to stagger Crawford; but all his fiery and suppressed emotions were roused from their lengthened slumber in an instant; gathering himself up to his full height, he dashed his fists into A——'s face, and such was the force of the blow, for though slight, he was muscular, that it felled him to the ground.

He sprang to his feet again in an instant, his eyes nearly starting from his head with vexation and rage, and glared upon him as though he would have murdered the bold rebel on the spot.

A long and fearful silence ensued; each of them stood fiercely confronting the other face to face, which were of an ashy hue; both startled by the sudden unnatural position in which they were ranged against each other. Proudly and haughtily the young champion met the look of his superior, whose eye quailed before its fearless expression.

"It is well, sir!" he said with the caustic inveteracy of suppressed hatred; "It

is well, sir! you shall answer for this to-morrow," and then carefully locking the door he left the room.

He now found, that owing to some quarrel about the bed-clothes, begun in fun, but ending in earnest like most school contests, the master's attention had been attracted by the noise, and stealing upon tiptoe, he suddenly burst in upon the astonished boys, who immediately jumped into bed for protection.

Crawford being the senior boy, was one who "having authority," was called upon for an explanation, and why he had not kept the peace; not finding him, the ushers and teachers were summoned, and instant search was made for the absentee.

Knowing well the tyrannical disposition of the man, he almost instantly came to the determination to avoid a flogging, which would be his inevitable fate if he stayed, by absconding; a resolution which was aided by the remembrance of one of the boys, who, and for a much less offence, had been flogged so severely, that he never recovered from it, but died, it was supposed, broken hearted, not long afterwards.

He said nothing however to those around him, and lying down on his bed, he patiently waited until they were all once more asleep, when with noiseless step, he gathered together his clothes, and with a couple of shillings in his pocket, he shouldered his bundle, and started. Fortunately the window had not been secured in the tumult that followed, and perchance the master never once dreamed of his daring to run off.

The grey morn was just breaking—its dim and heavy vapours covering the earth and distant hills as he passed the now unoccupied cottage, wherein he had spent the first hours of his childhood, and where his mother breathed her last: he stayed a few moments before its serene and quiet lattice, and then once more hurried on his road.

As the night that had ushered in his resolution had been sultry and oppressive; the morning that saw its fulfilment, was lowering and black, and the thick masses of dark clouds that seemed to hug the summer tempest in its bosom, rested on the hills, and appeared

as if weighed down with their watery burden.

The traveller hastened until the storm seemed ready to burst, and then took shelter under a wide-spreading elm. The threatening clouds darted fiercely along the sky, like wied fates bearing death and destruction in their train;—the storm burst fiercely over the hills, and rushed rapidly along the country. Suddenly the sun came forth in all its glory, and threw over the dense masses of retreating vapour the enlivening hue of the rainbow, like joy illumining the darkened cave of the human heart.

Short as had been his stay to escape the storm, it had nearly the effect of overcoming his purpose of going to London; for as he turned to gaze on that which he was about to quit, perhaps for ever, a thousand reminiscences—unknown—unheeded, thronged upon his excited mind; and had it not been that he dreaded the sneer of derision and scorn that would have greeted his irresolution, he would have retraced his steps and have braved the storm.

Vain reasoning, futile repinings! we must tread to the goal allotted by the unswerving Dispenser of events, from whose strong woven and intricate meshes who shall extricate himself?

The traveller wandered on with untiring step on his journey, and well was it for him that he had been lately inured to hard fare and coarse diet, for scanty was the meal that he was forced to satisfy himself withal; and thus he found "that sweet are the uses of adversity," for they harden the frame and strengthen the mind.

Night came on, and the moon shone forth in all the cheerfulness of her varying beauty. Worn out and exhausted with his day's toil and the preceding night's anxiety, which, like Aaron's rod, had swallowed up all his petty griefs, he laid himself down under a tree whose dark green leaves were tinted by the moonbeam with a silvery sparkle, and slept soundly until the morning sun once more roused him from his dewy bed, and once more he passed upon his long journey.

We pass over his journal of six wearing days that were passed in this manner, taking shelter in the short summer

nights under some lonely shed or verdant tree, with little other refreshment than a crust of bread and some water offered by the way-side stream.

On the evening of the seventh day after he had left the school, (it was Sunday) he arrived at E—, a village not many miles from London.

This quiet and beautiful little hamlet bore evident traces of its proximity to the great capital, from the more than usual neatness and even smartness of the cottages, which were scattered in small and picturesque clusters, whose pleasing effect was not a little aided by its being the hallowed hour of sunset, that "breathing point of time" when our wearied traveller entered its precincts.

The peasantry, arrayed in their best finery, with ruddy and cheerful faces, were hurrying through the green lanes and over the fields, or standing at their cottage doors; and the tranquil serenity of their countenances threw a shade of yet deeper gloom over the face of young Crawford, who with hurried step, but fainting frame, and sickened heart, hastened through the main street of the village.

Just beyond the last cottage in the road, which stood at a considerable distance from the others, and over which the honeysuckle and the jessamine wound themselves in many a fantastic garland, was a small stile, which led into an adjoining field. Springing over this, for the sake of escaping from the villagers, who were now returning from church, and finding himself alone, and without present fear of interruption, he threw himself under the sweet-briar hedge that skirted the road-side.

The setting sun threw its glorious tints upon the delicate spire of the village church, and appeared to shed around it all the majesty of holiness, while the slow and solemn tolling of the bell, wafted clear and unbroken through the soft pure air, seemed to issue from its depths, promising peace to the weary and heavy-laden.

The breeze sunk into a breathless calm, and in the breast of the liquid heavens, the very clouds seemed to pause, as if to gaze on a scene so fair—so soft—so beautiful.

Upon one heart how striking was

the contrast of this holy scene, to the pride and misery that raged within. Disheartened for want of food, yet too proud to ask,—wearied with all his long and toilsome travelling, alone and without a friend, where all seemed so joyous, it was enough to bow a prouder spirit than that of Crawford's. The melancholy and pealing notes of the organ, now burst upon his ear, and thrilled his long pent-up emotions to the utmost, for he burst suddenly into a long and violent paroxysm of tears.

He remained for some time unconscious of all around him; the sun had sunk behind a grove of magnificent oaks, from whose branches an occasional chirp only broke forth, or now and then the hoarse croak of some watchful raven, when he suddenly heard a light footstep close to him.

Mastering all at once by a desperate effort, every show of grief, by summoning to his aid the whole force of his over-weening pride, he started to his feet, and for a moment fiercely confronted the being who thus dared to intrude upon his sorrows.

It will be easily imagined, that the lowering brow of defiance was not kept long bent, when close beside him there stood the half-retreating, half-advancing figure of a beautiful girl, apparently about sixteen, and whether it was the feeling of sympathy and kindly commiseration that shed a more than usual enchantment over that face, but he certainly thought, and no wonder, secluded as he had been, that he had never beheld a face and form so lovely and beauteous before; for once, however, the keen and lively emotions of youth did not lead him, as is generally the case, to estimate beauty too highly.

We will describe her as he knew her afterwards, and as inserted in his journal.

"Her step was light and bouyant; no leaf could have fallen with lighter tread; her laugh was from the heart, and spoke in her large dark and brilliant eyes, which were all sun-shine, and seemed to beam on every object with a joyous feeling of pleasure, that spoke eloquently of the serenity that lay hushed within. Her cheek wore a native beauty, like the budding rose, and her lips were so soft and so cheer-

ful, that even death itself would almost have turned away, as though they were too sweet to perish."

For a moment this earthly fairy hesitated with a maiden's bashfulness, and would have retreated from the steadfast and admiring gaze of the youth; but when she saw his haggard and toil-worn appearance, a slight shade passed over her brow, and with a voice slightly tremulous, with kindled emotion, and which when heard close, sounded to his wrapt ears, like low soft music.

"Are you ill?"

Strange! what a thrilling sensation these few words sent through the listener's frame. He strove to answer, but could not; his tongue seemed glued to his mouth. Though like, poor Orlando, truly would he have said, had not the power of speech at that instant been denied him—

"Can I not thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here
stands up,
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block."

"You look weary and ill," she continued, perceiving he did not answer, though scarcely guessing the cause. "If you are in need of any—of any assistance, I am sure my father will be glad to give it to you if required, and will welcome you to the house if you will come in."

With a scarcely audible voice and troubled heart,—so deeply was he moved,—he thanked her, and then proceeded in burning words to dwell upon the misery he had suffered, and the cruelty of his past fortunes.

He followed her as she led the way through a small wicket-gate that opened into the neat pretty little garden,—a lovely honey-suckle at one end,—a yellow jasmine at the other, had clustered in many a wild and luxuriant fold over the house.

The father received Crawford with an unaffected welcome; listened to his story, and applauded his spirit for having dared to set himself in battle array against a schoolmaster's authority.

Mr. Hareby, the name by which we shall designate the kind-hearted host, had early in life been a tradesman; instead, however, of grinding out his days in sorrow, and pouring out the strength

of his nerves and health upon acquiring riches which he would be too old to enjoy, he had wisely and prudently determined to retire and content himself with a well earned competency, rather than a huge fortune which would only bring accumulated cares.

The worthy host evinced the kindness of his heart by the interest he took in making the unhappy stranger, that had thus sought refuge under his roof, as comfortable as was in his power. Every possible attention was shown to him, and for the first time for several days he slept in a bed, though his sleep was broken and feverish.

In the morning he awoke with an aching head and parched lips, and a frame perfectly exhausted from the privations he had undergone. In his host and daughter, however, he possessed the best possible nurses; and on the following day he felt well enough to continue his journey. They, however, would not listen to it, but insisted that he would make himself contented to abide there until he felt his strength perfectly restored; and though a perfect stranger to the youth, he evinced to him that he was no vain and empty-headed being who only wore the dazzling plume of profession, but indeed and truth a good Samaritan.

On the morning of the fifth day of his sojourn with his hospitable friends, he was to depart. The whole of the preceding day Ellen had become pensive and thoughtful. Though her *ideas* seemed to be wandering from all that she was doing, yet her *spirit* appeared to be chained to that little room; and there was something in her manner,—something in the expression of her eyes as they wandered on Maurice, that made him indulge in the sweet hope that his happiness was not wholly indifferent to her.

The evening was fast deepening into shade, and the holy calm of night was fast brooding around when these two young and inexperienced creatures stood side by side;—somehow or other by the merest chance in the world their hands met, and in the dim and uncertain twilight their faces were close together, and they looked upon each other's faces, and there read the bright intelligence of that feeling which many waters cannot quench. What needed

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they of farther interpreters?—from that moment they were as firmly bound to each other as love with her silken fetters can bind;—nor did they attempt to disguise from each other the delicious understanding.

Yet they spoke not;—strange how this feeling will flash across the mind;—speaking the secrets of the heart as if by inspiration, like a sudden gust of wind, or a flash of lightning. Flighty love gilds the tongue with eloquence, and is a native and overflowing orator; but deep and impassioned love is silent as the grave, and *looks*, but utters not its thoughts, as “hues that have words, and speak to ye of heaven.”

Twilight! who has not felt the magic of that hour? Even the rugged heart of crime is softened by its influence; and did not these? Yes; they owned it by their silence. They spoke not but in love’s language, which is deep, unbroken silence, and yet holding converse with each other’s souls. And there they stood gazing on the star-lit sky still tinged with the glowing colours of the rich sunset, and the bruised spirit of the one lost even the consciousness of existence under the mighty influence of the hour, and scarcely dared to breathe as though it would have destroyed the charm of Love’s alchemy.

His heart had been reared, youth though he was, in all the barrenness of old age, and it will hardly be a matter of surprise that thus suddenly meeting with the happiness of being loved, which he had not known since his mother’s death,—in one so young, so beautiful, it was productive of the most powerful effects, upon a mind deep and passionate like that of Maurice, and that it was caught and entangled in the silvery yet fatal meshes which catch all the world besides.

They had met by accident, and sympathy had united them, and, as has been well remarked by a clever author, one breath of fire will do more to unite two pieces of metal than all the strings and knots in the world. So sympathy had linked the burning chain that bound their souls.

Hitherto the clouds that had shown themselves occasionally upon the spotless ether of Ellen Hareby’s life, had been but as light and transient as the

shadow of a bird that flits over the earth in the bright hour of a summer morn. The tender indulgence of her only parent, for her mother had died when she was but a mere child, had fostered a natural grace, and a winning kindness of manner, that had made her a general favourite of all classes in the village, at the expense of as little envy in the breasts of other less favoured individuals, as it ever fell to the lot of so much loveliness to inspire; for truly may it be said of her, as of that fair child of creation, Phœbe Dawson, that

“Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;

The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed;
And ease of heart her every look conveyed;
A native skill her simple robes expressed,
As with untutored elegance she dressed.
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Ellen felt, and felt she gave delight.”

And (shall it be confessed?) when he found her thus universally a favourite and the acknowledged belle of E—, that he felt his heart more proud of its love, and that love loftier in its eagle flight; for pride, that representative of self-esteem, expands it by strengthening and sanctifying its idols. Yet love with him was no idle fancy,—the pleasing phantom of a passing hour,—but a mighty and deep-stirred ocean of feeling and passion that swept around his world of life and hope, fathomless and unquenchable.

Love—“the orient liquor” in the crystal glass of life—its honey and its gall—its splendid mockeries and wrinking cares—the glory and yet the scandal of the universe—its promised Eden withering into a dead sea where the green and verdant hues of life vanish or decay—who has not tasted, and who has not sickened?

O, that we could live in visions! that we could hold the delusion of love’s alchemy longer—faster to our hearts, and that “the silver chord” wherewith we are bound might not be loosened, nor “the golden bowl broken!”

Thy spirit, as erst thy child, arising from the waves of slumbering passion, moves over the formless and void; and as thou tracest thy iris’ path upon the dim world, light obeys thy behests, and lo! how magical the change; but time, or guilt, or misery, fling around

us their icy chains; then a dim cloud, at first faint and scarcely seen, comes in between heart and heart, and silent decay steals over them, and then the bright, the beautiful passes away for ever. Then comes the deadly and withering sense of desolation, without a breath of hope to fan the withered flowers garnered round its altar, that bloomed but to fade. Wisdom from its midnight lamp can throw no light upon its wanderings. Experience avails not in its visions; it is like sailing round a wild, boundless, illimitable ocean, without chart or compass wherewith to guide in following the mazy beams of that star that doth rain down madness on the world. Surely the inscription on Isis must have been on love. "I am whatever hath been, is, and shall, and no mortal hath yet pierced through the veil that shrouds me."

And now, shrined in the secret chambers of young Crawford's soul, there shone one only image upon whose radiant and lustrous eyes his whole being seemed to hinge, promising him a whole life of bliss, nor did he dream for a moment how quick the glassy sceptre might be severed in his hand. Life had now assumed a new and boundless prospect, diverging on all sides to his view, and spreading open before him bright regions dressed in all the glowing colours of ideality, and for once "the lines," indeed, "had fallen to him in pleasant places."

On the morning of the fifth day, Maurice started for London, full of new-born ambition. His pocket had not been neglected by his kind friend; and this part of his journey was not on foot. In a few hours, how long and wearying they seemed! He arrived in London; he hastened to his father's house, and, with a beating heart, but dauntless resolution, he knocked at the door, and was ushered up stairs.

Seated on an old arm-chair, of curiously carved oak, placed before a large table, completely covered with ledgers and account-books, sat an old man, bending intently over an estimate that lay before him. His legs were crossed over each other, and the whole body seemed bent with age. His features were long, thin, and sharp; and the

dim and dingy rays of the sun, as they crept through the dirty windows, fell full upon it, and gave a sleek appearance to his skinny and morose face. The grey shaggy eyebrows were nearly drawn down over two twinkling grey eyes, that were intently poring over the paper; while a few silvery-grey hairs escaped from beneath a skull-cap that fitted close on his head. On the one hand, there was a phial of physic, partly emptied into a tumbler of water, from which he every now and then sipped, to check a low, but hollow cough, that seemed to rise from his lungs. On the other, there were heaps of gold, silver, and notes. This being was Mr. Crawford, senior.

As Maurice had not given his name, he stood by the door, after being shown into the room, for some seconds, hardly able to convince himself that this was his father.

A sudden and death-like paleness spread itself over the rigid face of the old man, as he was about to sweep the gold into the bag; and dropping the bag, he grasped hold of the two arms of the chair with his scraggy fists. Maurice ran towards him to render him assistance.

"James!—James!" he cried, in a hollow, broken voice; "James, put that money into the bag, and give—it—to—me." He had mistaken him for his clerk.

Maurice did as was desired. His eyes were closed; the jingling of the money made him open them; but he grasped the bag convulsively.

The spasm lasted for some time, but he recovered directly they were off; and then, for the first time, he noticed the presence of a stranger. His cold suspicious eye glanced upon him from head to foot; but so many years' absence, at Maurice's time of life, had completely obliterated all recollection of his son from his mind. Casting a hasty glance upon the bag that he still grasped in his hand, to see that it was safe, he slowly asked him his business, and what had brought him there.

Respectfully, but boldly, Maurice addressed himself to his father, and told him, unreservedly, the whole of the circumstances that had induced him thus abruptly to leave his school;

and closed his speech by expressing his fixed determination never to return to that school again.

"There is but one way to my favour, sir," said the father; "and that is, to return instantly from whence you came, and wait there until I send for you."

Maurice again repeated his firm resolution not to return; and added, that no power on earth should induce him to do so; though he was willing enough, he added, to obey him on every other point.

"You are right, sir; perfectly right," said the father, his wan features wearing an expression of the most bitter and caustic irony. "You think, like many fools, I suppose, that I am rich; and so I suppose *you* must play the fine gentleman. And," he added, with a sneer, "pray, what would you do, now?"

"I would go to college, sir, to finish an education well, that has been but, at best, indifferently begun."

"To college!" exclaimed, or rather shrieked out, the old man, as if there was bankruptcy in the very name. "To college!"

Maurice bowed assent.

"It is well, sir! it is well!" continued the parent, with increasing vehemence; and then, as if suddenly forgetting his age, he started upon his feet, and walked up to his son, while his whole frame seemed quivering with rage. "So, you would have me send you to that nest of vice to ruin myself, would you?—to squander away that which has cost me sleepless nights to gather, and which I have earned by the hard sweat of my brow? Never—do you hear me?" he added, with a fury that was terrible to behold, in one that appeared with one foot in the grave; "never will I consent. Once more I command you; return, or I'll disown you—I'll cut you off for ever!"

"I have said it, sir; nothing shall induce me to return *there*."

The lips of the infuriated old man

moved inarticulately for a few moments, as though he were choked, and his little grey eyes glared with rage, while he paced violently to and fro in the narrow chamber.

Maurice stood firm. Suddenly clenching his scraggy and trembling hands, he rushed upon him, and exclaimed, with a perfect shout, "Out of my house, you scoundrel, and don't show your face to me again. Begone!—I abhor you!—You are a very serpent in my sight!"

The rebellious son did not wait for a second bidding, but coolly walked out of the house, inwardly determined never to enter it again, unless independent through his own endeavours. He was not greatly surprised by the result of his visit, as he had partly expected something of the kind. "With measured step, and slow," he sauntered down the street, and tried to whistle as he went along, but somehow he could not. Suddenly, he heard some one running hard behind him.

"Sir, sir!" shouted the servant, while Maurice stopped; "Mr. Crawford desires you will return, sir."

"Tell your master that I dare not break the solemn injunctions he has laid upon me; and he will never see me under his roof again, but as an independent man." And satisfying himself with this message, he resumed his walk.

So much for an avaricious father!

With many a bitter curse upon the cruelty of his fate, and the wretched author of his sorrows, he wandered on towards the water's-side, without any specific object.

It was not long, however, ere he had determined what to do. Almost all the ships in the river were in want of hands, and Maurice entered on board a collier; though, had he known "the pleasures of the sea," before it was too late to retract, it is a question whether he would have tried them.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HOUR OF DEATH.—A POEM.

BY JOHN CHARLES HALL, AUTHOR OF *THE STORM*, MISCELLANEOUS
POETRY, &c. &c. &c.

Animula, vagula, bandula,
Hospea, comesque, corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loco—
Pallida, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles dabis jocos.—*Adrian's Address to his Soul.*

Who shall tempt with wandering feet,
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And thro' the palpable obscure find out,
His uncouth way? MILTON.

SCENE.—The hour of midnight—the interior of a small chamber.

MORTAL.

What is death—oh ! spirit say,
Tell to mortal, wond'ring clay ?

ANGEL.

“ What is death ? ”—’tis to be free,
To join the great equality.

MORTAL.

Tell me, angel, need I fear,
Since the close of life draws near—
Now the lip and brilliant eye,
Lose their lustre—fade and die ;
(From the hour-glass in my hand,
Quickly flows, life's ebbing sand) ;
Tell me ; can I reach the shore—
Land of bliss for ever more ?
Guide my spirit, bid it rise,
Wing its flight to yonder skies.

ANGEL.

Mortal, mortal ! why this fear ?
Now the end of life draws near,
Hark ! thy Saviour intercedes,
He for sinners ever pleads,
He will teach—point out the road,
Guide you to his bless'd abode.

MORTAL.

On life's tempestuous sea,
Storms of misery burst o'er me,
On the mat where want reclines,
On this couch where anguish pines :
I shall never gain a name,
Known in hist'ry—known to fame—

The Hour of Death.

Mark my languid half-clos'd eye,
 Hear the trembling—deep-drawn sigh—
 Hear the murm'rings of despair,
 Say you "talent once dwelt here?"

ANGEL.

Yes; those eyes with love have beam'd—
 From each orbit, light hath stream'd.

MORTAL.

But neglect hath stung me sore;
 Hope's wild raptures thrill no more.
 Soon shall name and mem'ry fade—
 In the tomb this form be laid;
 Soon this body yield its trust,
 Sleep forgotten in the dust;
 Soon this throbbing heart lie still,
 Bending to its Maker's will.
 World! no more of thy desires!
 Quench'd the flame of fame's bright fires!
 (Weep, my soul! in dreams divine—
 Earth and care no longer mine.)
 Angel, I will wing my flight,
 Soar to realms of pure delight.
 Hark!—that voice;—"Leave, leave this clay;
 Sister spirit, come away."

ANGEL.

That voice, it seemed to say,
 Mortal, to thy ling'ring clay,
 "Oh! prisoner of this vale,
 Brighter scenes thy spirit hail!—
 Hasten—with thy Maker live;
 Joy and bliss to you I give."

MORTAL.

That sweet—that still small voice,
 Bid my panting heart rejoice.
 Jesus! 'fore thy feet I fall;—
 Saviour—Life—my hope—my all!—
 Bid,—oh! bid my spirit flee:—
 May it wing its flight to Thee!
 A dim mist absorbs me quite;
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight;—
 Ling'ring here, I lose my breath,
 (See, those eyelids close in death,)
 Nature sinks beneath disease.
 What can give the sinner ease,
 Till, with peace, his dying bed—
 When each earthly joy has fled?
 Jesus! thou this heart can cheer;—
 Blest, even then, when Thou art near.
Death! where is thy sting? I cry;
Grave! where is thy victory?

7, Bath Place, Kensington.

THE RANDOM SENTENCE,

Continued from page 100.

MEANTIME, Seabright was an alternate prey to hopes and fears. The first, Lady Isabella strove to raise, and the latter to repress. This amiable young lady had become really partial to the captain, and resolved to assist the passion which, it was plainly perceivable, he entertained for Ausonia; but she found it impossible to quell his suspicions concerning her supposed attachment to Clanwilliam. And on Isabella expostulating with him, on the folly of such an idea, he plainly intimated that her words had no weight with him, as he doubted not they were only dictated by a mistaken kindness, lest he should sink a victim to despair.

"Well, well," said she, "then, as the puritans of old said, when their swords descended on some unfortunate cavalier's pate,—'Perish in thy unbelief;'" and, with these words, she left him.

This caused honest John Seabright to reflect. He revolved every little incident which had occurred since his introduction to Mrs. Dowdeswell's family. But as water, which has been mixed with poison, still retains its deadly nature, though sweetened with honey, and made palatable with wine, so did his mind, which had been embittered by the drugs of Alfred's sophistry, pervert the good effect of all our hero's cogitations, and render noxious the whole: inasmuch, that he said aloud, "At all events, she loves not me;" and, with a clouded brow and beating heart, he bent his steps homewards, resolving to tear himself from a place holding one for whom he would resign life itself, but who he now despaired of ever calling his.

Still, however, he lingered, day after day, stealing amid the gay throng which diurnally crowded the public walks, in hopes of catching a glimpse of the form he loved, though he could not summon sufficient resolution to visit the family with whom she resided.

At the expiration of another fortnight, Seabright made up his mind to go in earnest, but not without bidding Ausonia farewell; therefore, "screwing up his courage to the sticking

place," he bent his steps to the Marine Parade. Mrs. Dowdeswell and family, he was informed by the servant, were out, but Miss Freelove was alone, in the garden.

"Alone, in the garden! That will do," said he, as he proceeded thither; where, bending over a bed of violets, he saw the fair Ausonia. If sorrow and secret anxiety had made Seabright's pallid cheek still more pale, his eye less animated, and his step less firm, than was wont, some unknown cause had not made less alteration in Ausonia; and her blanched lip and attenuated form showed that all was not at peace about the heart.

"Heavens! Captain Seabright," said she, startling at his approach; "I thought you had left Brighton? But you have been ill; I am sure you have, for—oh, you look so very pale!" and her own cheek grew whiter as she spoke.

Seabright's pulse throbbed at these expressions of interest; but fearing to delude himself, he took her hand with some emotion, as he replied: "I have not been very well; my mind has been unsettled, and rendered melancholy, by the distresses of a friend; distresses which I could not alleviate."

"I sincerely hope the contrary," said Ausonia, with a look of pity; "for that would, indeed, be the depth of misery. Come, you must tell me this tale of sorrow. You know there is no poison without its antidote; and I may fortunately light upon some healing balm for your friend's woes. Won't you confide in me?" and passing her slender white fingers through her tresses of dark hair, to part them from her forehead, she bent upon him a look so full of sweetness and archness, that, had he been a free-mason, and thus urged to reveal the secrets of his craft, he could not possibly have withstood the entreaty. Leading her, therefore, towards a garden-seat, and placing himself by her side, still retaining the hand which he had taken, and which he coveted to possess for ever, he tremblingly said: "My friend, dearest madam, is one to whom nature

has denied those outward graces calculated to attract the eye; but, to make some amends, she has given him a heart capable of appreciating, to their fullest extent, the amiable virtues belonging to your softer sex; upon one of which, he has placed his best affections, but he dares not, Miss Freelove,—he dares not tell her so, fearful of the ridicule he should provoke in presuming to think that one, who is all loveliness, would even listen to the prayer of him who has only an upright heart to offer. Besides, were it not so, he doubts whether success would attend a declaration, as he fears her affections are in another's keeping. This is the fountain which feeds his sorrows, and whose stream is so plentiful, that I anticipate it will speedily overflow, and totally overwhelm that which it once nourished. Now, tell me, Miss Freelove, where the herb is to be plucked which shall restore his mind to health? He cannot reveal his love; he cannot support the suppression of it; he knows not how a disclosure would be received; he dare not hazard the experiment of making one. What ought—what can he do?"

Ausonia was silent: mischief will ever keep a woman so. She plucked a rose to pieces which grew near her, and then transferred its colour to her cheek; then grew pale again. Now she looked at the sky, and anon upon the earth: albeit, her confusion was so great, that she scarce knew where to look. At length, however, she raised her head, and Seabright breathed thick, as he watched the action. He almost fancied himself some culprit, and she the judge about to put on the black cap to doom his death. But, no; a beam was on her cheek, and it lit up a ray of hope in his heart. Her lip trembled, as it dropped the gentle accents of her reply. "Since you ask my advice," she said, "I will give it without hesitation." (She was not perhaps aware, how much of it there was in her manner while speaking.) "Let your friend seek some opportunity of meeting with the lady alone, and let him coin some tale, like that which you have now told me. Whilst he repeats it, let him fix his eye upon the fair one's features, and trace every emotion which may cross them; and when he has con-

cluded, bid him mark well their expression. Should a frown shade the brow, or displeasure close the eye; should she withdraw her hand from his, and curl her lip; bid him abandon hope, for all his fears are justified. But should the colour crimson her temple; should she continue silent; should her hand remain passive, and the slightest smile approach her cheek; let him pity her confusion—let him spare her the confession that she returns his love; and let him take shame to himself for supposing the affections of her heart would ever be influenced by an outward form."

As Ausonia spoke, Seabright did not fail to obey her hint; and we may suppose with what feelings he saw the timid blush, the acquiescent smile, the approving glance, which presented themselves upon her angelic countenance, as she energetically spoke the few concluding words. "Celestial creature!" he exclaimed, dropping on his knee, and pressing both hands to his lips. "Is it possible—can it be—that you will vouchsafe to look on a being like myself? Oh, Ausonia! Ausonia! you have launched my heart into the silver sea of felicity!—henceforth you shall be its only pilot, and all its actions be steered by your hand."

"I fear, then, the helm will be held but unsteadily," said Ausonia.

"Be it so. Our's shall be a voyage of pleasure; 'twill therefore matter little how often we diverge from the intended course. But say, my Ausonia! when shall Lord High Admiral the Church give orders for us to sail in consort?"

"Stop, stop!" said Ausonia, laughing. We have neither of us received our commission yet; recollect, there are friends to be consulted; leave to be obtained; and a thousand other formula to be gone through."

"Which may just as well be done after we are united," said Seabright, in a tone of entreaty.

"United!—Ah, Seabright! may you never transpose the third and fourth letters of that word, and wish the knot that binds us to be *untied*."

"Were I not sure you jest," said the captain, "I should be inclined to rail you for that sentence. No, no, my loved girl! entertain not such a thought, even in playfulness; for, be

assured, the last pulsation of life will throb for you ; and not till my feelings are dumb, and my heart cold in death, will I cease to bless the hour in which you smiled upon me."

"And if Seabright be half so fond a husband as he is a lover, I never shall repent uniting my fate to his," murmured Ausonia, with all the confiding sweetness of tone and manner with which the timid maiden ever whispers her affection in the ear of a chosen admirer.

Thus, in the mutual interchange of vows, did an hour on the wings of speed fly away, and already was a second one entered upon in the same manner, when they were interrupted by the silky voice of Ariosto Jingle, Esq., shouting in the octave note, "Where is Captain Seabright? by all the gods and little fishes, I must see him."

"A pest upon that simpleton! what can he want?" cried Seabright, provoked at the interruption.

"To amuse you with his blunders, I suppose," replied Ausonia, with a smile.

"May I never run twenty knots an hour when chasing an enemy," exclaimed Seabright; "if dame nature ever made so complete an hallucination, as when forming the intellects of this fop-pish ape, but here he comes.

"Oh Captain Seabright," said Ariosto, approaching; "who, think you, has just arrived, and is inquiring for you?"

"I have not the remotest idea."

"No other than Miss Rokeby, your aunt. She has come to Brighton on a visit to Mrs. Dowdeswell, and hearing you have returned to England, has expressed a wish to see you, not having done so since you were tin years old."

"Indeed! pray then be good enough to say I will wait upon her immediately."

"By all means," said Jingle; "but be quick, for she is in a monstrous hurry to see you, and I'm sure you'll like her, she is such a dear good-natured old soul;" and so saying, he glided from the place with all the would-be grace and lightness of a fawn.

"Come, my life," said Seabright, "this will be an admirable beginning to introduce you to my relations, Miss Rokeby will be delighted with the choice I have made." And without waiting a reply, he drew Ausonia's arm within his, and led her towards the house.

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On reaching the drawing-room, Seabright found Miss Rokeby surrounded by all the family, who seemed perfectly charmed with her affability of manners and lively remarks. She was an old maid of sixty, but in every respect the reverse of the Honourable Miss Viper; as so far from endeavouring by artificial means to conceal her real age, it appeared to be her greatest pride, as she was attired in that plain, yet handsome style, so much more becoming to elderly ladies than the gay and juvenile costume which many think proper to assume. Her figure was petite and prim, and her whole appearance venerable; but her features were small, and far from being strongly marked with the usual lines of age, although her hair was white as the "new shorn fleece," and her head had a slight oscillatory movement. She wore a pair of large blue spectacles, which added greatly to her reverend appearance. When she spoke, the tone of her voice, though tremulous from age, was melodious, and gave token of its rich volume in former days; and her laugh rung like a cheerful peal sounded on a clear-toned bell to announce glad tidings.

"Oh here comes your nephew at last," said Mrs. Dowdeswell, on seeing Seabright.

"Where is he? Let me look at him, the dear little fellow," said Miss Rokeby, rising, but stopping short as soon as she saw him, and holding up her hands, "Lord, bless us! John, my boy," she exclaimed, "why how you have shot up since I saw you last; you are quite a man I declare! I vow I should never have known you."

"Do you think not, dear madam?" said Seabright, shaking her warmly by the hand; "I cannot say the same of you, for really you look no older than you did twenty years ago, and I should have recollected your features in a moment."

"Ho! ho! ho!" cried Jingle, laughing at what appeared to him a very ticklish idea.

"Ah, you young people have surprising memories," returned the old lady; "now, my old friend Mrs. Dowdeswell, had not the slightest remembrance of me, till I recalled to her mind the hours of happiness we had spent in our girlish days."

T

"And then I knew you directly," exclaimed Mrs. Dowdeswell.

"No wonder, no wonder," interrupted the chatty spinster, as she drew her nephew and Ausonia on one side, and whispered, but loud enough for the latter to hear: "John, my love, who is that pretty rosebud you have there so snugly tucked under your arm, eh, boy?"

"A blossom, my dearest madam, which I trust ere long to pluck from amidst its kindred flowers, and to wear in my bosom."

"Hey day! how came your ugly face to attract so lovely a plant?—Nay, don't pout, young lady, for if the seeds of virtue and honour which I know were planted in his bosom when a youth, have produced a good crop; you will have no cause to regret any deficiency in his appearance."

"Upon my honour, madam," cried Signora Romanzini, who came up at that moment and heard the few concluding words, "you are vastly complimentary, you will really put your nephew out of all conceit with his countenance, but the savage is not so very frightful either," and as she spoke, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. At this moment Clanwilliam entered the room, and as his eye caught this action of Adelaide, he started, and turned pale.

Alfred's insinuations had at first made but slight impression upon the mind of Clanwilliam, but reflection had brought to memory many little incidents, that, small and insignificant in themselves, only required to be seen through the magnifying glass of suspicion, to assume an alarming and terrific appearance. Through this medium they were viewed by Clanwilliam, who daily became more and more convinced of young Dowdeswell's correctness. In the same manner that ink when first committed to paper, will appear faint, but gradually it becomes deeper and blacker; and should by accident a drop of acid fall upon the line, it instantly assumes a colour like jet. Thus did Clanwilliam's suspicions grow stronger, until the drop of acid, in the shape of the action he had just witnessed in Adelaide, sunk into his mind, and dyed every doubt with the deepest black. For nearly a minute, he paused on the threshold, when being perceived by Mrs. Dowdeswell, (who kindly welcomed him,) he advanced,

and was introduced to Miss Rokeby, with whom he entered into immediate conversation, though in a state of extreme agitation, which being perceived by Ausonia, she inquired the reason of his apparent melancholy.

"Nothing," he replied, "more than that I have just parted from Mackenzie, and he has, I suppose, infected me with his own low spirits."

"Mr. Mackenzie low spirited!" exclaimed Ausonia, "What can have occurred to damp his volatility?"

"I presume the departure of Lady Isabella Mornington," returned Clanwilliam, "who you know left Brighton for London the day before yesterday, as her sister is taken suddenly and dangerously ill; but I hope she will speedily return."

"And when she does so," said Miss Free love, "I trust it will be accompanied by her sister in restored health and beauty. What a pity she is not here, she would have so many nurses to attend her. And I'd gage my ring against the College of Physicians, that between us all, we should outdo the doctors."

"You are a good kind young lady," observed Miss Rokeby, "pray come and sit by me, excuse my offering a chair on the left, as the right is occupied by Mr. Jingle, whom you must know is the very prototype of a lover I had forty years since."

"Forty years!" exclaimed the young ladies at once; "Gracious! what a long time ago."

"Ha! ha! ha! so you no doubt think; yet 'twould take much to tempt me back again to youth; you cannot, my dears, imagine the pleasure we old women take in the respect and attention so generously awarded us by the young, and our very hearts glow when we are enabled to advise and caution, from our own experience, and thus preserve many an innocent being from the snares which surround her; heigho! These were my poor mother's remarks, when I first knew poor Popinjay;—you remember Timothy?" continued Miss Rokeby, turning to Mrs. Dowdeswell.

"Perfectly," replied the latter, "and have frequently remarked the likeness between him and Mr. Jingle."

"It is that which has produced my predilection in favour of the young

gentleman," returned the spinster, who seemed to grow again youthful and lovely, as she launched into a cheerful and animated history of her younger days, and the many tempting offers she had declined.—After thus wearing away the morning, the circle broke up to dress for dinner, and Miss Rokeby, attended by Seabright, returned to the apartments, she had hired as a residence during her temporary visit to Brighton, after promising to call on her friends the next day, which she did, as also every following one for a week. During this time, the lovers experienced no interruption from the Honourable Miss Viper, although that amiable maiden, by means of her colleague, dined often with the family, and succeeded in some measure in establishing herself in the good graces of the lady at its head ; towards Seabright, she invariably maintained a cold reserve, and no one suspected they had ever been previously acquainted. With Miss Rokeby, she was at open

warfare, as on being presented, the spinster had observed " that there must be something magnetic in old maids, for if there were two in a place, they were sure to find each other out."

" Old maids !" said Joan, snuffling. We'll have that cleared up. I am twenty years your junior, at least, I am sure."

" And, about twelve years before I was your age, which I should imagine, from your appearance, is about forty," returned Miss Rokeby, " I had the epithet *old maid* first bestowed upon me. Therefore you have been one exactly that period of time."

This observation sealed Miss Viper's hatred, who ejaculated her usual " humph !" accompanied by a most malignant glance, her nose glowing with tenfold redness, and then turned upon her heel, inwardly vowing vengeance.

(To be continued.)

WILT THOU LOVE ME THEN ?

BY THE AUTHOR OF " LITTLE LAYS FOR LITTLE LEARNERS."

THOU say'st that I am fair,
And in these sunny cheeks,
The healthful bloom of youth
Most eloquently speaks !
But age will come anon,
And wrinkle this fair brow ;
Then wilt thou love me then,
As thou dost love me now ?

When fairer forms thou see'st,
With redder—riper lips ; -
Dark eyes whose dazzling light,
Will these dull orbs eclipse :
Wilt not at some fair shrine,
In adoration bow,
But swear to love me then,
As thou dost love me now ?

Thou say'st my mind is stor'd
With virtue, love and truth,
Charms which through age steal on,
Will bind thee as in youth.
But hearts grow cold with time,
Forgot is passion's vow,
And thou'lt not love me then,
As thou dost love me now !

THE MIDNIGHT BELL.

THE midnight bell had tolled, but the inmates of the Castle of Ravenswood were far from sharing the repose of the hour. Lights were flitting about in various parts of the building, and the voice of mourning was heard within its walls. The few male inmates now within were assembled round a blazing fire in the great hall, the disregarded flagon standing untasted beside them; they sat in gloomy silence, grief and amazement strongly depicted in their rugged features. On the opposite side the female domestics were huddled together in a trembling, whispering group, as if driven by terror and apprehension at this unwonted hour to seek the protection and companionship of their fellows.

The event which had spread such consternation through the castle, was the death of its youthful chief, Lord Julian of Ravenswood, had been found murdered in a neighbouring wood, through which he was supposed to have been passing soon after sunset. His body had been discovered by some attendants, whom the Lady Imogen, his sister, alarmed at his protracted stay, had despatched to meet him. Sir Osmond, the uncle of the murdered youth, and his nearest male relative, was gone in pursuit of the murderers, supposed to be some of the numerous and desperate troop of robbers with which this wood was known to be infested; a supposition, which was confirmed on examining the body of the unfortunate youth, by their missing several valuable articles which he was in the habit of wearing; such as a small, but exquisitely made, Turkish dagger, inlaid with precious stones; the jewelled aigrette that fastened the white plume in his cap, and a miniature set in diamonds, which he always wore in his bosom. And his sister, who had seen him ride away at noon, radiant in health and happiness, now watched beside his bloody and untimely bier: dark and gloomy was the ancient chamber of state at all times, save when the blaze of a thousand lights betokened some magnificent festivity, but now it was the chamber of mourning, lit only by two wax-lights in silver sconces,

placed on a table at the upper end of the apartment.

In the centre was a low couch, on which lay the lifeless body of the unhappy Julian, and stretched upon it the less inanimate form of Imogen; they were twins, and in their sixteenth year; and as the sister knelt beside the brother's bier, her arms encircling the loved clay, as if she feared it would be snatched from her embrace; her cheek pressed close to his—her golden ringlets intermixed with those as bright, and almost as luxuriant; the same slight graceful figures—the same features—the same pale, beautiful expression; they were indeed so much alike, that, but for the difference of their garments, they could scarcely have been known apart. When first the corpse of her brother had met her view, she had thrown herself upon with a shriek of piercing agony, clung to it with the energy of despair, and would not again be separated from it: and when at length they sought by force to drag her from the chamber, she suddenly recovered herself by a violent effort, and standing erect, exclaimed, with a look and gesture of command, while her blue eye flashed through its tears.

"I, alas! am Lady and Mistress of Ravenswood; now, do you acknowledge me as such?" she asked of the surrounding attendants.

All simultaneously bent their knee before her in silent homage, "then, as such obey me," she continued, "leave me, all of you,—I must, I will be left alone to my sorrow."

There was no disputing a command so given; all turned and left the chamber. The lady stood in the same attitude of dignified command till the last had departed.

As he crossed the threshold, she sprang forward and drew the bolt behind him; and having thus, as she deemed, secured herself from intrusion, she abandoned herself to the unrestrained indulgence of her grief. She again threw herself beside the bier, and embraced the pale form reposing there with passionate tenderness. She did not sigh—she did not weep, but looked on the face of the beauteous dead, till

her eyes seemed starting from their sockets. At length her despair found words; "Julian! brother! we came into the world together, together we will leave it. Why should I stay behind when thou art gone? My pride! my joy! my second self! this once fair earth is now a wilderness to me! but why do I embrace thy senseless clay, when thy pure immortal spirit is in heaven! Ah! mine is on the wing to join thee! brother, I come! I come!"

There was frenzy in the look and tone as she pressed one last, fervent kiss on his marble forehead; and starting up, she walked with hurried step across the room, and by the help of a stool, which stood in an embrasure of one of the high Gothic windows, climbed in an instant to its dizzy ledge. She threw open the window, it looked upon a moonlit lake. Imogen turned to gaze for the last time on her brother's bier, then repeating the words, "I come! I come!" and extending her arms towards the glistening waters, she prepared to take the fatal leap, when she was suddenly arrested by a voice, which exclaimed, in a solemn authoritative tone, "Thou shalt do no murder," the lady started towards the quarter whence the voice proceeded, and beheld the stately form of Father Anselm, the family confessor, emerging from behind some tapestry, which concealed a private entrance to the chamber, and which had till now escaped her recollection.

"Fond, foolish girl," he continued; "dost thou murmur because the dead is taken from thee, for, as it were a moment's space? and by thy own rash act wouldst thou have banished thyself for an eternity from that bright heaven in which he dwells in bliss?"

These words, spoken in a tone as affectionate as it was impressive, had the desired effect; the lady bowed her head and wept, and suffered the father to hand her down from her perilous elevation, and lead her to a seat in a distant part of the chamber.

Pleased to see these tears, which, he hoped, would quench the fever of her brain, the good father for some time permitted her to weep on in silence; at length he continued, "yes, daughter, weep on; these are tears of sweet contrition for the impious thought,

which, in an unguarded moment, entered your heart."

"Ah! father, forgive me!" replied the humbled and repentant girl; "forgive me! it was madness."

"I do forgive thee, Imogen; and, since Heaven ordains it, live the last frail blossom of a blighted bough."

"But not in this cold world," interrupted the maiden, "which is henceforth a wilderness to me; I will retire to some peaceful convent, and spend my joyless days in prayers and tears for my lost brother."

"Thou canst do better, daughter, than but weep your brother's death; thou canst avenge it."

"That be our kinsman's care, who will inherit my brother's lands and title."

"He is the man."

"How, father! I understand you not," replied the lady, with a look of utter astonishment.

The confessor cast a cautious glance around the room, as if fearful of being heard, then dropping his voice to an expressive whisper, repeated, "Sir Osmond is the murderer!"

"My uncle!" exclaimed the lady, Imogen: "father, thou art mad to say this; it is impossible!"

"Daughter, it is true! Know you this token; and he put into her hands a small but highly wrought Turkish dagger."

"It is his! it is Julian's!" she instantly ejaculated; "given him by the very kinsman whose honour, whose humanity, you thus impeach! But tell me, father, whence had you this?"

"Listen, then, and learn, my daughter, how I became possessed of this; and with it thy false kinsman's secret. I was wandering, as is my frequent wont in the rosy twilight, among the ruins of St. Olave's Abbey, and musing on the stately wrecks of former greatness mouldering to decay; I had climbed up a narrow stair, moss-grown and broken in many places, which led to a turret, whose walls, covered with thickly-matted ivy, had withstood the corroding touch of time, and which commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. The last tint of the western sun had faded, and the moon and all her starry train now shed their silvery lustre around, and still I lingered, and still I loved to gaze upon the sweet

serenity of the scene, when suddenly I saw two persons emerge from the adjoining wood and enter the ruins beneath me, and I as suddenly recollected that this ruin was said to be the abode of robbers, who used it as a repository for their booty. I began to feel rather uneasy at my situation; but since immediate escape was evidently impossible, I determined to remain in my present place of concealment, and, myself unseen, take advantage of some of the numerous crevices in the old walls of the turret to watch the movements of the intruders. I did so, and saw them advance with swift and stealthy step into the centre of what had been the court, when, to my surprise and terror, they were joined by a third person, who seemed to spring out of the earth, so suddenly and unexpectedly did he make his appearance. His figure was completely muffled in a cloak, and his plumed hat was carefully slouched over his brows. He advanced close up to the strangers, and asked, in a low tone, but which the stillness of the night rendered distinctly audible to me, — ‘Is it done?’ For answer the foremost drew from under his cloak a naked sword, the blade of which, as he held it up in the moonlight, I saw was dimmed with a crimson stain. I shuddered. ‘He died hard,’ muttered the other ruffian; ‘and during the death-strife his attendant escaped, and doubtless has, by this time, been the cause of alarming the castle, and we shall have the country up in arms in less than an hour!’ — ‘Where is the portrait?’ demanded their employer. — ‘Here it is, my lord; and here is a purse and this other gewgaw, (the Turkish dagger I suppose).’ — ‘Tis well; take this for your pains; and now fly hence with what speed ye may; let not to-morrow’s sun see ye within ten leagues of Ravenswood as ye value your lives.’

“The hirelings withdrew, and were soon lost in the shade of the wood, which they re-entered. The master murderer remained standing alone, where his companions in guilt had left him. At length he muttered in a tone of exultation, ‘Tis done! ’tis done! and she is mine! Emmeline is mine! Oh! bliss unutterable! yet one more blow, and I am Lord of Ravenswood!’

That voice, — those words, — froze the blood within my veins. At this moment a raven burst away from his ivy nest, under the battlements of the turret on which I stood, and fluttered around the head of the murderer, screaming and flapping his huge wings. Startled by this noise he looked up, and by a sudden movement his hat fell off, and the moonlight shone full on his upturned face: lady, it was Sir Osmond!” The Lady Imogen clasped her hands together in speechless horror. The monk continued: — “Sir Osmond regained his hat, and placed it over his brows; then wrapping his cloak more closely around him, he quitted the ruins, and walked, with a hurried and agitated step, towards the castle. I watched him till he was lost in the distance, and then descended, and by a circuitous route re-entered the castle, unperceived, by a back door, which remained unclosed. In crossing the ruined court-yard, I saw something glittering on the ground, just where the knight had stood; it was this little dagger, lady.”

The excited maiden threw herself on her knees, exclaiming, impetuously, “May I indeed be the next to perish beneath this treacherous kinsman’s arm, if I revenge not Julian’s death upon his murderer, which I will do, so witness all the blessed host of heaven, and register my vow on high!”

The sky had become suddenly obscured, and scarcely had Imogen finished speaking, when a peal of thunder rolled majestically over the castle, and died away in the distance.

“Heaven accepts my vows!” exclaimed the beautiful enthusiast, rising from her knees. “But you, father, are its instrument; it is to you I must look for counsel and assistance; you who are now my only friend.”

“Then my first counsel is, dear lady, that you leave immediately this castle, before Sir Osmond, by another blow, becomes indeed its master.”

“But whither shall I fly, father? Oh! now, indeed, do I feel my orphan and isolated state!” And again tears coursed each other down the pale cheek of Imogen; and her sobs impeded her utterance.

“Courage! dear daughter!” replied the confessor, affectionately taking her

hand. "Put thy trust in Him who is the Father of the fatherless, and he will not forsake thee. I should advise that you take shelter for a time with the abbess of St. Ursula; she is your near kinswoman, and dear friend, and will most gladly give you her protection. And now listen to me; there is a subterranean passage which leads from the castle chapel to the church of the Ursulines, intended as a means of flight to the sanctuary in case of utmost need. This secret, known but to myself, was imparted to me by your lady-mother on her death bed; and I now earnestly intreat you, my daughter, to avail yourself of it to quit the castle privately, and without loss of time; and further, let your veil be found upon the rushy bank of the lake, that it may be thought you have really met that fate from which so late I rescued you!"

"Be thought dead, father?"

"Ay, my daughter, that your flight, and its motive, be not suspected, which would mar all."

"Tis well, father; I will in all things submit myself to your direction. One more adieu to this dear form, which I shall never behold again?"

She bent over the corpse, pressed one last, long kiss upon its pale, cold brow; then, rising, exclaimed, with faltering accents, "Now, father, I am ready," and walked hastily away from the bier, as if fearful of trusting herself with another look, leaving the chamber by the tapestried door, through which the father had entered it. They proceeded by a private passage to the chapel, which they found empty, as was, indeed, to be expected at that hour. The father having touched a secret spring in one side of the altar, a sliding pannel disappeared, and disclosed a steep flight of stone steps. They began the descent, the father carefully closing the pannel behind them. At the bottom of the flight was an iron-studded door, which was with difficulty opened by the monk and the lady. This passed, they found themselves in a long, narrow, stone passage, whose cold damps struck a chill to the very heart of Imogen, while the gloom, rendered visible, rather than dissipated by the feeble rays of the lamp, with which the monk had provided himself, filled her with indefinable awe, and,

clinging to the arm of her protector, she hurried on in trembling silence.

After proceeding for nearly a quarter of a mile, they ascended a second flight, where, by means of a similar concealed door, they presently found themselves in the church of the Ursulines, and close beside the high altar. Lady Imogen prostrated herself before an image of the Virgin, devoutly rendered thanks for her present escape, and implored her further protection.

While yet on her knees, the convent bell sounded for matins, and the sable sisterhood and white-robed novices thronged into the church. Father Anselm and Imogen hid themselves behind a cluster of pillars, and joined, unseen, in their devotions. The service ended, and all again proceeded to leave the church as they had entered it. As the last was departing, the monk came forward, and laying one hand on her arm, while he placed the forefinger of the other lightly on her lips, to impose silence, he began,—

"Sister Agatha, be not alarmed, it is I, father Anselm."

"Father Anselm!" repeated the nun, in amazement; "here at this hour! why? and who is this with you, father?"

"This is the Lady Imogen de Courcy, who comes to seek a sanctuary in your convent; ask no more, but go from me to the Lady Abbess, and say that I entreat to speak with her immediately and privately, on an affair of life and death."

The nun went, and quickly returned to show the monk and Imogen into the private apartment of the Abbess, who, having heard her story, received the fair fugitive with almost parental love, promising her every protection and assistance in her power.

Here we will for awhile leave Lady Imogen, and recur to some of the other personages of this eventful history.

At the age of fifteen, Osmond de Courcy, left his native land, to seek on foreign shores that fortune which by inheritance was but scantily meted out to the youngest born of a family more noble than wealthy. He departed an open, brave, impetuous, reckless boy; he returned a bold and desperate libertine, whose boundless passions were his only laws. During the sixteen years he passed on the continent, great changes

had taken place at home. His father was dead, and Ravenswood, when he returned to it, was in possession of the widow of his eldest brother, who had been dead about a twelvemonth. The bereaved and broken-hearted lady never held up her head after her husband's death: she sank into a state of dejection, from which nothing could arouse her, and which soon reduced her to the brink of the grave. With what joy did she now welcome the return of her husband's brother, and nearest relative of her children. She felt that his presence had relieved her heart of an intolerable burthen, that she was now free to follow her beloved Julian, since in their uncle her orphans had found a natural guardian and friend. In less than a month after his arrival, the disconsolate widow died, solemnly committing her children to Sir Osmond's care, and conjuring him to discharge the trust faithfully and affectionately for their father's sake. Six months after the baroness's death, her son, her darling Julian, had pressed a bloody bier, her gentle daughter was supposed to have been driven by despair to seek a watery grave, and Sir Osmond, the guardian uncle, was Lord of Ravenswood. Yet one more thing, and his triumph was complete. Emeline must be his,—Emeline, the betrothed of the murdered Julian, and the original of that portrait which had been torn from the yet warm bosom of his victim, to be placed by the murderer in his own.

Love, if we may denominate by such a name his libertine feelings, was the ruling passion of Sir Osmond's life;—that to which all others ministered, and which, like the ocean's billows, bore down all that would oppose its impetuous course. Soon after his arrival in England, Sir Osmond had seen the Lady Emeline de Beaumont, was struck with her beauty, and immediately resolved upon making her his, at whatever cost. As Lord of Ravenswood, Sir Osmond became a constant visitor at Beaumont House; so constant, indeed, that it was soon confidently reported and believed that he aspired to the hand of the Lady Emeline, the only daughter of Sir Hugh de Beaumont, and the betrothed of the late Lord Julian. Faithful to his memory, Lady Emeline long remained shut up in her

chamber, and refused to see any body but her parents. And when at length compelled to permit the visit of Sir Osmond, she received him with pale, averted looks, and answered all his attempts at conversation with tears and sighs, or execrations on the murderer of her beloved Julian. But when her father informed her that Sir Osmond had made known to him his ardent love for her, and had asked her hand, Emeline startled, nay, almost screamed with surprise and anguish.

"He loves me!" she repeated, "he has dared to confess it! but I have long doubted, more than doubted this, and it has awakened suspicions too horrible to name, almost to think of. Enough,—no power on earth shall ever make me his." But this resolution, Lady Emeline, however willing, was yet powerless to preserve; for her parents, who, so she became Baroness of Ravenswood, cared little whether it were as the wife of the nephew or uncle, ridiculed her grief and scruples, and, turning a deaf ear to her prayers and remonstrances, commanded her to receive Sir Osmond, as became her future husband. In this light, Lady Emeline was determined never to regard him, and the first time he ventured openly to address her in the language of admiration, declaring he was emboldened to do so by the sanction of her parents, who had promised to bestow her hand on him, she interrupted him by saying,—"To that, my lord, my consent is necessary; and on one condition, it shall not be withheld."

"Name it," he exclaimed, eagerly. "I am thine, Lord Osmond, on condition that the heads of Julian's murderers may whiten on thy castle gate, ere my foot cross the threshold."

"Cruel! you impose that which I never can fulfil; the villains, despite my utmost vigilance, have escaped beyond the arm of justice."

"Of human justice, haply, not divine; but since the murderers have fled, I trust they have put broad seas between us. I should live in dread, thinking I breathed the same air with them, lest it should be impregnated with pestilence for their destruction; I should fear the fire would fall, and make one universal conflagration of the devoted land that held them—that the

solid earth would open to engulf them."

An involuntary groan burst from the lips of Sir Osmond, who remained as if spell-bound, eager, yet powerless, to stop with word or action those remarks, which, at whoever aimed, struck deeply in his conscious heart. Emeline continued: "And for what has the murderer brought a curse upon his soul? for paltry gain, for thirst of thrice accursed gold."

"No, no," passionately exclaimed Sir Osmond, thrown off his guard, and stung to the quick by this accusation, "No, no, not gold, but beauty was the bait for which the murderer sold his soul; not love of gain, but love of thee. Cruel, insulting woman, it was that impelled the deed you so much execrate!"

"You rave, my lord!" exclaimed Lady Emeline, changing her look and tone to one of affected alarm; "your looks, your words are wild! Good sooth, my lord, 'twas wrong of me to move you thus, by speaking of your murdered nephew. Ah me! I wonder not at your distress, for I have thought at times of Julian's death, have pictured him as lying in a pool of blood, with dreadful gashes on his brow and breast, until my brain was all on fire; and I, in momentary madness, could have fancied I was myself his murderer, that loved him so. But we will leave this dreadful theme, and speak of our projected nuptials,—shall we, my lord?"

Somewhat re-assured by the natural, but unexpected manner in which she had interpreted his uncontrollable agitation, and the words that had involuntarily escaped him, and which, as soon as uttered, he felt were equivalent

to a full confession of his guilt; and soothed, if not deceived, by the apparent confidence and sympathy expressed by her concluding words, by the time she had finished speaking, Sir Osmond had recovered his self-possession sufficiently to apologize for having alarmed her, and, taking the hint she had given him, he said, that none better knew than she, how deeply he had felt the loss of his lamented nephew; he had been unwell, he said, for some days, and the distressing subject of their conversation had been too exciting to his nerves; that feeling still far from well, he should crave her leave to retire, but would meet her at the banquet. Emeline suffered him to depart, under the impression that she was deceived, but she was not.

"He is the murderer!" she mentally exclaimed, as the door closed behind him; and she shuddered as this dreadful conviction forced itself on her mind. How should she act in this trying emergency? Nothing, she was resolved, should compel her to become the wife of an assassin; but so bent were her parents on the match, that nothing short of her revealing her dreadful secret, could deter them from dragging her perforce to the altar; and what hope had she that an accusation so extraordinary should meet a moment's credence, founded as it was upon merely her own internal conviction, unsupported by the slightest producible evidence. Perplexed and irresolute, she was about to descend into the garden, to ruminate unobserved, and at leisure, when, as she was crossing the corridor, she was met by father Anselm.

(To be continued.)

SAY WHAT IS LOVE?

BY JOHN CHARLES HALL, ESQ.

"Full often has my infant muse
Attuned to love her languid lyre."

BYRON.

"Say what is love?"—a sunny dream,
Where minds in tender trances lie,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And passion feeds upon the eye.

A glance first soothes—and then alarms,—
Ah, Reason, why the slumber break?
A sigh, a tear, a folly charms,
"Oh! spare the misery to wake!"

Woodbine Cottage.

VOL. II.—No. 11.

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Literature, Reviews, &c.

The Great Metropolis. By the Author of Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

THIS powerful writer has presented us with two most interesting volumes, at which we intend to glance for a moment. He gives in his own peculiar and inimitable style, accounts of the Theatres, Clubs, Gaming Houses, &c. But the most interesting part of the work is the portions devoted to the higher, lower, and middle classes. We shall make but two extracts; we wish we had space for more.

CROCKFORD'S.

"When a well-feathered pigeon is in the wind, the fly catchers of Crockford's are all upon the alert. Sometimes they will keep their eye upon him for a year or two, before they expect to infix their talons on him. The public appearance of no young nobleman for many years past, has excited so much interest at Crockford's as the Duke of Buccleuch. The immense wealth in the possession of which they knew he would come when of age, was too tempting a prize to be overlooked. Every effort was accordingly made to decoy him into the great hell in St. James's; but it would not do. He never evinced the least disposition for play. His taste, though varying, was always opposed to gambling. No matter what direction it takes so long as it keeps out of the way of gambling. His princely fortune will enable him to gratify any other taste, whatever it may be, without injuring his family; but a few weeks in the hazard rooms of Crockford's, would in all probability see him a beggar."

We pass from this brief extract from the writer's description of Crockford's, to peep with him into some of the minor hells in Leicester Square, Cranbourne Alley, and the Regent Quadrant. Let him again speak for himself.

"There are three classes of gamblers to be seen there. First, there is the man who still continues to move in fashionable life, and who has a good coat on his back, but has been obliged

to abandon Crockford's and the Athenæum, because the remains of his former resources are now so small, that he can no longer play to the usual amount, and to play to a less amount, would both wound his pride and betray his poverty. He keeps up the one and conceals the other as long as he can, though that long is always very short. Secondly, you see the man who belonged to the first class, but is no longer able to keep up appearances: his clothes begin to have a shabby-genteel aspect, and his pockets are in a still worse condition. Thirdly, there is the man for whose entire wardrobe you would not give half-a-crown. His hat is broken in the rim in three places; the colour was originally black; now by reason of wear and tear, it is of a whity-brown. The crown has a large perforation in it, and you are satisfied there will be several more before it is mended. His coat bears proof on the front of it—ay, and on the back of it too—that it has seen service. The collar, which is the only whole part of it, is all covered with grease. If two of the buttons remain, the third is sure to be wanting. The coat is fit for one thing, it is not fit for any other, it would answer admirably for fastening about some "MEN OF STRAW" in the fields to frighten away the birds from the corn. His beard has not blunted the edge of a razor for at least eight days. You see starvation in his face; the probability is, he has tasted neither breakfast nor dinner that day, unless perhaps, a crust of dry bread might be dignified by the name of a meal. And yet notwithstanding all these proofs of extreme destitution, he has contrived by some means or other—means of which no one but himself knows any thing; to lay his hands on two shillings or half-a-crown wherewith to gamble."

Here is a picture drawn doubtless from nature—the man who once figured in the first circles brought down to destitution and want. His home, the halls of his fathers in the possession of another, himself a beggar, and like Milton's Lucifer, "fallen never to rise again." The folly of supposing for a moment that you have the slightest chance to win, is so clearly shewn, that

any one who suffers himself to be duped after carefully reading our author's remarks on gaming, is hardly deserving of pity. This book, and a late trial, we hope have so enlightened the public, that the keepers of the hells in London will henceforth cease to trample on their victims. We find much to condemn in the remarks of this volume on the higher classes, who the author seems to hold up to scorn, merely for the sake of sacrificing them at the altar of democracy; this part of the work we do not scruple to say is overdrawn. We, however, strongly recommend all to read it, well knowing that when once the book is before them, they will not rise from the table till they have read the last word in the last page. We conclude with another very brief extract, the truth of which we well know our fair friends will not hesitate to deny.

THE HIGHER CLASSES.

"It is true, that when 'a couple' are on the eve of marriage, the young lady does every thing she can to make herself agreeable; but it is all assumed, it is nothing more or less than a *piece of skilful acting*. The intended husband also plays his part on the occasion. He says many fine things to his betrothed. She is an angel—his very being is wrapped up in her: he adores, idolizes her; her smile is in heaven; her frown would be the reverse. All this is no doubt very pretty, but then it is unfortunately, as an Irishman would fitly characterize it, all blarney. There is not a word of truth in it; it only affords another instance of the insincerity and hollow-heartedness to which I have before referred, as being among the distinguishing features of aristocratic society. The honeymoon is hardly over, possibly is little more than begun, when both parties appear to each other in their true colours; their conduct proves that a particle of affection does not exist in either bosom."

Enough has now been laid before the reader to induce him to read "*The Great Metropolis*," with which he cannot fail to be pleased.

Henrietta Temple. A Love Story.
By the author of "*Vivian Grey*."
3 Vols. Henry Colburn.

This work has already run through a

second edition. We do not wonder at it,—it is most beautifully written. We do not pretend to say that it is devoid of inconsistency: but this is one of the greatest charms of a love story: all our fair friends will be in love with it;—nor is it unworthy of men of the world,—men who would be quite shocked at reading a mere love story: this work is something more; it rivets us to its pages; we cannot stir till we have read the very last word. We give two very brief extracts:

"The morning burst, as beautiful as early love. A rosy tint suffused the soft and tremulous sky, and tinted with a delicate hue the tall trees and the wide lawns, freshened with the light and vanishing dew. The air was vocal with a thousand songs; all was bright and clear, cheerful and golden. Ferdinand awoke from delicious dreams, and gazed upon a scene that responded to his own bright and glad emotions, and inhaled the balmy air, ethereal as his own soul. Love, that can illumine the dark hovel, and the dismal garret, that sheds a ray of enchanting light over the close and busy city, seems to mount with a lighter and more glittering pinion in an atmosphere as brilliant as its own plumes."

Now for another extract quite as well written, but of a different cast.

We next find Captain Armine, towards the conclusion of the third volume, in a spunging-house.

"I am hungry," said Ferdinand; "can I get any thing in this damned place?"

"What would you like, sir?"—"any thing you choose, sir." "Mutton chop," "rump stake," "veal cutlet?" "Do you a fowl in a quarter of an hour." "Roast or boiled, sir?"

"Have not breakfasted yet; bring me some breakfast."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "Tea, sir?" "Coffee, eggs, toast; buttered toast, sir." "Like any meat, sir?" "Ham, sir?" "Tongue, sir?" "Like a devil, sir?"

"Any thing, every thing, only be quick."

"Yes, sir," responded the waiter. "Beg pardon, sir. No offence I hope; but custom to pay me, sir. Shall be happy to accommodate you, sir. Know what a gentleman is."

"Thank you; I will not trouble you again," said Ferdinand. "Get me this note changed."

"Yes, sir," replied the little waiter, bringing very low as he disappeared.

"Gentleman in best drawing room *wants breakfast*. Gentleman in best drawing room *wants change* for a ten-pound note. *Breakfast immediately* for gentleman in best drawing room. Tea, coffee, toast, ham, tongue, and a devil. *A regular Nob.*"

Now, we will not spoil the reader's pleasure by transcribing more from the pages of our author, but conclude this hasty sketch by insisting that every body who has not read "Henrietta Temple," should do so directly.

The Pickwick Club. Chapman and Hall, Strad.

No. 12, of this periodical fully maintains its original character, and contains some excellent papers by first rate authors. Mr. Pickwick's trial is extremely humorous, and may be said to be the most witty of any yet published. We extract the following as a specimen of its general contents:—

Mr. Weller the elder delivers some critical sentiments respecting literary composition; and, assisted by his son Samuel, pays a small instalment of retaliation to the account of the reverend gentleman with the red nose.

THE morning of the thirteenth of February, which the readers of this authentic narrative know, as well as we do, to have been the day immediately preceding that which was appointed for the trial of Mrs. Bardell's action, was a busy time for Mr. Samuel Weller, who was perpetually engaged in travelling from the George and Vulture to Mr. Perker's chambers and back again, from and between the hours of nine o'clock in the morning and two in the afternoon, both inclusive. Not that there was anything whatever to be done, for the consultation had taken place, and the course of proceeding to be adopted, had been finally determined on, but Mr. Pickwick being in a most extreme state of excitement, persevered in constantly sending small notes to his attorney, merely containing the inquiry, "Dear Perker—Is all going on well?" to which Mr. Perker invariably forwarded the reply, "Dear Pickwick—

As well as possible;" the fact being as we have already hinted, that there was nothing whatever to go on, either well or ill, until the sitting of the court on the following morning.

But people who go voluntarily to law, or are taken forcibly there, for the first time, may be allowed to labour under some temporary irritation and anxiety: and Sam, with a due allowance for the frailties of human nature, obeyed all his master's behests with that imperturbable good humour and unruffled composure, which formed one of his most striking and amiable characteristics.

Sam had solaced himself with a most agreeable little dinner, and was waiting at the bar for the glass of warm mixture, in which Mr. Pickwick had requested him to drown the fatigues of his morning's walk, when a young boy of about three feet high, or thereabouts, in a hairy cap and fustian overalls, whose garb bespoke a laudable ambition to attain in time the elevation of an hostler, entered the passage of the George and Vulture, and looked first up the stairs, and then along the passage, and then into the bar, as if in search of somebody to whom he bore a commission; whereupon the barmaid, conceiving it not improbable that the said commission might be directed to the tea or table spoons of the establishment, accosted the boy with

"Now, young man, what do you want?"

"Is there any body here, named Sam?" inquired the youth, in a loud voice of treble quality.

"What's the t'other name?" said Sam Weller, looking round.

"How should I know?" briskly replied the young gentleman below the hairy cap.

"You're a sharp boy, you are," said Mr. Weller: "only I wouldn't show that wery fine edge too much, if I was you, in case anybody took it off. What do you mean by comin' to a hot-el, and asking arter Sam, vith as much politeness as a vild Indian?"

"'Cos an old gen'lm'n told me to," replied the boy.

"What old gen'lm'n?" inquired Sam, with deep disdain.

"Him as drives a Ipswich coach, and uses our parlour"—rejoined the boy. "He told me yesterday mornin' to

come to the George in Wulter this ar-temnoon, and ask for Sam."

"It's my father, my dear"—said Mr. Weller, turning with an explanatory air to the young lady in the bar; "blessed if I think he hardly knows wot my other name is. Vell, young brockiley sprout, wot then?"

"Why then," said the boy, "you wos to come to him at six o'clock to our 'ouse 'cos he wants to see you—Blue Boar, Leaden'all Markit. Shall I say you're comin'?"

"You *may* venture on that 'ere statement, Sir," replied Sam. And thus empowered, the young gentleman walked away.

Mr. Weller having obtained leave of absence from Mr. Pickwick, sauntered down as far as the Mansion House. Having loitered here, for half an hour or so, Mr. Weller turned, and began wending his way towards Leadenhall Market, through a variety of bye streets and courts. As he was sauntering away his spare time, and stopped to look at almost every object that met his gaze, it is by no means surprising that Mr. Weller should have paused before a small stationer's and print-seller's window; but without further explanation it does appear surprising that his eyes should no sooner have rested on certain pictures which were exposed for sale therein, than he gave a sudden start, smote his right leg with great vehemence, and exclaimed with energy, "If it hadn't been for this, I should ha' forgot all about it, till it was too late!"

The particular picture on which Sam Weller's eyes were fixed, as he said this, was a highly coloured representation of a couple of human hearts skewered together with an arrow, cooking before a cheerful fire, while a male and female cannibal in modern attire, the gentleman being clad in a blue coat and white trousers, and the lady in a deep red pelisse with a parasol of the same, were approaching the meal with hungry eyes, up a serpentine gravel path leading thereunto. A decidedly indelicate young gentleman, in a pair of wings and nothing else, was depicted as superintending the cooking; a representation of the spire of the church in Langham Place, appeared in the distance; and the whole formed a "valen-

tine," of which, as a written inscription in the window testified, there was a large assortment within, which the shop-keeper pledged himself to dispose of to his countrymen generally, at the reduced rate of one and sixpence each.

"I should ha' forgot it; I should certainly ha' forgot it!" said Sam; and so saying, he at once stepped into the stationer's shop, and requested to be served with a sheet of the best gilt-edged letter-paper, and a hard-nibbed pen which could be warranted not to splutter. These articles having been promptly supplied, he walked on direct towards Leadenhall Market at a good round pace, very different from his recent lingering one. Looking round him, he there beheld a sign-board on which the painter's art had delineated something remotely resembling a cerulean elephant with an aquiline nose, in lieu of trunk. Rightly conjecturing that this was the Blue Boar himself, he stepped into the house, and inquired concerning his parent.

"He won't be here this three quarters of an hour or more," said the young lady who superintended the domestic arrangements of the Blue Boar.

"Wery good, my dear," replied Sam. "Let me have nine penn'orth o' brandy and water luke, and the inkstand,—will you, miss?"

The brandy and water luke and the inkstand having been obtained, Sam Weller sat down in a box near the stove, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then, looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a wery good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'—signed upon oath—S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head.

"But wot's that, you're a doin' of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam, "It's a valentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you're had o' your father's wicious perpsensities, arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiually seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now!" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he wos afeered he should be obliged to kill him, for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge o' these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air—

"'Lovely——'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, Sir," replied the girl;

who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,'" repeated Sam.

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No no," replied Sam.

"Werry glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's Blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows.

"'Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed'—"

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't dammed," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—'I feel myself ashamed.'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—' I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot: here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No it ain't that," said Sam, "circumscribed, that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller gravely. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rather good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of

writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jest as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery vell known to be a col-lection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller. "But drive on, Sammy."

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"Afore I see you I thought all women was alike."

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"But now," continued Sam, "now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, ink-red'lous turnip I must ha' been for there ain't nobody like you though I like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"So I take the privilege of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'lm'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time I see you your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (wich p'raps you may have heerd on Mary my dear) altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by and all in two minutes and a quarter."

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point.

"Except of me Mary my dear as your valentine and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's

somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what to sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a valentine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickvick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' worses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery; and *he* wos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter—

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

And having folded it, in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner: "To Mary, Housemaid, at Mr. Nupkin's Mayor's, Ipswich, Suffolk;" and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post. This important business having been transacted, Mr. Weller the elder proceeded to open that, on which he had summoned his son.

"The first matter relates to your governor, Sammy," said Mr. Weller. "He's a goin' to be tried to-morrow, ain't he?"

"The trials a comin' on," replied Sam.

"Vell," said Mr. Weller, "Now I s'pose he'll want to call some witnesses to speak to his character, or p'raps to prove a alleybi. I've been a turnin' the bus'ness over in my mind, and he may make his-self easy, Sammy. I've got some friends as'll do either for him, but my advice 'ud be this here—never mind the character, and stick to the alleybi. Nothing like a alleybi, Sammy, nothing.' Mr. Weller looked very profound as he delivered this legal opinion; and burying his nose in his tumbler, winked

over the top thereof, at his astonished son.

"Why, what do you mean?" said Sam; "you don't think he's a goin' to be tried at the Old Bailey, do you?"

"That ain't no part of the present con-sideration, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller. "Ver-ever he's a goin' to be tried, my boy, a alleybi's the thing to get him off. Ve got Tom Vildspark off that 'ere manslaughter, with a alleybi, ven all the big vigs to a man said as nothing couldn't save him. And my 'pinion is, Sammy, that if your governor don't prove a alleybi, he'll be what the Italians call reg'larly flummoxed and that's all about it."

Finding that it was of no use to discuss the matter further, Sam changed the subject, and inquired what the second topic was, on which his revered parent wished to consult him.

"That's a pint o' domestic policy, Sammy," said Mr. Weller. "This here Stiggins—"

"Red-nosed man?" inquired Sam.

"The very same," replied Mr. Weller. "This here red-nosed man, Sammy, wisits your mother-in-law vith a kiudness and constancy as I never see equalled. He's sitch a friend o' the family, Sammy, that ven he's away from us, he can't be comfortable unless he has somethin' to remember us by."

"And I'd give him somethin' as 'ud turpentine and bees'-vax his memory for the next ten years or so, if I wos you," interposed Sam.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Weller; "I was a goin' to say, he always brings now, a flat bottle as holds about a pint and a half, and fills it with the pineapple rum afore he goes away."

"And empties it afore he comes back, I s'pose," said Sam.

"Clean!" replied Mr. Weller; "never leaves nothin' in it but the cork and the smell: trust him for that, Sammy. Now these here fellows, my boy, are a goin', to-night, to get up the monthly meetin' o' the Brick Lane Branch o' the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. Your mother-in-law wos a goin', Sammy, but she's got the rheumatics, and can't; and I Sammy,—I've got the two tickets as wos sent her." Mr. Weller communicated this secret with great glee, and winked so indefatigably after doing so, that Sam

began to think he must have got the *tic douloureux* in his right eye-lid.

"Well?" said that young gentleman.

"Well," continued his progenitor, looking round him very cautiously, "you and I'll go, punctiwal to the time. The deputy shepherd won't, Sammy; the deputy shepherd won't." Here Mr. Weller was seized with a paroxysm of chuckles, which gradually terminated in as near an approach to a choke, as an elderly gentleman can, with safety, sustain.

"Well, I never see sitch an old ghost in all my born days," exclaimed Sam, rubbing the old gentleman's back, hard enough to set it on fire with the friction. "What are you a laughin' at, compirience?"

"Hush! Sammy," said Mr. Weller, looking round him with increased caution, and speaking in a whisper: "Two friends o' mine, as works on the Oxford Road, and is up to all kinds o' games, has got the deputy shepherd safe in tow, Sammy; and ven he does come to the Ebenezer Junction, (vich he is sure to do: for they'll see him to the door, and shove him in if necessary) he'll be as far gone in rum and water, as ever he wos at the Markis o' Granby, Dorkin', and that's not sayin' a little either." And with this, Mr. Weller once more laughed immoderately, and once more relapsed into a state of partial suffocation, in consequence.

Nothing could have been more in accordance with Sam Weller's feelings, than the projected exposure of the real propensities and qualities of the red-nosed man; and it being very near the appointed hour of meeting, the father and son took the way at once to Brick Lane: Sam not forgetting to drop his letter into a general post-office as they walked along.

Crichton. — By W. H. AINSWORTH, Esq.—3 Vols. Bentley, New Burlington-street.

AFTER the crying nuisance of puffing "*Crichton*," for nearly four or five months, it at last appears, and what's it all about? why, a forced and elaborate attempt to found a work on Fraser Tytler's Biography of Crichton; so much for Ainsworth's Crichton!



Court News, &c.

WINDSOR.—It gives us the greatest pleasure to state that their Majesties continue in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Her Majesty will hold a drawing-room on the 24th May next, in honour of the birth-day of the Princess Victoria; it will be attended by the King and Queen of the Belgians.

Prince George of Cumberland is expected to return to England in the autumn. The hopes that the Prince's sight might be restored are unhappily very faint; but it appears that some expectation is still entertained of success at a more advanced age.

The Earl and Countess Stanhope have left Great Stanhope Street for their beautiful seat, Chevering, near Seven Oaks. A select circle is invited during the recess.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Thomond and the Ladies O'Brien, who have been staying during the winter at Brighton, have returned to their house in Belgrave Square, where they will shortly give a series of splendid entertainments.

The Marquess and Marchioness of Downshire, who have been passing some time at their magnificent seat at Hillsborough, in the county of Down, in Ireland, among his Lordship's numerous tenantry, are arrived at their house in Hanover Square, and have commenced their dinner parties for the season.

The Duke of Buccleuch has issued cards for a sumptuous banquet on Wednesday next.

PARIS.—A grand *fête* will be given at the Palace of Versailles on the anniversary.

versary of the Queen's birth-day. On that day, the 26th of April, the inauguration of the Museum at Versailles will take place. The King will do the honours of the day in person, accompanied by the whole of his family, introducing the Peers and Deputies, and numerous representatives of the several great bodies of the state, who will be specially invited for the occasion. A visit to the galleries after dinner, by the light of tapers, is talked of; but the theatrical representations at the theatre are certainly decided upon. The entertainments will commence with one of the overtures by Gluck, after which the actors of the Theatre Français will perform the *Misanthrope*, dressed in the costume of the age of Louis XIV. After the comedy, the fifth act of *Robert le Diable* will be executed by the principal singers of the opera. The evening will conclude with a new grand ballet, in two acts, written by Scribe, and composed by Auber. Mdle. Taglioni will take the principal part, and dance for the last time before a French audience. An interlude will be given between the two acts of the ballet, during which all the national airs, from *Vive Henry IV.* to the *Marseillaise* and the *Parisienne*, will be sung by Nourrit, supported by a numerous body of chorus-singers. After this *fête* the museum will be closed till May 1st, when it will be opened to the public, in commemoration of the King's *fête*. The whole of the expenses of the *fête*, as well as those of this magnificent foundation, dedicated to the glory of France, will be defrayed from the funds of the civil list.

X

Fashions for April, and French News of the Month.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

THANK Heavens, *ma chère amie*, the villain *maladie* (*the grippe*) has nearly left us, after visiting almost all the families in Paris and its environs, and committing dreadful ravages throughout this capital. In my own family, no less than nine out of eleven have been seriously attacked with it; even the very name "*Grippe*," has been heard with terror;—and can I wonder, when thousands have fallen victims to it?

The carnival has been one of the dullerest in my recollection, notwithstanding we have had a great number of very fashionable balls; but they have been but indifferently attended, on account, in a great measure, of persons being unwilling to expose themselves to the risk of a heated ball-room.

The Royal Family have been particularly gay this season, and indeed, *ma chère amie*, we have been glad to see it, as you know *nous autres Parisiennes* only require the hint to be gay, and we are soon on the *qui vive*, if it should happen to *quelque chose de nouveaux*. Louis Philippe, our gracious King, has not been the subject of attack by any more assassins; and, to tell you the truth, all well meaning people hope that he will yet escape, though we have certainly some *très mauvais sujets* in the capital; but a sharp look-out is kept up. The King seldom rides out without a strong escort of body guards.

Now *ma chère*, que je te dire quelque chose that regards your *toilette*. I know this is the season when you are most wishing for the *nouveautés*.

Hats.—Visiting hats are made with the brims a little more spread out than last month: they should be ornamented with some feathers, shaded at the ends; I have seen some made of emerald green, with green feathers and white ends, that look admirable. You should have your velvet hats ornamented either with three feathers, the same colour as the hat, or a tinted bird of paradise; or an *aigrette*, is very becoming.

Capotes.—Many beautiful and new ribbons have recently been manufac-

tured, intended to trim capotes to be worn this spring.

Evening Dresses look very beautiful ornamented with velvet flowers and bows of ribbons: some are fastened with a *agraffes* of jewellery. *Velours épingle* is mostly ornamented as above.

Dinner Dress.—Satin of different hues, particularly sombre colours, are generally adopted for dinner dress: some of these dresses are made with *corsages à la vierge*, trimmed round the top with a row of antique lace falling over, arranged without any fullness; a short sleeve made with a little fullness, the bottom is trimmed with a row of lace like the corsage, which turns up tight round the sleeve in the cuff style.

Tunics.—This is an article of dress which is truly becoming, and more worn than ever: they are made of gauze, crape, and tulle, with ornaments to correspond with the dress.

Head Dress.—In dinner dress, small brimmed velvet hats, trimmed with feathers or birds of paradise, are much in request at the present season.

Chapeaux à la Puritaine.—This delightful and elegant hat has been recently adopted by ladies of distinction for the promenade: some are of black velvet; but they look best in a delicate shade of grey, trimmed with satin ribbons, same colour and grey ostrich feathers.

Sleeves. Quite plain sleeves do not take, and some sort of garniture is always made use of to relieve them; tight sleeves are not calculated, for *douillettes*. The *douillettes à la Châtelaine*, with square pelerine and good-sized sleeves, with the girdle tied at the waist, makes as elegant a *négligé* as can be adopted for a *toilette de visite*. Ball-dress sleeves are generally ornamented with treble rows of blond and flowers, or bows of ribbon.

Ball Dress.—White and coloured gauzes, striped with gold or silver: they are mostly worn over white satin slips;—I have seen some of these sort of dresses, with the skirt looped on the right side, nearly up to the knee, attached with bouquet of flowers, such as Spanish jasmine, or moss-roses, min-

gled with white lilac; these are most fashionable: a great deal of taste is required in the general arrangement of these dresses.

Colours, for out-door costume.—The most distingué are dark green, black, deep blue, dark fawn, violet, and light hues are much seen for evening dress; lavender, light blue, and pale pink, are greatly in request.

Caps.—Tulle caps should be accompanied with lappets. I have seen some caps ornamented with a wreath of flowers in the front, over which are placed the lappets of blonde, which fall on the shoulders.

Materials for Dresses, though in great variety, I cannot inform you of any new *fabriques* in particular. Plain and figured satin, *pou de soie*, *velours épinglé*, *tulle illusion*, crape, *reps-pointillé*, gauzes of all kinds, besides damasks and brocades, which have been announced some time since.

The Hair.—The hair is still worn low behind; curls are considered fashionable on each side of the face, but not too much in quantity. The flowers and jewellery are also placed very low, nearly down to the neck; bows of ribbon are often substituted for flowers.

Flowers of all kinds are greatly in request in all toilets *de ball*; also birds of paradise are sought after eagerly, and are becoming a most important ornament. (Ball and Co., of Fosterlane, Cheapside, have, we understand, a fine choice of this rare and beautiful ornament.)

Fans are more in request than ever; they are worn with any sort of toilette, and are large, with gold, tortoiseshell, or ivory handles: the style of ornament is after Louis XIV.

I must now conclude this paper, *ma chère*, and promise you further information respecting the most novel toilettes and *fabriques* in my next; until then, *ma tout aimable amie*,

Je t'embrasse bien tendrement, tout à toi, M. de W—.

Rue Richelieu, à Paris,
March 27, 1837.

We feel great pleasure in recommending to the notice of our fair subscribers "The Queen's Bonnet," which is so much talked about in the upper circles, and which may be seen at Palin's Show Rooms, Holborn Hill.—An article so beautiful and becoming in appearance quite struck us; we therefore hesitate not in bringing it to the notice of our amiable readers.

Fine Arts.

Switzerland. Parts XIV. and XV.

By WILLIAM BEATTIE, M. D. G. Virtue.

Our praise has been bestowed on this beautiful production so often, that we scarcely know how to tackle the numbers now on our table; and therefore shall come to the point, and recommend them as beautiful specimens of art; for every one of the engravings are first-rate, and the literature which accompanies each number is written by the celebrated Beattie himself.

Colossal Group of African Blood-Hounds. By J. B. LEYLAND.

We have been greatly gratified with this specimen of Mr. Leyland's talent as a sculptor, and augur very highly of his future success. The positions

chosen by the artist are very effective, and full of nature. The attitudes evince much skill, and over the whole is thrown an air of life with which we are much pleased. Mr. Leyland evidently possesses a poet's mind, united with those high mental qualifications, without which his enthusiasm for his profession would be of no avail; and, in the group before us, we cannot fail to reconcile the elements of one likely to become a great master in the path which he has chosen.

Sunday Morning. Engraved by S. W. REYNOLDS, from the celebrated picture by WILLIAM COLLINS, R. A. T. Boys.

This is just the style of picture that takes our fancy. It represents a Cottage Family, from the father and

mother to the youngest child, making arrangements to set out for the Village Church; and so beautifully has Mr. Collins treated the subject, that the heart of every beholder must be interested in contemplating it.

Weeds of Witchery. By T. H. BAYLY, Esq. Ackermann and Co.

A very comical book, and we place it under our head of Fine Arts with some pleasure. "*Weeds of Witchery*" could not have appeared at a better time.

The poetry altogether is written in a new style of humour,—a kind which we have long wished to see; and we confess not to be at all disappointed, and shall therefore recommend the publication, feeling assured our praise will not be censured. The steel engravings which illustrate the work, twelve in number, are of the first comic order, and will, we are sure, cause many a hearty laugh, both by the married and single. We shall give an extract from this amusing work next month.

New Music, &c.

"*We never meet again.*" A Ballad.
Composed by C. M. Von Weber.
G. WARNE.

This is a pretty ballad, translated from the German, by Mr. Ball, and has been sung by Mr. H. Phillips, with enthusiastic applause. The poetry has great claim to originality.

"*The Vessel is in Sight.*" A Ballad.
Mori and Co.

Mr. J. P. Knight has given us a rich

treat in the composition of this ballad; it is full of beauty, and deserves the attention of our musical readers.

"*The Spell-wove Song.*" A Ballad.
Mori and Co.

The words of this ballad are by T. H. Bayly, for which we give him credit, and are happy to recommend it as a song full of pathetic beauty.

The Drama, &c.

EASTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

At Drury Lane, last Monday evening, after *Richard the Third*, in which Mr. E. Forrest personated the *Duke of Glo'ster*, the romantic spectacle of *Valentine and Orson* was revived, for which some new and very beautiful scenery had been painted by the Grieves for the occasion.—At Covent Garden, Mr. Macready made his re-appearance as *King John*; after which, a new grand musical entertainment was produced, entitled *Noureddin and the Fair Persian*.—Mr. Braham has brought out a new piece of considerable interest at the St. James's, entitled *Mabel's Curse*, in which the whole strength of the company appeared. It is from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall; and is, we have heard, in some degree founded upon one of her sketches of Irish character; but she has brought the story to England, and placed it in the reign of Charles the Second. Harley, Miss P.

Horton, Miss Allison, Mr. Lefler, in short, the whole strength of the company performed in it; and a young lady, much admired in the provinces, & Miss Crisp, made her *début* in one of its principal characters. Mr. Braham is determined to provide amply for his friends, and will not suffer them either to lack novelty or be deprived of what they admire. Mr. Barnett is gone to fulfil some country engagements; but we perceive Mr. Goldsmid engaged to play *St. Pierre* in *The Refugee*.—At the Adelphi a new ballet burletta has been produced, under the title of *The King of the Danube and the Waterlily*.—The Olympic also re-opened with a dramatic version of *The Rape of the Lock*—an admirable subject—Madame is the *Belinda*.—The Strand theatre, with the same management under which it flourished last season, opened on Monday. A new piece (by Henry Brownrigg, Esq., the author of *The*

Bill Sticker, &c.) called *The Gallant Showman*, or *Mr. Peppercorn 'At Home,'* was the first novelty. From the title, it is, we presume, founded on Mr. Jerrold's tale in the 'New Monthly Magazine.' For the last piece we have *The Perils of Pippins*, the successful run of which was abruptly broken by the termination of last season.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood have arrived in town, to fulfil an engagement at Drury Lane theatre.

Mr. Elton has taken an Easter trip to Dublin, where he is engaged for a few nights, commencing in *Richard*. Why is he not at Covent Garden? With Macready, Vandenhoff, and Elton,

the finest effect might be given to many of the finest dramas.

Mr. Vandenhoff, on his late visit to Salisbury, delivered a lecture on elocution in aid of the funds of the Mechanic's Institute. The subject is one of which Mr. V. is, we believe, a learned and scientific master.

A new theatre was opened on Monday last, called the "New City Theatre," situate in Norton Falgate.

A splendid *fête* was given at Darmstadt on the 14th of March, in honour of Mozart. Its object was to assist in raising funds for erecting to his memory a suitable monument in his native city of Salzburg.

Miscellaneous.

SPITALFIELDS SILK WEAVERS.

Kensington Palace, March, 1837.

Madam—I am desired by the Duchess of Kent to return to you the patterns you sent to her Royal Highness; and her Royal Highness has marked thirteen, of which she desires a sufficient quantity to be sent to her for dresses by Messrs. Griffiths and Crick, Chandos-street, silk-manufacturers; as it is her Royal Highness's wish that the silk necessary for the same should be expressly made for her by the weavers of Spitalfields.—I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

R. DITTMAR,

Dresser to her Royal Highness.

Mrs. Bettans, Dress-maker, Jermyn-street.

We have noticed a new parasol invented by Mr. Barth, Charing Cross, quite on a new and improved principle, and which cannot fail to give the greatest satisfaction among the nobility.

The Rat and the Toad.—Mr. Brooks, of Northampton, observed the other day a rat running across his yard, apparently in great alarm, with a load on his back, which he presently discovered to be a toad. Mr. Croaker, notwithstanding the speed of his racer, kept his seat extremely well, and "took," what many jockeys of greater pretensions sometimes refuse—a stone wall. The rat was pursued and taken, but the toad maintained a firm hold to the last, and could with difficulty be removed.—*Northampton Chronicle.*

Patent Elastic Self-adjusting Stays.

—Madame Le Plastrier, 29, Ludgate-street, invites the attention of the Nobility and Gentry to her new French Elastic Self-adjusting Stays, as the most effectual means ever introduced of preventing those lamentable consequences to the female frame, which result from the use of stays improperly constructed. Among these destructive effects may be enumerated the varied flexures of the spine and general derangement of the functions of the several organs of life and health, producing distortions of the body, and generally terminating in some disorder or combination of disorders, tending to the abridgment of life. These evils are effectually guarded against by the present stays; which, whilst they are susceptible of adaptation to any form or fashion, ever preserve their elasticity to the extent of affording free action to the muscles and the ribs; preventing the evil of an impeded respiration, the basis of numerous disorders. They are, consequently, highly approved and recommended by medical men of the highest character, whose perfect knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame, and of the natural and necessary action of its vital parts, has induced this support of an invention calculated to preserve them unimpaired, and whose certificates may be seen at her house. These stays are equally approved of for general wear.

Marking Ink.—We have much pleasure in calling the attention of our fair readers to “Bond’s Permanent Marking Ink.” It is composed of one liquid only, and may be used with a common pen on any kind of linen or other material, without any preparation, and according to our sample will retain its first appearance as marked by the pen.

Morison’s Pills.—**Homicide.**—The grand jury found a true bill on Thursday se’nnight against La Motte, the hygeist agent of Hull, for the crime of manslaughter, in causing the death of a person in that town by Morison’s pills.—*Doncaster Gazette.*—[We give insertion to this paragraph, and shall continue to publish other cases of the kind, for the benefit of the public in general.—*Ed.*]

The Perryian Pen.—It is perfectly astonishing the rapid improvement which Mr. Perry has made in this useful article, and how far superior they are rendered to the quill by their delightful flexibility. They should not be left in the ink a single night.

Progress of Invention.—Mr. Jones, the inventor, of the Prometheans, has just brought out a very ingenious little article, by which a very durable light may be obtained, and in a manner so imple as to be scarcely credible. The “vista match,” for so it is called, will remain lighted for nearly five minutes,

during which time a person might seal several letters, obviating the necessity and trouble of lighting a wax candle. The match is ignited by merely rubbing it against the bottom of the box which is ruffed for the purpose.

Coulson, on the Diseases of the Hip-Joint. T. Evans, Portugal-street.

THE relative dependence which the mind and body have on each other forms one of the most interesting departments of human knowledge, whether we regard it as a subject of metaphysical research, or as one from which we deduce most of the physical comforts of existence. Of this latter description is the perfection, in its due proportion and form, of the human frame itself. We have been led to the latter reflection by the perusal of a most excellent work, by Mr. Coulson, on the Diseases of the Hip-Joint—affections, and, we may truly add, afflictions that almost hourly come under the notice of us all. The great difference in the length of the two lower limbs, causing people to halt most painfully in their gait, and to walk with so much laborious exertion, entirely owes its origin to one or other of the diseases affecting the hip-joint. Mr. Coulson’s opportunities of making himself acquainted with the subject have been ample, of which his book, indeed, furnishes the best and most satisfactory proof.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 21st ult., in Curzon-street, lady Emily Ponsonby, of a son.

On the 18th ult., at Horton-hall, Staffordshire, the lady of the Rev. G. G. Harvey, of a daughter.

On the 19th ult., in Hereford-street, Grosvenor-square, the lady of J. Ellis, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIED.

On the 5th of January, at Rio de Janeiro, R. Hesketh, Esq., to Georgiana, daughter of C. Rainsford, Esq.

On the 18th ult., at Hayes, Middlesex, H. B. Robinson, Esq., of Hillingdon-beath, to Mary Ann, widow of the late Major G. Ross, of Brompton.

On the 18th ult., at Dorking, J. G. Hoare, Esq., to Caroline, daughter of C. Barclay, Esq., M. P.

DEATHS.

On the 16th ult., at Stewkley, Bucks, aged 71, the Rev. W. Wodley, vicar of Swanbourne.

On the 18th ult., Mrs. Solomon Hyans, of Castle-street, St. Mary Axe, and formerly of Louth, in Lincolnshire, aged 79, deeply regretted by her family and friends.

On the 18th ult., at Plymouth, aged 22, John Vedler, only child of J. Johnson, Esq., Sheriff of London and Middlesex.

On the 18th ult., Isabella Mary, wife of Mr. Stamp, of North-street, Westminster.

On the 20th ult., aged 70, Martha Charlotte, relict of the late Rear-Admiral O’Brien, of Catisfield, Hants.

On the 21st ult., in New Bond-street, Mr. J. Booker, bookseller.

On the 22nd ult., in the Strand, Mrs. Plum, aged 80.

Subscribers are requested to glance over “*Notices to Correspondents*” in the 2d page of the work.

Under the Especial Patronage of their Royal Highnesses



The Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria.

**BLACKWOOD'S
LADY'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE
OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD;
OR, ST. JAMES'S COURT-REGISTER**

OF BELLES LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

MAY, 1837.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

BY JOHN CHARLES HALL.

SPRING.

"To sit on rocks to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominions dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock which never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,
This is not solitude—'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd."—*Byron.*

WELCOME, smiling Spring, wreathed as thou art in flowers; truly art thou welcome. Let us leave the smoke of the odious city, the fire-side we have never moved from for the last six months: no more let our ears be split with the rattle of omnibuses, the cry of "Bank, sir!" "hinyons!" "hard hearted cabbages!" "hat box-a-box-a,"

boxes!" or any of the thousands of cries that salute us at every street corner,—and away into the country. Agreed to—"Carriage at the door, sir," cries the footman, and, comfortably seated in a corner of it we fall asleep, nor wake till once more in the country, once more at Woodbine Cottage; and now we have only to open the drawing-

Y

room window to step upon the verdant lawn—to admire the wild flowers glittering in the sunbeams, bespangled with the pearly dew-drops given by the hand of that almighty Father, who wields the machinery of the universe, and scatters the golden dust upon the petals of the lily of the vale. The bee is fluttering from flower to flower, gathering the rich nectar from them—now she lights upon a rose—see she now is upon the daisy—next she pays a visit to the hyacinth, the lilac and the peach blossom, and at last having collected a rich store, flies away to her hive. Ten thousand butterflies are fluttering with their many-coloured wings, adding new beauties to the landscape. The lambs are sporting in the fields,—now they are together,—in a moment, the race begins—and now, tired and weary with their gambols, they follow the shepherd home to the fold. Every one seems so busy, not one being idle; the farmer looks with pleasure upon the seed scattered in the ground prepared for it, and hopes to reap an abundant harvest in return.

Fantastically tangled; the green hills are robed with early blossoms, and the bills of thousands of feathery songsters rejoicing in this happy season of harmony and love, sing “welcome” as we pass. And wild flowers varied in hue, and many in their class, implore the pausing step; and with their dyes, dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;

“The sweetness of the violet’s deep blue eyes,
Kiss’d by the breath of heaven, seems coloured
by its skies.”

Every thing wears the garb of happiness—and if perchance the lowering clouds pour forth their drops to refresh the earth, it is but for a few hours, and the rainbow (smiling vision fleet and fair!) is seen bending over the hills in mighty arch, of beauteous hue; as a token given by heaven to man—assuring him that the clouds will no longer lower—that the sunbeams will again gladden the face of nature—and that glorious orb, the idol of early nature, at

once appears breaking forth from an azure sky—

No more the clouds assume a sable hue,
Now sunbeams play upon the azure blue,
Or on a mass of congregated cloud,
Brilliant in colour with its varied shroud,
(Purple and red and blue;) skies seem to smile
O’er England’s bless’d and highly favour’d isle:
How lovely is this hour—Sol’s rays are clear,
Not e’en a vap’ry cloud is sailing near:
Here might I ever wish—aspire to be,
Mingled with light to all eternity.

MS. POETRY BY J. C. H.

But spring will now soon leave us, summer is coming on apace; time’s chariot moves with slow but sure step, and we shall shortly see the spring flowers withered and succeeded by those of summer. Like some fairy queen, she will soon be here, and with her magic wand the face of nature will be converted into an earthly paradise. But wait a little; summer also will be gone, and her robe will be taken with her. The many coloured mantle will be changed for the sombre brown of autumn. The leaves which in summer adorned many an ivy-bound tree, will be scattered at our feet, and if a flower dares to raise its head in some sheltered nook, it will be the herb rosemary, the funeral flower, coming alone where no wild flowers adorn, as now, the stream’s mossy bank—

“To waft its waste perfume.”

Since spring and summer will soon be succeeded by gloomy winter, since the summer sky ere long will be usurped by the frost and snows of winter, we cannot do better than to fly into the country, to enjoy the many blessings a bountiful Creator has so freely given us. Nor is our only pleasure during day;

“The stars are forth, the moon above the tops;”
it is even then delightful to wander mid the shades of the forest; to listen to the warblings of the nightingale, to hold communion with nature when there is none to disturb, none to interrupt our meditation.

“There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
A stillness which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self-controul.”

7, Bath Place, Kensington.

MAURICE CRAWFORD.

(Continued from page 132.)

Successful love may sate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their fate
 To have all feeling save the one decay,
 And every passion into one dilate,
 As rapid rivers into ocean pour;
 But his is fathomless and hath no shore.

SEVERAL years passed rapidly over the head of Crawford, bringing him in no inconsiderable share of both profit and honour. He had been entrusted with the command of a privateer, which he had managed with signal success; and in some future time we may perhaps feel ourselves induced to lay before our readers a few extracts from his log, for there are several brilliant actions described—but for the present we must content ourselves within a narrower range.

His cruises were short, and the sweet intercourse between the betrothed lovers were long and frequent. Her love continued soft and confiding as ever—no quarrels—no jarring discords ever broke upon their happy meetings, and no gloomy foreboding threw the shadow of its “dead leafless branch” across their sunny path; for once “the current of true love did run smooth.” The danger and the daring that enveloped his career would alone have fed love’s fragrant lamp. How much does fear increase, magnify and enlarge our love—it is like throwing oil into a fierce fire; but certainty,—possession,—this cloy upon our erring passions, and love departs. Take away fear, and love dies. So complicated, so dimly interwoven are all human emotions.

After nearly five years had passed over, and peace was concluded, Maurice found himself master of an independence, which, though it would hardly have allowed him to indulge in the luxuries of life, could at least afford him every comfort; and with this and his beloved Ellen by his side, who would

“Brighten the dull gloom
 Of care, and make the dreary road of life
 Enduring to his feet,”

he wisely resolved to live for the remainder of his days contented and happy as the fleeting shadows of

human life would allow. At the altar of his devoted love he resolved to sacrifice all his aspiring dreams, and from henceforth to shut ambition out for ever from the precincts of his heart. “What more,” thought he, “have I to do with such idle dreams of vain and empty aggrandizement. Away with such, I’ll none of them.”

Thus reasoned he, but he argued wrong. Ambition never dies until life is extinct, it is like the garment of the centaur; when it is torn asunder, the soul has fled. Its objects may be changed, may dwindle from the thirst for mighty actions to those of petty achievements; or it may rush from heaven-born virtue to grovelling vice. If leading on the one side, leading on all the noble passions and overwhelming the base. If warring on the other, it becomes like Satan leading on the infernal army, supreme in wretchedness and misery.

Crawford hurried down to Ellen, and Ellen received him with all her wonted delight and joyousness, and in a few days afterwards the merry peals of the village bells spoke merrily of their marriage.

For rather more than a twelvemonth, during which their only child, a daughter was born, they lived in the utmost peace and contentment. It would be difficult to have imagined a life of purer enjoyment than that which this happy pair passed for this year. They had all they once so ardently wished for, and contented minds and peaceful breasts, like oil, made the complicated machinery of life revolve more than usually easy. But in the thousand sensations that so completely wind around our natures. Crawford felt that ambition had but slumbered and not left him, and the mighty magician—the wierd spirit of humanity, ambition, gain; poured forth their baneful incan-

tations and fanned the smouldering flame.

O thou gilded mockery, within whose golden portals and ivory bars lurk madness and misery! Thou wild and fantastic dream, tainting all thou lookest upon, racking the everlasting soul with shapeless sights from a realm of dreams whose heritage is despair. In the golden mists of the morning, in that deceitful mirage of life, thou throwest abroad thy magic hues, and lo! how fair a scene lies around us—but time, the dread annihilator of youthful dreams, springing up in the bright and merry morn of life, and mirrored in the sunny heaven of our hopes, throws over us the shadow of his unwearying wing and its golden tints, and giant forms vanish into sable smoke quailing before thy piercing beams like the mists of the morning before the noon-day sun.

"He that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent." Thus said one who knew mankind—and had Crawford remembered and applied it to his new awakening ambition, he would have remained a happier man, and the sorrows that befell him would have been spared—but his heart revelled in visionary dreams of future fortunes and all its attendant blessings. His heart was formed for kindness, and thus by an ill restrained generosity, he had lately found his income barely sufficient to maintain himself in the sphere of life that he had assumed. Many who were richer outvied him, and thus the too great use of liberality became the step that caused his fall.

America was then just starting on its new career of independence, and presented the best possible arena for small capitalists, and thither he resolved to go, and had his fair wife gone with him, all might have been well—but having a natural dread of the ocean, "where the Almighty glasses himself in tempest," and which she had never seen but when bursting on the echoing shore in all its maddening splendour—in an evil hour it was determined that she should not go, but stay with her kind old father.

The day had been bright and joyous, the sky was clear blue, with an occasional cloud, that hovered high in the heavens, slightly fanned by the breath

of a balmy breeze, which threw beautifully across the fantastic dawning of the green leaves that chequered the road, while from copse and tree the feathered tribe sent forth their songs in cheering and welcome sounds. It was all beautiful, and one of those evenings of calm and tranquil excitement that call forth into full play the purest streams of happiness and feeling;—and often afterwards amid the guilt and horrors of his life, he thought that he could not even then look upon a scene so fair without feeling an emotion of pleasure in viewing a picture so formed for happiness; and though imagination might have played with the materials, and hung around it all the gorgeous festoons that so much quicken the pulse of youth—still it was in itself essentially beautiful.

The setting rays of the evening sun fell upon the small and antique windows of the cottage, and lit it up into a perfect blaze of glory, and

*Then the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight, wept itself away.*

The night, like her younger sister day, was bright and beautiful, and the broad harvest-moon shed the mellow glory of her holy light over the deep hushed stillness of the scene.

But beneath her lambent light, and the holy concord of her influence, there wandered on, side by side, two persons who shared not in the calm "so still and deep," but o'er their minds broke

*"The voiceless thoughts that would not speak,
but weep."*

Neither of them seemed inclined to break the solemn stillness that broadened around them; for over both there seemed to brood the darkening train that ever waits on parting day—nameless and thrilling presentiments, and fearful groups dimly mirrored in the glass of fate.

At the end of the lane, the husband and wife stopped to bid farewell to each other. Oh! could but a foretaste of that which is to betide us be scattered by the hands of fate, how might they have warded against that evil hour, that hurried *one* from the path of good, never to tread its peaceful walks more!

As Crawford stooped to kiss her pale cheek, it was covered with tears,

and as the moonbeams fell upon her face, she looked in its calm light like a lily drooping its head with the weight of dew. How fairy like she looked! her sad but beautiful face seemed yet more beauteous, and her sweet and touching voice sounded, as she bade him adieu. Yet more touching in the quiet stillness of that summer's night, where the fair moon seemed to have called forth with a peculiar power the spirit of fear.

At length he tore himself away, and when he turned back once more to catch another glimpse of her receding figure, he saw her drooping and bending from watching, still and motionless in the cold moonbeams.

Could this be the last meeting of two so long and tenderly attached? Alas! the sequel will read a bitter lesson on the frailty of human passions.

On the following morning he was on his way to Havre de Grace, from whence he was to proceed to America, and in the rush and bustle of life, every gloomy presentiment vanished, while hope and ambition promised an ample reward for a few years' absence in the enjoyment of well earned wealth on his return.

During the whole of the forenoon of the 15th August, 17—, the wind had been hanging to the eastward, and the harbour of Havre was in a state of great bustle, as there were many ships that had been lying there wind-bound for many days.

We cannot refrain from laying before our readers an extract from the before-mentioned log, in which he describes his miraculous escape from shipwreck.

"The day had been lowering and unsettled. The sea rose in short black unbroken ridges, and rolled heavily along to the shore, bursting on it with a low and melancholy moan. The wind kept springing up in fitful gusts, rushing over the dreary decks with unearthly sighs, and whisperings, just fanning into a scarcely perceptible ripple the portentous heads of the black masses of water that rolled beneath in grim and sullen silence.

"It being Friday, superstition aided the gloom of nature—and the bold, the reckless and hardy sailor, quelled by his foreboding spirit, walked to and fro on the narrow deck in gloomy

silence, glancing his anxious and restless eye from the threatening horizon, to the dull and listless sails, as they hung supinely from their yards.

"Far in the western horizon rose an arch of fearful and glaring light, like the Almighty's eye, 'red with uncommon wrath,' sent forth by the sinking sun as the dread and fearful harbinger of the coming gale;—its parting rays seemed to edge with living fire the black dense masses that now began to show their awful heads above the narrowing horizon.

"For a full hour after the sun had gone down, the light still remained a fearful streak amidst the increasing darkness, casting a kind of gloom over the dark waves that came rolling along in sullen and mournful silence. Then the wind would arouse from its deadly stillness, wailing and moaning over the dim and dreary line of waters, as if sighing over the woes it was about to wreck upon the victims that were wandering over its deceitful surface, leaving its sound heavily on the ear between the passing gusts of the dying and the reviving blasts. In such moments it seemed to me as if the dread demon of the deeps were pluming his dark wings before rushing onward in his fierce career.

"The night darkened around, and the lightning started forth from the black concave in fierce and vivid flashes, and then the deep roll of the distant thunder came in hoarse murmurs, echoed back by the dull and heavy dash of the surf.

"Several of the ships, alarmed by these portentous indications, put back, four only besides ourselves stood. The commander was a bold and fearless man, and knew well the advantage of a few hours only in clearing the Channel.

"During nearly the whole of the first watch, the wind continued light and squally, with small occasional rain—about seven bells (*i.e.* about half-past eleven) it fell a dead calm, while a small speck of clear hard sky began to make its appearance in the weather horizon, spreading rapidly, and increasing wider and wider, until it had nearly passed over the gallant ship, and then the wind came hissing along like the sudden burst of a hurricane or typhoon.

"Fortunately the ship was under snug sail, and going free, though, as we afterwards found, edging too much to the southward, for in about half an hour afterwards we found breakers close under our lee, which, owing to the fearful foam of the maddened sea, prevented us from discovering them until too late to escape from the awful situation in which we were placed.

"Never shall I forget the fearful horrors of that scene. We found ourselves within almost a cable's length from the breakers. The vivid bursts of lightning occasionally showed the jagged and horrid heads of the rocks, as the tremendous surf burst in huge masses over them. The moon paled in the high heavens, and rendered dark the massive clouds, looking black as eternal night; and as if to add to the horrors of the scene, the only sail we had set flew into ten thousand rags.

"Amid the terrific horrors of the scene the stoutest heart for a moment paled and stood aghast at the dreadful grave that awaited him. A huge wave came toppling along in its grandness and its power, and swept the captain and two men from off the deck, and no one saw them but myself; the mate was drunk, and thus she was left without a commander—despair sat upon every countenance—they gazed along the sky, and death seemed frowning on them—they looked on the rocks, and they looked in the dim light like ghastly demons holding a revelry, and then some threw themselves upon the deck and howled, and some held up their convulsed hands to heaven as though they would have grasped it for safety—and all in a moment, but that moment like years. But it is not the nature of the British sailor to die without struggling to the last, and battling to his last gasp with his enemy;—other nations, in their hour of need, call upon their saints to work a miracle, and perish—but a Briton offers a momentary prayer, and girds himself up for the strife.

"I saw the necessity of something being done, however little hope it might give of deliverance: taking the command upon myself, I shouted through the trumpet—'Let go all the anchors.' The whole three were fortunately ranged and clear for running—and in an instant the best bower was down—

then the small bower, and then the stream. In breathless anxiety we watched the issue of our last frail hope. The ship swung up slowly and heavily to the wind and waves, which came rolling along in huge mountains of foam—who could hope to ride out in such a sea?—the most ardent dared not.

"Minutes past on, and still the ship held on, and every heart beat quicker as the hope of being saved came slowly across it. The best bower had nearly all the strain—we were about to veer away a little, when it snapt like a carrot—the stream went the next moment. Death seemed already to hug us in his arms—the small bower was a mere hair that still kept us back from his hungry jaws—moments rolled into minutes, and minutes into hours, and still that little cable held on, and yet every moment of that suspense more fearful than the grim visage of death.

"Morning slowly dawned. Great God! how it seemed to linger, as if in hatred. The sun rose clear and unclouded, but what a sight spread itself around. Jammed in between two huge rocks, was the remains of a large ship that we had passed in the night—all perished and gone to their long account. Foam! foam! foam! wherever we turned our agonized eyes nothing appeared but foam.

"Towards noon it was nearly a calm, the wind flew round to the eastward with a steady breeze—we hove up, and found one strand of our cable gone, so wonderful was our deliverance."

Here for the present we close our extract from the log-book, and proceed with more rapid strides to the moral climax of this tragedy.

After being once more fairly at sea, all hands were assembled, and Crawford was unanimously requested to take the charge in preference to trusting their lives to the drunken mate. He accordingly, though by no means anxious, accepted the command.

Amongst the passengers was a young man of prepossessing appearance, between whom and Crawford a close intimacy sprung up. On the part of Beaumont this was easily accounted for, from his necessary admiration for his coolness and intrepidity. Crawford had, however, all his life shunned the society of men, there was nothing he so much

detested. But here he felt an unaccountable pleasure, arising doubtless from the mildness and suavity of his manners, and his general excellent disposition; yet had he met others equally worthy, and never felt the like; and when he gazed upon the face of his companion, his mind seemed unaccountably carried back to bygone days.

The ship arrived at New York, after a passage of some sixty days, without further accident, excepting the loss of a little boy from fever, which we may mention hereafter, and Crawford set up as a merchant in New York, becoming for the time a neutralized subject, and as Beaumont was going inland, they bade each other adieu.

We must now pass over a period of two or three years, during which Crawford was very successful. The correspondence of his wife had been regular and unbroken, and it was but seldom that on his side he allowed business to prevent his regularly writing to her.

Beaumont having at length completed his business in the interior, had returned to New York, previous to embarking once more for Europe, and the intimacy which had before existed was now drawn into the closest and most intimate friendship. He was the foster son (for his real parents were never ascertained) of a merchant, of some respectability, in Hull, and had been sent out by him to look after some property that had been seized in the American war.

A few months after, this Beaumont returned to England, bearing with him a letter of introduction to Mrs. Crawford, couched in the warmest terms, in speaking of his friend, and enjoining her not to omit showing him every attention in her power if ever he should come down to E——.

Shortly after his arrival in England, either business or pleasure took Beaumont down to E——. Few men were more gifted in all "that maidens dream of," when their thoughts wander upon love. His well-formed and handsome features beamed with intelligence and generosity, to which the calm and pallid hue of his face and brow gave a tenfold interest. Constant intercourse with the world had given an additional polish to a mind and manners at once pleasing and irresistibly persuasive, and then

backed by a person formed in nature's finest masculine mould, made him at once a dangerous and a delightful friend.

Meanwhile, time had passed but drearily on with our Ellen. Her aged father was dead, and her only society now was that of her fair young child. Her enjoyments were hemmed in by anxieties and cares, and the sweet breath of the heavens seemed not to bring her accustomed balm, nor nature her boon, in the absence of her husband. The cup of joy that she had once "commended to her lips" was not dashed by care, and the word happiness seemed for awhile as if it existed not for her.

Though her husband's remittances were liberal, still she sometimes found a difficulty in keeping her way clear before her, especially if the remittances were not regular, which occasionally took place owing to the number of hands it had to pass through previous to her receiving it. Now, it so happened, unfortunately, that at the time of Beaumont's arrival at E——, she was in considerable trouble, owing to her not having either heard or had a remittance for nearly two quarters.

Coming with such a recommendation, backed by his own agreeable qualities, it is not to be wondered that he soon became fully ingratiated into Ellen's favour, who, in the innocence of her heart, told him all her troubles and anxieties, which, by his help, were soon set at rest. Ellen now wrote oftener than ever to her husband, and every letter contained some high encomium on his delightful friend.

It has been said, that it is the very nature of deep and all powerful love to engender jealousy, whether this be true or not, and perhaps in general it is so constituted, it was not the case with Crawford, although her safety and welfare were the sum and essence of his life. Divided by an immense track of mighty waters from her still, the serpent tooth of suspicion had never once infused its deadly venom into his soul. Sometimes dim-shadowed fears of the dread destroyer death—of *outward* and bodily change—would flash across his mind, but he dreamt not, recked not of *inward* change.

Months had now rolled on since Beaumont's departure, and the letters of his wife began now gradually to abate

in number and quantity, and above all, a studied silence seemed to be held with respect to his friend, and gradually the letters became shorter and more hurried, and written with evident restraint. Yet Crawford, O fool! fool! that he was! suspected nothing, and remembered not that cold neglect is the sure but deadly precursor of decay. But time passed on, and business bringing the hope and promise of future wealth, thus urged him onward, cheered and led forward by the near perspective of the crown of industry—prosperity.

One evening he had been sitting looking over his accounts, and forming an estimate of the exact value of his then floating capital, and after a careful estimate, he rose with the pleasing satisfaction of finding that the sum with which he had determined to return and live in England was nearly amassed, and that another month or two of sojourn would be sufficient to wind up all satisfactorily.

It being a remarkably quiet evening, he drew near to the window, and gazed upon the magnificent glories of an American sunset. All around him was spread the stillness of hushed and tranquil nature, broken only by the last faint chirp of some woody warbler. The descending dew drew forth from herb and flower a balmy and a soothing fragrance, and glistened on the leaves like the bright sparkle of a diamond—in the wooded vale no breath stirred the many-coloured foliage of its trees, from whose bosom rose the simple spire of a church, apt emblem of the breathing calm that slept around.

The last of the sun's rays caught only the light transparent media, that floated far on the verge of the horizon, which was fast narrowing around him, like the bright palace of some fairy, when the sad and solemn tolling of the bell, that spoke of some frail mortal borne to that dread place "whence no traveller e'er returns," broke upon his ear with a knell that thrilled it with an inexpressible power. Down crumbled his glittering palace of wealth before that last memorial of parting day—the mighty chain of association had been touched, and he stood once more beside his mother's grave a weeping and sorrowing child.

The day waned—deeper and deeper fell the shadows of night—when Craw-

ford's eye caught a glimpse of something standing beside him. He turned his body hastily, and found a tall commanding woman, dressed in the swathing clothes of the dead, standing close to him.

With respect to apparitions he had ever been incredulous, and had always resolved them into a superstitious fear, which spreads over the mind like a creeping and gathering moss, that by a slow but steady process weaves itself over the heart of the fearful and disguises the truth. But now a dread and creeping fear curdled his blood, and riveted his gaze upon the sepulchral face of that mysterious stranger, whose lineaments and form were those of his buried but still loved mother. She raised her shadowy hand, through which he saw the struggling rays of the evening star, and pointed to the east; then walked towards the window and slowly disappeared. Crawford tried to follow, but awe withheld him.

And now for the first time a strange and wild misgiving seized him—could she have come to warn him of some dread calamity? Was his wife dead? The shades of horror seemed darkening around him, and the hydra heads of suspicion and fear showed themselves on his path—a heavy mist fell over his eyes, and the images of coming things seemed to hover mysteriously around, giving a foretaste of the bitter fruit he was about to gather.

When he began to arouse himself from the horror that had subdued him, all around him was quiet as the grave. The startling apparition was no longer seen, but all passed rapidly before him like a hideous nightmare, but the vain and dread imaginings that fell over him led to no result—he could not pierce beyond the gloom.

Of all griefs, that which we dare not impart to another is the most harrowing. The heart sinks under the pressure of a horrible secret, from which we can get no relief, for which we dare not ask any sympathy or consolation, while indignation gnaws at the core and saps the mind.

On the morrow he received a letter from an unknown hand. Great God! his worst fears were true, and the only gate through which he hoped to obtain happiness was suddenly closed, and for ever.

"Oh, why," he breaks forth in the harrowing journal, "to the calm content and even flow of a country life, why have I hugged a glittering but fatal dream, sacrificing that felicity for which I had once so ardently struggled in the fresh years of my youth, for a golden apple like those of the fabled east, that hid, by a glittering exterior, the bitter ashes that were hearsed within."

Hastily consigning the management of his affairs to a friend, he took his passage by a packet ship that started the following day for London.

In looking over the journal of the unhappy man, alluding to this period, we find the following passage:—

"How I got through the time on the passage home, I know not. I struggled with my thoughts, and tried to banish them as dreams. Vain hope! a mightier power had made its lair within, and baffled me. Waking was a horror, and sleep I could not, unless closing my eyes could be so called; but the thought was still there, and would force itself upon me, and as it came upon me, my blood would stand still as though some fearful spectre were passing, and then my heart sickened, and my blood ebbed slowly on once more.

"I have heard of men who have been put to death by placing a large piece of spiked iron on their breasts, and thus lingering out their days without food or water. But what were their tortures to mine? The face of man had become an agony to me, and the sound of pleasure a harsh and discordant noise."

Thirty days—a wearying long voyage—passed on thus, and they seemed to him like so many years of misery, for night came with hideous dreams, and yet brought no sleep; and with day came nought but unavailing moan, and no relief. Hope, that inward world, suspended within our heart of hearts, and becoming the centre of an ideal world, from which emanates all our most cherished blessings, calling us away from the clank of our earthly chains to another and a brighter existence—where the seeds of sorrow are not sown, where the rank weeds of misery thrive not;—it is the holy pool of Bethesda, in which we bathe away our cares and our sorrows; but this world existed not for him, and before him alone was stretched the shadows of a long and

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dreary night; no star shedding its trembling ray upon the gloom.

Once more we will refer to the journal:—

"‘Land on the larboard bow!’ shouted a man from the mast-head, and all hands rushed joyously upon deck, and with straining eyes tried to catch a glimpse of old England’s sea-girt shores, whose faint blue outline appeared in the distance, like a cloud just on the verge of the horizon. Yes! land once more! how differently felt that thrilling word once upon my ear to what it did now! I had looked upon some of the fairest scenes of foreign land, and the proudest landscapes that the merry sunbeam ever danced upon, yet, how did my thoughts return to those sullen shores. Nothing dark and bitter then rested around the past—the hues of youth and happiness played around it—and no misgiving fear came ‘like a cloud between.’ Toil and travel, and hardship, had then been mine, but I had reaped my reward, and I hastened to share it with the one object for which I had so much and so anxiously laboured. But now misery had come upon me ‘like a thief in the night,’ and despoiled me of all my store. What were now my hopes and fears—my struggles and my triumphs—they were like sapless weeds upon desolate rocks, and ambition, that deep-stirred spirit within me, had melted away like a vain and unsubstantial shadow before the noon-day sun."

Home, thou site of weal or woe—thou choicest blessing, or thou deadliest curse to weak and suffering man!—if all be but well *there*, then let the wide world rage as it will, what matters it though it be a mighty Lazar-house of ills; but woe unto the wretch with whom it is embittered by strife, anger, or infidelity, for miserable shall be his tread through life, for in the dread words of that solemn book, "they have planted their hopes in rottenness, and their blossoms shall go up in dust."

Could the news be false? Could it be malice that had breathed into his credulous ear the damning accusation? He sometimes *tried* to think so; but wherefore, then, asked busy suspicion, the hurried and forced letter, and then the total silence?

"My suspense," he adds, "becomes horrible and unbearable, and the deadly

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and loathsome sickness of the heart which it causes, has nearly shattered my mental faculties; my melancholy increases, and my resolution to struggle against my despair, grows feebler every hour."

"21st August.—A splendid breeze, and the ship is running along like a wild race-horse, shooting round the Isle of Wight; but I feel as if it was hurrying me to my tomb, and I feel now as if I wanted a still longer breathing space. Oh God! Oh God! how awful is this suspense! Yet, patience, poor heart! a few hours more, and you will know all. Oh! fool, thrice dyed in ruin, to trust my all of hope and heart within so frail an ark.

"All around is animated confusion and preparation; and nature too, as if in mortal scorn, looks the same as if no change had taken place, and shines forth in all her brightness; while I, in the spring-time of my life, stand a withered and leafless trunk, seared by the lightning blast of misery.

"I have learned the damning truth—She, my pure, my spotless wife, has gone off to the Havannah with Beaumont, who was my only friend. May the curse of a blighted heart and ruined soul rest upon him for ever! To the end of the world I will follow after him—yea, even to the depths of hell—but I will have revenge!"

How grew that affection—how it ripened into a guilty bloom, these dark memorials tell not. It is a subject which he seems not to have dared to touch upon. But let mankind heed the stern moral that it teaches—that absence and the tempter have power to ruin the most virtuous, unless girded by the strong armour of a holy religion.

When the indefinite but dread shadow, guilt—that most unhallowed thought—first comes, it flits before the mind like an unstable and vapouring cloud—but by constant presence it gathers a substance and a form. We may believe in one so naturally good and kind, and trusting that the unholy thought did not spring forth in a day or a week, but rather that day by day it must have gathered strength, and the thought once finding a lurking place in her

breast, the vain, and no longer honourable object of it, exerted every art, and all the power and witchery of his well-stored mind to foster and inflame it. Well has Pope said:—

Vice, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft with a familiar face,
We pity first—endure, and then embrace.

There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul, blasting it for ever; before which the pride and hardnesses of our natures are swept away as by a descending avalanche, and thus had sorrow quenched Crawford's resentment towards his father. With heavy heart he turned his steps to his door; he went to him, humbled in his grief, and bowed to the earth with affliction, for, to use the affecting language of Scripture, "his home was left unto him desolate."

He found his father nearly as he had left him years before, but more querulous, and more grasping, and clinging to the world merely for his wealth. Miserable old fool! he was tending rapidly towards the tomb, but the fonder he clung to his glittering bauble. O ye apples of Sodom! O ye grapes of Gomorrah, how many souls have ye dragged down to hell! Conceive the situation of this man tottering on the brink of the grave—buoyed up by no hope hereafter, letting day by day of his precious time flee—with eternity before, and guilt—the guilt of neglect—of mispent time—hemming him in behind; and yet, clinging to coloured dust, as though it would plead his justification before the throne of the Almighty—each day finding him more helpless, more avaricious, and more hardened—the chill of wintry age had curdled up his blood, and darkness wrapped his slumbering soul.

The scene was still the same—the old chair, the books, the uncleaned windows, the whole seemed to the returned and humbled son as if it were but yesterday, when he had sworn never to enter it again. He thought of what he was *then*—proud and free—now, his spirit broken and rent. The being whom he had adored violated, profaned; while affection, love, guilt, and horror came in silent procession, like a band of ghostly images, linked together in chains of adamant, and worked him up to the verge of madness.

A deep-drawn sigh, such as may be

termed instinct with the spirit of wretchedness, caused the grey-headed old man to turn his small twinkling fox-like eyes in the direction from whence it proceeded.

"What want you here?" asked the querulous old man, with a harsh shrill voice, peering at the same time above his glasses, which hung low on his nose, but perfectly unable, with his slight scrutiny, to recognise any one he knew in that worn and emaciated frame and countenance, so pale with mortal sorrow.

Advancing slowly up to him, and pushing back the long dark hair, matted with the cold perspiration that bedewed his marble forehead, he said in a voice of sorrow—

"Know you not your son?"

A momentary shade, amounting almost to grief, passed over the father's countenance, and a momentary silence ensued.

"So, Sir, I suppose you have returned to me a beggar?"

"Yes, if to have lost all that makes life bearable means it, I am."

"I understand you were married, Sir?"

A fearful shuddering passed over the features of the son.

"And I have heard that she has left you?"

A deep and agonized groan was the only answer that burst from the wretched man, but the face of the hard-hearted and relentless old father wore a bitter sneer, as he exclaimed in his harsh straining voice—

"I'm glad of it, it has punished your disobedience."

With a perfect howl the unfortunate son rushed like an infuriate tiger upon his father, and lifting him off his feet with almost supernatural force, with one hand, hurried him towards the window that looked into the street, and with the other he threw up the sash. For a moment he looked upon his paralyzed father, like an infant in his hand, and then into the street, and said, while his eye seemed to glance living fire—

"Fiend! wretch! have you no mercy? breathe but another word like it, and by the God that made me, I'll dash you on yon stones! Nay, if you were not my father, I would have thrown your vile carcase as food for the dogs.

Farewell, we meet no more," and he flung the old man from him like a reed, and rushed down stairs.

That day proved the old miser's last. At first he felt something like sorrow that his son should have left him thus; but it was a mere momentary thought that passed away as soon as his fall permitted him to get to his books, which was not long afterwards.

The afternoon had been lowering and unsettled, and the lightning darted forth from the lowering concave of the heavens with awful sublimity. The father had resolved to retire early on account of it; he was putting away a few loose sovereigns from his pocket to his strong box, when he noticed one that appeared lighter in his hand, it was the last he had to put away. To satisfy himself he drew forth a pair of small scales from his pocket, and placed the gold against the weights, and held it up to the light to examine it.

At that moment the heavens seemed converted into an awful blaze of fire, while a lurid and zigzag line shot fearfully along the sky. A slight crash of a window was heard, and at the same instant the body of the wretched miser fell a putrid and sulphureous mass upon the floor!

When Crawford, maddened by his father's taunt, rushed from the house, he walked, he ran, heedless whither, as pursued by a legion of devils, until he found himself on the banks of the river.

Had his father received him kindly all might have gone well, for kindness is one of the greatest and most efficacious remedies to a wounded mind. How often has that friend of human passion, DESPAIR—that arch-demon of crime, been arrested in its downward descent into the gulf of perdition, by the soft soothing of one gentle voice, by the proper application of a few consoling words—but he cruelly taunted his misery. Thus galled and stung to the quick, anger and despair seized possession of him. Oh, what a terrible devil steals upon the heels of human mockery and scorn!

When he first entered his father's door, it was with a mind wounded and seared, but not lost. When he turned his footsteps from his door, all the fiery passions that wither up the soul of man

shed their disastrous glare over his mind, hurrying it on until it became engulfed in the vortex of ill to rise no more. No ray of religion cheered him through the gloom—it had never shone upon him—never been instilled into his mind, or in this, even the eleventh hour, it would have saved him; but now there was nothing to relieve the heavy weight of anguish which precipitated him down,—down into the utmost abyss, from the fatal precipice on which he had hovered, the greatness of his abandonment but increasing the rapidity of his descent.

Had religion been instilled in his earlier life, it would have opened to him a mightier world, having its own immutable solace; and though the present life and hope might be withered up by the simoom, it would have left to his panting heart the vital spark of an unquenchable flame.

As the day was gloomy and lowering, it seemed to the bereaved man as though even the blessed heavens joined in heightening the miseries that beset him before and behind. The wind whistled mournfully among the trees, scattering their sere and yellow leaves desolately beneath his feet, or whirled them upon the dark bosom of the sullen waters, on whose surface they seemed borne away for ever.

The gloom of nature shed a yet deeper shade of horror over his soul. What had he in the world, or what was the world to him? Nothing. His “sun had gone down at noon in darkness.”

He sat himself down at the foot of a fallen tree. What pen can portray the wretchedness and misery with which his whole soul was shaken? He threw himself down on the withered grass, and clung to it with a convulsive grasp, and wept long and bitterly. The past moved before him with terrible distinctness, mixed up with dim and shadowy feelings of harrowing interest. Treachery and damning dishonour were there. He tried to shut the vision from his eyes, but memory is no slave, and waits not on man's bidding.

Again he sat up, and with an indescribable sensation he commenced throwing stones into the water, and watching their sullen and heavy descent; whilst, almost imperceptibly, the desperate thought of self-destruction crossed his mind, for like him of old, the Great Ruler of all things seemed to have set a mark against him, and made him a burden to himself, for a “spirit had passed before him, and the hair of his flesh stood up.”

The evening had gradually closed around him. He looked cautiously round, and there was no one nigh—all seemed to favour the design. He arose with the dreadful calmness of a despairing mind, and approached the brink which separated him from eternity. He stood for a moment gazing on the water that rushed on in grim silence below, whose surface was ever and anon illumined by the lightning. One look to heaven, and then—

DIDST THOU BUT KNOW.

BY LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

Couldst thou but know what 'tis to weep;

To weep, unpitied, and alone,

The live-long night, whilst others sleep,

Silent and mournful watch to keep,

Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

Couldst thou but know what 'tis to smile,

To smile when scorned by every one,

To hide, by many an artful wile,

A heart that knows more grief than guile,

Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

And oh! if thou couldst think how drear,

When friends are chang'd, and health is gone,

The world would to thine eyes appear—

If thou, like me, to none wert dear,

Thou wouldst not do what I have done.

THE MIDNIGHT BELL.

(Continued from page 145.)

On parting with Lady Imogen at the Ursulines, Father Anselm had warned her, not to let it startle or alarm her when she heard that he was living under the roof of Sir Osmond, and was in his favour, if not his own confidence, since it was to her interest that it should be so.

Accordingly, Father Anselm continued to live in the castle upon nearly the same footing as during the lifetime of its late lords, and played his part so well, that he gained as large a share of Sir Osmond's confidence, as he was capable of bestowing on any human being, and that precisely because he seemed rather to avoid than seek it. During the lifetime of the late Lords of Ravenswood, Father Anselm had been a constant visitor at Beaumont; but in order to avoid giving the shadow of a suspicion to Sir Osmond, he had latterly abstained from going there, and this change in his conduct led Lady Emeline to suspect that he was the confidant, perhaps the accomplice, of his guilty master. When, therefore, she met the father so unexpectedly in the corridor, she sought to shun him, but on this occasion he seemed bent upon meeting her, for coming suddenly up to her while she stood yet undecided whether or not to re-enter her chamber, looking cautiously round, and laying his finger on his lips in sign of secrecy, he whispered in both low and hurried accents, "Meet me at midnight in the chapel; I have a secret to disclose of weightiest import—I conjure you, lady, by the memory of the murdered Julian, refuse me not!" Thus solemnly and strangely adjured, Lady Emeline consented to the meeting. Scarcely had the words passed her lips, when the father having again recommended secrecy, turned and disappeared in an opposite direction. The rendezvous took place; but we will not now let our fair readers into the secret confided by Father Anselm to the lady, but shall leave them to guess its nature by its consequences.

Early the following day, Lady Emeline,

having requested a private interview with her father, informed him that during the past night she had meditated deeply upon the reasonableness and fitness of his wishes, with respect to her union with Sir Osmond; that she regretted her unfilial opposition to them, and was now ready to make the only atonement in her power, by bestowing her hand freely whenever her destined husband should deign to ask it. The father and husband elect were both equally surprised at this sudden change in the lady's sentiments, but were too well pleased by the effect to enquire very narrowly into the cause; and to prevent any further vacillation,—the wedding was fixed to take place in three days. The ceremony was to be performed in the castle chapel, by Father Anselm, and as many noble guests were invited as the shortness of the time permitted. Meanwhile, to lull any suspicion of her sincerity, should any arise, Lady Emeline scarcely ever quitted the side of her future lord, except to assist at the hasty preparations of her sudden nuptials. If she did not return his ardent glances and burning sighs, she did not withdraw her hand from his fervent grasp. She listened patiently, if not complacently, to his passionate and repeated vows of love and adoration; and with the aptness of all who believe what they wish, Sir Osmond fancied himself beloved in return.

The appointed hour at length arrived. The bridal party were assembled in the chapel, gaily decorated for the purpose; the bride and bridegroom stood before the altar, the priest opened his book, the question was put to Sir Osmond, whether he took the Lady Emeline to be his wedded wife, and the look of joy with which he replied in the affirmative, showed how near he thought himself to the completion of his happiness. The same demand was then made of the Lady Emeline, who answered it with a clear, firm, and distinct "No!" and before the little assembly could recover from the consternation into which this unexpected response had thrown them, she advanced a few paces from the altar, and throw-

ing back her veil, and raising her voice to a tone likely to command the attention of all present, she thus addressed them :—"Hear me, my father! hear me, knights and gentlemen! before you all I here accuse Sir Osmond, falsely styled the Lord of Ravenswood, of the murder of his nephew, the late Lord Julian; which if he dare to deny, I will, by my champion, support the charge in single combat, in time and place befitting, and there lies my gage!"

As she finished speaking she threw down her embroidered glove. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by this extraordinary and unlooked-for appeal.

From the moment she pronounced the portentous No! every eye had been turned on her; but they quickly reverted to the accused, who, colourless, motionless, breathless, stood as if he had been suddenly turned to marble by her voice; but as soon as she had ceased to speak, as if released from the power of the spell, the blood rushed tumultuously over his cheek and brow, which became almost purple, his chest heaved with suppressed shame and rage, and springing forward and lifting the gage, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder,—

"I accept the challenge, and will repel the charge by force of arms, in time and place to be appointed. Till then, farewell!"

Thus saying, he turned upon his heel, and with a haughty step left the chapel, attended by a numerous retinue of friends and retainers.

The Baron de Beaumont, whom surprise had hitherto kept silent, now advanced towards his daughter, and was about to ask an explanation of the extraordinary scene he had just witnessed, but she anticipated him, by saying, with a manner at once firm and respectful, "Pardon me, my father, the confusion I have caused, but do not condemn me too hastily. Bold as my words may seem, they shall be supported by deeds as bold, and if the event prove not their truth let me be branded as a liar and defamer, and mine be the dishonour and the infamy which I now confidently expect will be proved upon another; but till then let me not meet reproaches which I do not, trust me, merit."

"Rash girl!" returned the Baron,

"and who, think you, will care to be your champion in so mad a cause?"

"Heaven will provide a champion to avenge the injured, and chastise the guilty. Should such be wanting, the very graves would give up their dead; nay, woman as I am, should no abler champion of truth appear, I would myself make good with sword and spear the words my lips have uttered."

The Baron seeing her thus resolved, attempted no further argument on the subject; he only remarked, that if he did not impede her designs, neither would he in anyway second them, and that she must rely wholly on herself for their execution, and abide by the consequences. To this Emeline gave a ready consent.

Commissioners were appointed on both sides to regulate the forms and preliminaries of the combat; the lists were erected in an open space midway between the two estates, and the third day, at sunrise, was fixed for the trial by combat. On either side of the lists a pavilion, with other smaller tents, was erected, for the challenger, defendant, and their attendants. A dozen gentlemen on either side were invited to be present, and Sir Harold Harcourt, a nobleman, universally beloved for his honour and unbending integrity, was nominated as judge of the field, and to him were appointed the usual number of heralds and officers. Sir Osmond passed the night preceding the combat in the pavilion allotted to him. When pressed by Father Anselm, who attended him, to confess and receive absolution ere he perilled his life, he replied, haughtily and contemptuously, "Dost think I trust the keeping of my conscience to a crafty priest? No, no, I spurn your idle mummeries," and having summarily dismissed his other attendants, Sir Osmond threw himself on his couch to sleep, indeed, but not to rest; his slumbers were disturbed by frightful dreams. First, he saw his murdered nephew weltering in his blood, and as he would have rushed through the forest to escape this harrowing spectacle, he felt himself suddenly withheld from behind, and turning he beheld the pale form of Imogen, her hair wet and dishevelled, and her garments white and glistening, who wound her clammy arms

around him, and pressed her purple cheek to his. Escaping from these images of horror, he found himself in the gaily decorated chapel, standing before the altar with his destined bride. Again, the prayer was read, the blessing given, they rose from their knees, but just as he was about to salute his fair bride, she drew a dagger from beneath her robe, and plunged it into his bosom. He awoke with a start. The cry of agony brought a page to his side;—"Did you call, my lord," he asked; then seeing his master's pale and ghastly looks, "you are not well, my lord, how pale and wild you look!"

"I have had ugly dreams, boy—fetch me a cup of wine, I shall be well enough anon." The page went and returned with a silver goblet, which Sir Osmond drained at a draught.

The night was far spent, the moon was down, and streaks of rosy light began to lace the cold grey clouds. Sir Osmond called for his squire, and bid him buckle on his armour. During this operation, his face, which had before been of an ashy paleness, became flushed, and his wild dilated eye blazed with fierce lustre, and he left the tent with the firm step and lofty bearing of one who has wrought up his mind to the highest pitch of daring and endurance. As Sir Osmond issued from his pavilion, he saw the champion of the challenger at the door of the opposite one, and striking was the contrast exhibited by the intended combatants. Sir Osmond was of a lofty and commanding stature, with a full broad chest, and limbs of almost herculean strength; he was armed cap-a-pie, in rich armour, and mounted on a black war-horse, strong and stately-looking as his rider. His antagonist was of a slight and graceful figure, apparently betokening extreme youth; he wore a suit of bright steel armour, strong, yet so tight and flexible, as to accommodate itself to every motion of the body; his helmet, which was completely closed, was surmounted by a snowy plume, and he was seated on a steed, small and beautiful enough for a lady's use, but though gentle, so spirited that it arched its proud neck and pawed the ground, and champed its golden bit, impatient alike of restraint and delay.

Sir Harcourt had already taken his

seat on a kind of temporary throne erected for the purpose, at the upper end of the lists, and around him were assembled those who were to act as witnesses or esquires on the occasion. Sir Harcourt now, as judge of the field, summoned the challenger openly to declare before all present the cause of quarrel for which he appeared in arms. The champion rode up to the foot of the throne, and making a low but silent reverence, he signed to the herald who accompanied him, and who thus began in a clear and loud voice:—"The Lady Emeline de Beaumont, by my voice, does here accuse Osmond, the falsely styled Lord of Ravenswood, with the murder of the late Lord Julian, his nephew, and her plighted husband, whose death she feels herself called upon to avenge; and she will here maintain in the person of this, her champion, the truth of what she has affirmed."

Sir Osmond was then called upon for his defence. He advanced to the foot of the throne also, and thus answered:—"I, Osmond, Baron of Ravenswood, deny the charge, and do affirm it to be a false and malignant accusation of the Lady Emeline de Beaumont, to blast my fame, and render void the solemn engagements entered into between us both by her father and herself; but I again repel the charge, and will defend my honour with my life."

"This quarrel, then, will not admit of arbitration?" asked Sir Harcourt.

The champion shook his head, and Sir Osmond exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "None! I am impatient to wash out in the blood of her puny representative, the stain which Lady Emeline has cast upon my honour, though, in sooth, she has but added insult to injury in sending forth so frail a champion to support so foul a charge," and as he spoke, he threw a contemptuous glance at his youthful opponent.

"Scoff not, murderer!" replied the champion, for the first time breaking silence, and by a sudden and unexpected manœuvre, he brought his steed up so close to that of Sir Osmond, that the sides of the animals almost touched, then raising his vizor, he exclaimed, "Behold! aye, strike, murderer! yet another blow, and be indeed the Lord of Ravenswood."

The first sound of that voice had caused the heart of the guilty Osmond to throb with violence, but when those well known features were disclosed to his view, he gazed on them a moment with eyes that seemed to start from their sockets, and uttering a deep groan he fell senseless to the earth. At the same moment, exclamations of "Julian! Lord Julian! a spectre! a miracle!" burst from every lip, while all was instantly alarm and confusion, some seeking to surround the champion, others to fly from him, as fear or affection first prompted.

"No, my friends!" he exclaimed, raising his voice, "not Julian, but Imogene de Courcy stands before you, the champion of her brother's death. You have mourned me dead, but that I am no spectre, the abbess of the Ursulines, and Father Anselm can bear witness, who, with the Lady Emeline, were in my confidence as I in theirs. This to my friends," she added, lowering

her voice, "but for that wretched man"—She was interrupted by Father Anselm, who signed to her to stand aside, so that she might be out of Sir Osmond's sight when he should revive, which he was beginning to do under the care of his attendants, by whom he was now supported. On recovering from his deep swoon, Sir Osmond looked fearfully and wildly around; then observing Sir Harcourt, and the other knights and gentlemen standing near him, he extended his arm, impatiently exclaiming, in a hoarse and tremulous voice, "I acknowledge the murder!" and sinking back in the arms of his esquire, with a convulsive shudder, instantly expired.

Imogene shrunk awe-struck and trembling on her knees, and breathed a prayer for the departed soul. In another moment, Lady Emeline coming out of the challenger's pavilion, tenderly embraced the youthful champion, and mingled her tears and prayers with hers.

TO HOPE.

Hail, hope!—delicious hope!
Return once more with thy seductive smile,
And chase away these fears—
My weary heart thou dost beguile
Of many tears.

Bright are thy beauteous wings,
And all thy gifts are of a rosy hue—
Thy deepest breathings are
Of radiant joys—yet how untrue
Thy visions fair.

I gaze upon the glowing dream
And still would gaze, and cheat myself awhile:
Soon will the gay scene fade—
Soon destiny forbid the smile
And I must wake—

Wake to the daily pains—
To the harsh duties which enthrall me round,
And keep me all from thee—
Soon will time pass with leaden sound,
And I must flee.

Flee from thy shrine, bright star!
And leave each idol scatter'd and o'erthrown—
Nor claim one simple flow'r,
From thy gay chaplet, o'er the cold earth strown
In that dark hour.

19th April, 1837.

E. H.B.

THE RANDOM SENTENCE,

(Continued from page 139.)

SHORTLY after this, Seabright was one day riding from the pleasant little village of Poynings, when he was met by young Dowdeswell, who was also on horseback, and apparently in great haste.

"Hollo, my hearty! what cheer?—Whither away so fast?" said Seabright.

"To a thousand different places," returned Alfred; "you have met me in all the bustle of my new avocation."

"Aha! And what is that?"

"Why, I have turned porter. My good mother's birth-day will be on Tuesday next, and the whole establishment is so busy, that she was fain to employ me as her aide-de-camp, in going round with notes of invitation."

"Indeed? You will have crowded decks, I presume."

"Oh, intolerably!" said Dowdeswell. "You may guess at the number of visitors we expect, when I tell you that every one of our young ladies have by turns acted the part of amanuensis to my mamma, who was dictating billets-doux for three entire hours."

"On my soul, the old lady seems to have been quite indefatigable upon the occasion," observed Seabright, laughing: "Miss Freeloze, I suppose, had her share of writing, as well as the rest?"

"No," said Alfred; "she, I believe, only wrote one note, which, I suppose, is for you, as I know you were not forgotten. I have it somewhere. Oh, here it is;" added he, taking a letter from his side-pocket, and handing it over to the captain, contriving as he did so, that the sealed side should be uppermost. Seabright hastily opened the billet, and read as follows:—

"My dear Friend,

"Do shake off your gloom for a day, and appear at No. —, Marine Parade, on the 20th, in all the happy smiling looks you were wont to wear before a certain person came amongst us; but I am sorry to say we shall be obliged, in some degree, to disguise our mutual affection, lest the party I allude to should interrupt the general harmony by his jealousy, as I imagine he already suspects I am not over fond of his society.

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"Farewell, my dear friend, until Tuesday, and believe yourself ever to be worn in the heart of

Yours most faithfully,

AUSONIA."

Seabright thought there was something strange in this epistle, and, as he pondered upon its contents, he unthinkingly looked at the superscription, and had his eye met the deadly fascinating gaze of a basilisk, it could not have become more fixed, than it did when the words "*To the Reverend Mowbray Clanwilliam,*" on the envelope, caught his view. "Gracious God! this letter is meant for another," he exclaimed.

"I have made a mistake, then;—for whom is it intended?" asked Alfred, carelessly.

"Mr. Clanwilliam."

"The devil it is! Then, by Jove, I must have given your letter to him, and so made a transposition of the two; however, I suppose it matters but little, as each was, no doubt, to the same effect."

"No, no; impossible. Oh! Mr. Alfred, this letter has wrenched my heart's firmest strings. You look surprised: I will tell you all. Ausonia, the deceitful Ausonia, promised to be mine, to weather with me the storms of life: and here, by an accident most surely providential, do I discover the arts by which I am to be gulled, laughed at, and ultimately left to despair."

"This is very strange. — I am shocked," said Dowdeswell; "but do not be too hasty, nor judge from appearances: you may be mistaken; therefore come this evening, as usual; take no notice of what has occurred, but watch Miss Freeloze closely; and if your suspicions be just, they will soon be verified. I will leave you to compose your spirits, and shall expect to see you at seven this evening." So saying, he rode off, apparently much grieved, but in reality elated with the success of this first step towards the completion of his vile plan. Seabright remained bound to the spot, as it were, with chains of iron, whilst a choking sensation in his throat made him gasp for breath.

A a

"Yes, base coquette!" he cried aloud, "I now see all your treachery. Clanwilliam has indeed been gloomy, since I appeared upon the scene. Well, well was it thought to caution him from shewing his love; but, by the blue waters now expanded before me, his sacred profession shall not shield him from my just resentment," and while he spoke he grasped his riding whip as though it had been a dagger, then dropping his hand, fell into a profound reverie, whilst the cutting sea-breeze chafed his temples, and dried the humidity of his eyes, till they became almost sightless. At last, suddenly giving the spur to his horse, he galloped towards Brighton with the speed of a madman.

On entering Mrs. Dowdeswell's drawing-room, he found the Honorable Miss Viper, Miss Rokeby, and the young ladies, with Clanwilliam, Alfred Dowdeswell, Mackenzie, and Jingle, seated in conversation. His blood-shot eye, pallid features, and agitated manner, attracted general notice, but he merely answered the questions put to him by pleading a severe head-ache through fatigue.

Ausonia, who was embroidering some drawings with floss silk in the leaves of her scrap-book, looked up and said in a gentle tone, "Then, that is all through me, for I am sure you have tired yourself with going to Poynings to procure the view for which I expressed so strong a wish, as Mr. Dowdeswell tells me you have been that way to-day."

"I have, Madam—but I assure you, Madam, I am not tired in the least. The picture, Madam, is here."

Ausonia took the proffered drawing, but cast a look of tender anxiety as she did so, being much struck by Seabright's manner.

"Well, really, all this is very singular," cried the Signora, "first comes the Honorable and Reverend Mowbray Clanwilliam, as melancholy as an oyster crossed in love. What is the matter? ask we. Ennui, for want of exertion, replies he. Then follows Captain Seabright of the Royal Navy, if possible, in a worse state than the former. We put the same question to him, and he answers, over-exertion has made him mopish. Now, how very strange it is,

that two such opposite causes should produce the same effect."

"Pshaw! hang it all," cried Mackenzie, "they have both got the megrims without justly knowing why. Now, for my part, I think I am the only one who should be out of humour, being deprived of the goddess to whom I address my vows, whilst they have theirs most condescendingly seated under the same roof with them. By-the-bye that is a choice piece of workmanship you are upon, Miss Freelove, what may be the subject, pray?"

"Love, Jealousy, and Revenge," answered Ausonia.

"Very excellently selected, upon my word—are they illustrations?"

"No, I am in want of a few verses to affix to each."

"Then, I am sure," remarked Miss Rokeby, "the gentlemen who are present cannot employ themselves better than to supply you with the required articles."

"A capital thought, Madam," observed Mackenzie; "come, Miss Freelove, you must assign to each his portion."

"Very well," said Ausonia, "then you shall write upon"—

"Hold, hold, I declare off," cried Mackenzie; "my Dulcinea del Toboso is not here to inspire my lays."

Ausonia laughed, and turning to Seabright, said, "I must then prefer my petition to you, to exercise your pen on the subject—of love, if it so please you—(I had rather write on hatred, thought Seabright)—Mr. Clanwilliam shall do penance in the shape of an ode to jealousy, and Mr. Dowdeswell must portray the darker passion of revenge."

The party upon this rose to remove to the writing table, and Miss Viper was about to join them, when Miss Rokeby, who had most pertinaciously persisted in keeping by her side the whole evening, said, "Nay, do not go, we old women shall only mar their sport, so let us sit down to a game at piquet—or stay, Mr. Mackenzie and my popinjay will perhaps condescend to join in a hand at whist, for you know, Miss Venom, I beg pardon, Viper, we old folks must play at old fashioned games."

"Humph! old, indeed!—(a growl)—I'd rather be excused."

"Hearken, Madam," whispered Miss Rokeby, drawing Joan close to her, "It is my wish to oppose myself to you—lay your plans—play your cards as you please, and I will circumvent you. Both are aged spinsters, and the match is a fair one."

Joan was for a moment alarmed at these equivocal words, and the tone in which they were uttered; but speedily recovering her self-possession, she perused her tormentor's features intently; nothing, however, could be there read but calmness and placidity. She, therefore, sat down, though with an ill enough grace, and was joined by the two gentlemen Miss Rokeby had named.

In the meantime the poets had arranged themselves round a table, and Seabright, with a trembling hand, assumed the pen, which he twirled for a minute or two between his thumb and finger, with a perplexed air of uncertainty. At length he bent over the album, and the surrounding heads bent too, nearly meeting in the centre. He gave his pen another twirl, and then wrote hastily:—

ON LOVE.

And must I write on love? That theme,
Ausonia, brings with it along,
Remembrance of an early dream,—
Experience will dictate my song.
I dream't I loved and was beloved,
I woke and all its falsehood proved.

As he wrote the last word, Seabright perceived Ausonia, who sat close to him, suddenly start, and in something like tremor she drew still nearer. Now, now, thought he, shall you see my opinion of the love which you profess, and with an effort at appearing cheerful he thus continued:—

Young love is like a woman's eye,
Or th' rainbow's hue.—But know you why?
The eye is ever glancing, changing.
Love is ever dancing, ranging.
The eye will now be dim, now bright,
Incipient love is always light.
A rainbow oft will change its hue,
Love can be as changeful too.

Young love is like a fragile flower
That's plucked, then withers in an hour.
Love's transient as a sunny ray
Of joy. It gleams, then flies away.
Or like a far-off sounded note,
Which on the air will melting float.
In mellowed sounds, along it flits,
Enchants the raptured ear, and dies.

When Seabright concluded the second verse, he looked up towards Ausonia. Her features were overspread with an

ashy paleness, and her breath came hot upon his cheek. But as her eye caught the beam of his, she changed colour, and whispered, "You should write as you really feel," laying an emphasis on the word "should," and smiling with so angelic an expression, that had he been about to plunge a dagger into her breast, and she thus had smiled, he could not have resisted catching the benign infection, returning that smile, and foregoing his purpose.

"She must be innocent," he said almost aloud, as he proceeded to alter his strain:—

But soft, there is a flame—no dream—
Friendship—affection—and esteem,
The golden net of feeling wove,
And this 'tis ignorance calls love.
Its real name is ecstasy,
'Tis consecrated thrice in thee,
Sweet, sweet Ausonia; and we trace
Thy bosom for its dwelling place.

"Very beautiful, but gross flattery every word," said Ausonia in a pleased tone, as Adelaide read it over with a clear intonation of voice.

"Very beautiful, indeed," reiterated the complimentary circle.

"Its merits owe their birth to the manner in which it was perused," said Seabright.

"That I will readily grant," said Adelaide, with mock acquiescence, "and now, Mr. Clanwilliam, will you favour us?"

Clanwilliam would have excused himself, but there was no escaping the almost clamorous entreaties which on all sides surrounded him. He, therefore, sat down and penned the following:—

JEALOUSY.

Dread dark passion, could my ungifted pen
Trace all the tortures thou inflict'st on men;
With scenes of horror I'd the heart dismay,
For I too oft have felt thy dæmon sway.
Oh! I could paint the icy thrilling blight,
Which gnaws the soul of him who marks the light
Of some lov'd eye, beam an approving glance
Whilst being led by rivals to the dance.
Oh, this is agony!—Or should he see
That rival tell his tale on bended knee,
And that sweet smile of blest approval gain,
Which he so oft has pleaded for in vain.
His blood recoils—he feels the rankling dart;
And jealousy—will lord it o'er his heart.

"You certainly have drawn the passion in its gloomiest colours," said Ausonia, "yet I fear the likeness is too faithful."

"I doubt so, too," returned Adelaide, "but let us see how Mr. Dowdeswell will delineate revenge."

"In her true form, Madam," said the

gentleman, glancing across the room at Miss Viper, and nibbling his pen.

REVENGE.

Mid'at all the crimes which darkly fill
The turbid list of mortal ill,
None wear so black—so dread a hue,
As those revenge prompts man to do.
Nought serves so well the devil's part,
By winding round the human heart,
Making us think, through his deceit,
Nothing like him is half so sweet.
Aye, and sweet it is—when we have knelt
At beauty's feet,—told how we felt
The bright, though fitful, flame of love.
And heard the fair one, whilst she strove
To hide her blushes—bid us live
And sweet affection's token give,
Then plays a false capricious part,
And to another gives her heart.
'Tis then *revenge* assumes the dress
Of every earthly happiness.
Bids us engage in mortal strife
And rob our rival of his life.
And smile upon the once loved maid,
As like a rose about to fade,
She droops with grief.—Thus we avenge;
And this is sweet—ay, sweet *revenge*.

"Heavens! what a frightful picture," exclaimed Miss Freelove: "may I never meet with one whom any wrongs could actuate to do such deeds!"

"The picture is rough, but I think it is from nature, Madam," answered Alfred.

A long conversation now ensued on the three foregoing topics, until the hour of departure, when the party broke up, and each peaceably returned to his or her respective homes, without meeting with any adventure particularly worth recording.

Next morning Seabright proceeded at an early hour towards the race-course, at which place Mr. Dowdeswell had, on the preceding evening, appointed to meet him, significantly hinting that he had something of importance to impart. As the captain walked slowly onwards, he reflected upon the recent occurrences which had taken place. He had entered Brighton, a jovial good-natured fellow, with a heart as free and as light as the gay plumed Loxia, which ranges unmolested the Indian skies. He had seen a creature so beautiful, as to surpass all he had ever looked upon. He loved her, and passed weeks in anxiety; had the happiness of becoming known to her, heard her approval of his love, and now was apparently about to have the cup of bliss dashed from his lips for ever.

"My life," he exclaimed, throwing

himself upon a rising heap of turf to await Alfred's arrival, "has been variegated with light and shade, like the sky which now forms my canopy, but the dark mists are dispelling. Say, deluding goddess of hope, shall my sorrows do so too?" and, as he spoke, he gazed intently upon the sky, which presented an appearance rarely witnessed. A few golden streaks shot along its surface, and as their yellow light mingled with the dark blue æther, the two colours produced by their mixture a brilliant green, which, like an extensive plain, spread itself over-head, while here and there a few huge and dingy clouds, (for night still seemed to linger o'er the earth), caught the sunbeams at different points of projection, seeming, to fancy's eye, like rocks of bronze towering above some Indian savannah. Presently they grew fainter, as if under the influence of an enchanter's wand, and dissolved into vapour. And now rose the golden god of day above the foam-crested waves, followed by a train of gilded clouds, like some sultan in front of his gaudily-decked attendants. At his approach the morning mists floated gracefully towards the west, waving and wreathing, as though they formed the long tresses of hair, which night, in her flight, causes to extend on the wings of the wind, and away flew the green hue which the sky had worn, and which now every moment became yellower, till not a trace of its former colour was left, and from a grass-grown plain it assumed the smiling look of a corn-field, with its long rich ears of grain, waving and glittering beneath a noon-tide sun.

"All has vanished, and nought but brightness remains," said Seabright; "then there is hope. Guile cannot find a hiding place in Ausonia's heart, and I will still trust to the fulfilment of *The Random Sentence*."

As he indulged in this pleasing foreboding, he was interrupted by the voice of Dowdeswell, which, at the moment, sounded like a false note touched by a performer while executing some brilliant passage from Handel.

"Good-morrow to you, captain, I hope I have not disturbed your night's rest."

"Not at all, we seamen, you know, are accustomed to early rising."

"True, but to business—what did you

think of Miss Free love's behaviour last night?"

"As that of one incapable of deceit," said Seabright.

"Humph!" ejaculated Dowdeswell, "pardon me, if I observe that you naval gentlemen are sadly deficient in the art of seeing through appearances. Candour was the best assumption Ausonia could make in order to conceal her arts. Captain Seabright, my friendship for you impels me to state my conviction that your love is not returned."

"Appearances may deceive you as well as others," faltered Seabright, "from what do you deduce that opinion?"

"From numberless sources," said Alfred, who went on to relate many little incidents, adding his own specious observations, and artfully contriving, after having, by his sophisms, made every thing appear as he wished, to drop a word or two on the pleasures of revenge; and, emboldened by Seabright's silence, hinted that it would be a just retaliation were he to make Ausonia feel his resentment."

"No, no, no," cried Seabright, "I can do nought to injure her, even though revenge were paramount to every other feeling in my heart."

"Would you permit me I could suggest a most admirable plan for mortifying this coquettish young lady," said Alfred.

"Say on," said Seabright.

"My scheme is this," said Alfred, dropping his voice, and approaching nearer the young officer, "you must do that which will pierce her to the quick—marry Miss Viper."

"Villain," cried Seabright, grasping Dowdeswell's throat, "is it your intention to insult me? Who told you what had passed between that woman and me?"

With the most perfect coolness and self-possession Dowdeswell shook himself free from the captain's gripe, and arranging his cravat, calmly said, "I am no villain, Captain Seabright, nor is it my intention to insult you; neither do I

know any thing of the affair you allude to; all I intended, was to assist your designs in accomplishing a speedy and bitter revenge, and I am still willing to"—

"Away, away, tempt me not, sir, I am deceived by you, Ausonia is not—cannot be the thing you describe her. And even were I willing to give myself up to the base passion of revenge, should I do it at the expense of my own happiness, by uniting myself to a wretch who is universally detested. Begone, sir, I'll stake my life on Ausonia's truth."

"Well, just as you please, I could have given you an ample proof of my assertions. However, go on dreaming, and should you be awakened rather roughly, please to remember your pain might have been spared, had you hearkened to me when first I called."

"Stay, pardon the hastiness of my temper, and reveal this proof to my eyes."

"Willingly. You are aware of the carnival which is to be held at Ireland's Gardens on Saturday evening?"

"I think I heard of it last night."

"Would you then believe it?" continued Alfred, "that I heard this paragon of yours consent to elope with—you may guess whom—on that very night?"

"Almighty Powers! it is impossible," exclaimed Seabright, staggering as if thunder-struck.

"So you imagine, but the event will prove it, and in order to detect them, express your intention of going in a monk's dress to the masquerade; preserve appearances with Ausonia, and leave the rest to me."

"I will, and should all be as you say, I will follow Clanwilliam to the world's end, but he shall feel my resentment."

"Twill be a gallant chace—the sword after the church. But time wears apace. Farewell for the present. I presume we part friends?"

"Fast friends," cried Seabright, grasping his hand convulsively.

(To be continued.)

THE DREAM OF THE DOVE,

A SKETCH FROM LIFE, AND COMPANION TO "THE SLEEPING YOUTH."

BY M. L. B. AUTHOR OF "QUITE GOOD ENOUGH."

SHE slept,—poor weary one !—O ! sighs that were
 But prayers unspoken,—yet by Heaven heard,
 Drew down delicious slumber to her couch ;
 —Fair Girl,—meek sufferer, almost unto death,—
 For moons she durst not number as they fled
 Leaving her ling'ring on the bed of pain : —
 —Frail child of earth !—in body sick, and mind.
 Now, nearly had the sense of anguish ceas'd ;
 Now, had the memory of weariness
 And mortal languishment wax'd very dim ;
 —Yet still, dark thoughts of *dissolution* vex'd
 Her spirit, wakeful, whilst its partner slept :
 —So mirthful, young, and beautiful,—to leave
 This fairy world,—the *known*, and the *possess'd*—
 For *what* ? (let *shadows* answer !) caus'd warm tears,
 Craving a span-less brief, to dew her cheek—
 And pitying Heaven heard the mute appeal !

God speaks in dreams : deriding sceptic,—peace !—
 Why not, if man, of duties ow'd to man,
 Daily exemplars in the brutes may find ?—
 God speaks in dreams :—why not ?—if oracles,
Demon-directed, in old pagan lands
 Spake sometimes truth, to questioners, in sleep.
 God speaks in dreams :—why not ?—He did of yore,
 Communicating with his sons, by means
 The purblind impious deem incredible !

God speaks in dreams ! and when the fair girl told
 Her dream to me, (the dream of that strange night
 When soul and body hung 'twixt life and death) ;—
 And when I saw, like a re-kindled lamp,
 Her life's flame, from that hour, burn clearly up,
 My head, reveringly I bow'd,—my heart
 Rais'd in devotion,—for I know, that Dream,
 To heal her anguish, *had been sent from Heaven.*

"Methought," she said, "far from the couch of pain,—
 The chamber, dusk and ghastly, which had worn
 My cheerless spirit weary with its sameness,
 Was I bestowed,—still sick, still doomed to death,
 Still harrow'd by vague thoughts of that unproved
Eternal future, which no man unblench'd
Dares meet ; still overwhelm'd by fantasies
 Dire, and tremendous ; till my mind, unhinged,
 My senses giddy, and my reason quench'd
 By pre-perceptions of what DEATH should be,
 I wept, and wildly crav'd brief space of Heav'n !

'Twas grayling eve, and in the summer air
 Scented and soft, swung to and fro, bright flow'rs,
 Or peer'd thro' unclos'd casements, marvelling
 That spectre wan, should blast the rich saloon !
 Then wept the dewy rose,—the passion-flow'r,
 And virgin jessamine, with me ; then droop'd
 (The human form who wore, and never sinn'd,)
 Angelic statues, pure as sons of light,—
 Mournfully beautiful, as youth in death,
 And youth, yet incorrupt, transform'd to stone !
 Portraits—but oh ! in that dread, strife-ful hour,
 All things in art and nature, wrought with me.
 And ; yes—I *saw*, the limned canvass *weep* !—
 Gray eve, gloom'd into night,—and then I lost
 Flowers, picture, statue,—e'en the frolic breeze
 Slept, with a world, which slumbered,—all, save me ;
 Anon, swept *Music* o'er my listless ear,
 Holy as Angels' pæans for the sav'd,
 And sweet as hymns that hail the morn in heav'n : —

That strain was not of Earth ; the very air
 In which it lingering breath'd, seemed sanctified.
 Hope, in its joyful richness, was re-born ;—
 Life, by its tones ineffable, renew'd,—
 And, I *forgot*, what anguish 'twas to *die* !
 Then came a Dove, resplendent as the moon,
 With olive-wreath, and flutter'd round my head,
 From whose small throat, methought, this song of Heaven
 Proceeded, and thus shap'd itself in words :—

“ Frail child of dust ! weep not :—thy tears
 Reproach that present God, who hears
 Each yet unworded prayer,—
 And breathing of despair,
 With which thou sadden'st Heaven : till I
 Am mission'd to thee, from on high.

Weak child of Earth ! ah ! wherefore dread
 To join the holy host of dead
 Far, in yon pleasant skies ?
 Slight pangs are his, who dies.
 Sure, that Death owns a CONQUEROR'S pow'r,
 Sure, of the *Resurrection* hour !

Frail child of dust ! sigh not to *part*—
 To wrench Earth's loved ones from thine heart,—
 'Tis but for one brief while ;
 Again they'll speak, and smile,
 When, clad in light, thou hailest them,
 In the peerless New Jerusalem !

Weak child of Earth ! weep not : tho' blind
 Thou art :—our loving Lord is kind ;
 And to thy stormy grief,
 Deigns warning, and relief :—
 Thy gold, from dross, now purify ;
 Too worldly art thou, *yet* to die !

Frail child of dust ! thy years below
 Are lengthen'd ; thou wouldst have it so."
 Improve the gracious boon :—
 The longest life wanes soon,
 And, call'd once more, to purer day,
 There cannot once more, be delay.

Weak child of Earth ! weep not : but fear
 Henceforth to venture sigh or tear
 In plea for life ; again
 Thy pray'r for sorrow, pain ;
 And sin, preferr'd, Heav'n's bliss before,
 Will not avail ; now, *weep no more !*"

Such was the solemn strain,—commingling love
 And mild rebuke, sung by the holy Dove,
 Who thrice essay'd to flee, but thrice return'd,
 And twice my bosom wounded, with this song,
 Till desperate I cried :—" O bird of birds !
 Say,—is it *peace* ? if otherwise, thy grant
 Of freshen'd life, take back ! life,—drear indeed,
 And valueless, without that peace of Heav'n !" *"*
 The breezy rustle of the bright one's wings,
 Sigh'd—" *Ay ;*" and forth like meteor he rush'd !
 I bow'd—the olive-wreath was at my feet ;—
 I bow'd, in adoration, and—(Dear friend,
 What deemest *thou* of dreams ?)—*behold me here !*"

REMINISCENCES OF RESTAURANTS.

A *FRENCH restaurant* is a peculiarity in its way. In many respects it is emblematical of French feelings, and may be taken as a type of the national character. Fickleness, gallantry, love of company, have often been spoken of as prominent features in the idiosyncrasy of the French race, and no one disputes the accuracy of this description, founded as it is on a careful observation of the conduct of individuals, and no slight study of the history of the people. But needed it much time, or any elaborate investigation, to arrive at this conclusion ? Are not all those traits in the national character plainly discoverable from a mere glance at the interior of a *restaurant* ? Is it possible to eat a single dinner there without at once perceiving, without being intimately convinced, that a Frenchman is fond of society—gallant, fickle ; in short, anything you please to call him ? Look at the *carte à diner* ! It contains an enumeration of upwards of 300 dishes. Here is variety with a vengeance, and sufficient evidence, I opine, of the fickleness of a Frenchman's taste ! It

is not difficult to imagine the shudder of horror, the look of utter dismay, with which such an interminable bill of fare would be gazed at, in an English eating-house, by John Bull—plain and simple John Bull, who is content to consume much the same sort of dinner day after day throughout the year. But a Frenchman's desire for change is inordinate : he insists on having a different dish for every separate day of the 365 ! Do you entertain any doubt of his gallantry ? Behold that pretty and fashionably-dressed *dame de comptoir*, and confess that a Frenchman's entire soul is absorbed by devotion to the fair sex. No consideration on earth could induce him to dine—you might preach a whole day to him on the moral sinfulness of spontaneous starvation—you might also point out its extreme personal inconveniences—you might even tempt him with the daintiest morsels prepared by the most accomplished cooks—it would all be in vain ;—dine he would not, unless he felt the exciting influence of female charms—unless he beheld the angelic form of a

lovely woman. Then as for his love of company, the arrangement of the *salon* is ample proof of that. It is plain that he hates seclusion. The dining-room, filled with a multitude of small tables spread with linen of dazzling whiteness, is not parcelled out into separate boxes, where, in misanthropic solitude, a man may morosely devour his meal, unseen by mortal eye. No! all is open, all is public; and the French *gourmand* only feels increased satisfaction when he sees around him a multitude of individuals, all engaged in the important occupation (not of satisfying hunger—faugh!—a Frenchman has a more elevated purpose in dining) but of ministering to the exquisite sensations of his refined palate—an affair which with him amounts to a species of intellectual enjoyment. Thus, then, are the broad distinctive marks of the nation easily discernible in a *restaurateur's salon*; and in like manner, if time permitted, might the analogy which exists between the nicer shades of the French character and the piquant French sauces and ragouts—between the slight and unsubstantial disposition of the people and the *vol-au-vents* and *soufflets* of their cooks be traced.

In a *restaurant* a Frenchman may be said to be in his seventh heaven. He knows all the mysteries of the *carte* much better than the tenets of his religion, and he threads his way through its labyrinths with extraordinary facility. At every period of life—in youth, manhood, and age—the *carte* is his favourite study. In fact a Frenchman lives to dine, whereas an Englishman dines to live. *Voilà tout la difference!* But it is sometimes extremely perplexing to the latter how to manage to get a dinner in a French *restaurant*. He orders a dish in glorious uncertainty whether it will turn out flesh, fish, or fowl; and on tasting it his doubts will, in all probability, be increased rather than diminished. “*Garçon!*” he cries. “*Voilà!*” replies the *garçon*, quitting the room with a load of dirty plates; “*Voilà, monsieur!*” he repeats and vanishes. In a moment he re-appears, and “*Voilà, monsieur! voilà! voilà! voilà!*” is his unchanging response to half-a-dozen different demands for his service. There certainly is something very droll, something, at least, very eccentric, in this

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invariable reply of French *garçons*—“*Voilà!*”—“Here, sir!” How different is the answer of an English waiter! We enter an inn, we tug at the bell, and call for the waiter, either in a commonplace or threatening tone, as suits our humour. “Here, sir!” bawls a voice from the bar—from a distant room—from the yard—from up stairs, or from down stairs—“Here, sir!” Now whatever locality “here!” may indicate, it is not precisely the place where you wish the owner of the voice to be. There is, undoubtedly, a great deal of candour in the expression; its veracity is unquestionable; yet all must allow that though less of truth, there is a vast deal more of politeness in the French response, “*Voilà, monsieur!*” With a complaisance truly French, and with a contempt of mere matter of fact, highly creditable to his fancy, the *garçon* imagines himself not—“Here, sir!” where he actually is, but—“There, sir!” where he certainly is not—in the precise spot you wish to see him—at your very elbow.

There are *restaurants* of every rank to suit persons of every degree. You may dine either for 50 francs or for 15 sous, and for the latter sum you may have (*mirabile dictu*) *un pottage, quatre plats à choix, un dessert, une demi-bouteille de vin, et pain à discrétion!* To lovers of the grotesque it is not lost time to visit a cheap *restaurant*. Poverty often collects a strange and motley crew together. You will there meet with the rough Republican in all his pride—the Sunday dandy, shorn of all his splendour, save the well-nurtured moustaches—and the shaggy St. Simonian, now become, thank God! rather a scarce animal. Accommodation is made for 100 persons in a room large enough to hold just half the number conveniently, and a single waiter is employed to attend to the exigencies of the company. They are all hungry—all impatient—all vociferous for dinner. To appease the rising storm, the master of the establishment emerges from the kitchen, where he has been ingeniously employed in preparing a variety of dishes of the rarest description from the carcasses of animals whose deaths are rather attributable to the visitation of Providence than to the barbarous hand of man. He looks around with a face glistening

B B

with grease, and an impudent smile of affected sweet temper. "*Que voulez vous, messieurs? Que demandez vous, mesdames?*" he murmurs, in a tone of endearment; though to him it matters little what they desire, since it is his wont to serve his needy customers only what he pleases, and when he pleases. He is a man of many words but few dishes, and occasionally makes a show of gallantry. For instance, he sometimes singles out a pretty damsel from among his importunate guests, and addresses her in somewhat the following strain—"Pray, what is your pleasure, sweet Miss? My establishment affords everything you can desire; not a single dish is wanting. Honour me with your commands." "*Eh bien! Monsieur Lapin, apportez moi un perdrix aux choux!*" "Ah! my dear *demoiselle*, you drive me to despair; I have just given away the last morsel of partridge, but I have an excellent *bifstik*. Oh! it is delicious; would *mademoiselle* like it? *Oui? non!*" is his own contradictory reply to his own question, for, as the acceptance of his

offer might possibly be extremely inconvenient, he seldom gives the person he addresses a chance of causing him the slightest embarrassment in that respect. Without taking breath, he continues—"Ah! then, allow me to offer you some *gibelatte de lapereau*; it is cooked in the first style; it will not fail to please you; it is a dish I was keeping for my own mistress, but I cannot refuse it to so charming a young lady as you. Shall I bring it? *Oui? non!* Well, then, I can give you"—"But, Monsieur Lapin, I wish you would bring me *un poulet sauté aux champignons*."—"Again, *mademoiselle*, you pierce me to the very heart; the *poulet* is all gone; but I have a beautiful *carrelet*, caught this morning, I assure you. *Mademoiselle*, I am certain, will choose that. *Oui? non!*"—And thus he goes on, evading the demands of his guests, and gradually receding to his smoky retreat, he eventually disappears, leaving his hundred customers to be waited on by his single *garçon*, until their clamour again draws him from his den.—SID.

Court Journal.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

BY JOHN CHARLES HALL.

I HAVE LOVED THEE.

I have lov'd thee—I have lov'd thee in sunshine and storm,
 "When pleasure shed her roses or sorrow strew'd its thorn;"
 Like the green mantling-ivy, or tendrils of the vine,
 My love shall clasp thee fondly—around thee it shall twine.
 By the mem'ry of that hour, when in silence and bliss,
 I left on thy fair cheek, my last fond and parting kiss;
 By the moon's silv'ry light that beam'd bright from above,
 The twink'ling stars that witness'd the plighting of our love;
 By the truth that I said should for ever remain,
 By the bitter tears I've shed since of anguish and pain,
 I swear, till this bosom shall exhale its parting breath,
 I will love thee—love thee fondly, nor change but in death.
 There is no perfume in the rose; no balm on the breeze,
 And music charms no more, till mine eye thy presence sees,
 For the bright smile of love, gives to ev'ry joy a zest,
 Life's sunshine, or shower, by that one smile is most bless'd.
 I have lov'd thee, I have lov'd thee in sunshine and storm,
 "When pleasure shed her roses, or sorrow strew'd its thorn,"
 Like the green-mantling ivy, or tendrils of the vine,
 My love shall clasp thee fondly—around thee it shall twine:

Literature, Reviews, &c.

Observations on the Preservation of Hearing. By JOHN HARRISON CURTIS, Esq. H. Renshaw.

A FIFTH edition of this work has just appeared; and it gives us some pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to its valuable contents, which are written in a clear and easy style; and if glanced over by those who may entertain any fear of deafness, might prevent the sad affliction, by putting in practice some excellent remedies laid down by the clever author.

It appears from Mr. Curtis's calculation, that we have no less than 60,000 deaf persons in our metropolis, many of whom have never sought advice, and have gone deaf through sheer negligence.

The following is an extract from the work:—

"Few need to be told, that if they wish to hear well, and avoid deafness, they must guard against wet feet, thin shoes, cold currents and draughts of air, keeping on wet clothes, sleeping in damp rooms and unaired beds, going into the night-air from heated apartments, living in marshy and low situations, &c. Shunning these things, those who would retain their hearing unimpaired till old age, should attend to their general health, breathe a pure air, take as much out-door exercise as they can, live on plain but nutritious food, keep the mind calm and tranquil, and be especially careful to prevent constipation of the bowels.

"The intrusion of foreign bodies into the ear is of frequent occurrence. Many cases have been seen by me, in which children, while at play, have had pins, cherry-stones, and other extraneous substances, introduced into the passage. Insects also sometimes get into the ear, though, from the acridity of the cerumen, not so often (at least as regards their penetration into the inner passage) as might be imagined; as they are unable to extricate themselves when once involved in the exterior meatus, they occasion great inconvenience and uneasiness. In all these cases a forcible extraction of the intruding body ought to be avoided; in lieu of which I would merely recom-

mend dropping a little sweet oil into the ear, which will instantly destroy the insects, and afterwards syringing the ear with lukewarm water will generally dislodge them.

"Accidents of this kind are almost weekly brought to the Dispensary; but if the intruding body be difficult to extract, and do not occasion pain, my invariable practice is, not to interfere with it; and in no instance have I ever heard of any unpleasant consequences resulting from so doing."

Southey's Cowper. Vols. X. and XI. Baldwin and Co., Paternoster-row.

THESE volumes contain the remainder of Cowper's Posthumous Poems, the translation of Andreini's "Adama," and others. Taken as a whole, this edition of Cowper is the cheapest and best.

Arboretum et Fonticulum Britannicum. By J. C. Loudon. Longman & Co.

WE should be glad to have the numbers of this work forwarded to us regularly; but as it is near the conclusion, we shall say but little as to its real merits, and reserve our opinion of the numbers now before us for a general notice.

Portraits and Memoirs of Illustrious Personages.—Smith, Bouverie-street.

A NEW edition of this work has just appeared, the first number of which is now before us, by E. LODGE, Esq. It contains some beautifully executed portraits,—of Charles James Fox, the Earls of Derby and Stafford: we should say, that the likeness of Fox will be admired by every one; the memoirs are short, but interesting; the work is to be completed in eight monthly parts, so of course we shall not look for the completion for some time. It is sure of success.

Paynell; or the Disappointed Man.—Richardson.

THIS is a Novel, in two volumes, by M. STAPLETON, Esq. The incidents are good, and are worked up with a deal of power, and contain sufficient novelty to render them more readable

than some trashy novels we have on our table, which have issued from one of our *grand publishers*. Mr. Stapleton's novel will be found extremely interesting.

History of Chesterfield.—Whittaker and Co., London.

THIS is a very beautiful work, and we not only admire it for its extremely interesting History of the Town of Chesterfield, but willingly bestow our praise on the printing and the getting-up of the work generally. The print of the High Street is a spirited picture. It is founded upon the work published some time since by the Rev. G. HALL.

Poems.—By BENJAMIN STREET, Esq. Thomas Hookham, Old Bond-street.

ON perusal of this elegant volume, we find it all we could wish. There is a sweet tenderness of feeling and softness of versification about it, which would not discredit a more practised hand. "Oh, had we loved from Childhood," "Tomb of a French Prince," are sweet stanzas. We can with pleasure recommend this graceful volume to our poetical readers.

The Highlanders of Scotland,—their Origin, History, and Antiquities. By WM. F. SKENE. 2 vols. Murray, Albemarle-street.

WITH the exception of one or two other publications on "Superstitions of the Highlanders," the *ground* appears to have been wholly untrodden, and therefore Mr. Skene has found a rich harvest in his subject. Both volumes are devoted to a complete History of the Highlands of Scotland, from the first Norwegian invasion to this time.

Gentleman Jack. A Naval Story. By the Author of 'Cavendish.' 3 vols.

GENTLEMAN JACK, offers some pleasant reading. The events occurred seventeen ninety odd, at the time of the Walcheren expedition, which are set forth with a graphic freedom of touch, and have some advantage of being manifest realities. By the bye, the contrast between Jim and the Captain, is beyond *all doubt* the best: the following are extracts—

"The passengers were all seated round the dinner-table, when Jim Bell entered. One corner of the collar, appertaining to what Jim called a clean chequered shirt, was pulled a little above his black neckcloth, so that it touched his starboard ear. A vacancy for a button at the lower part of the collar revealed a well-bronzed throat. His red waistcoat having been washed in pea-soup, still bore the remaining trophies of some of the husks on it, these looking like pieces of chopped hay. His best uniform master's-mate's jacket had been stowed in bulk, and displayed as many creases in it as a Jew's clothes-bag. For his trousers he wore a pair made of number-four-cavass, well scrubbed, and fitting taut about the waist. His stockings were of sky-blue worsted, and a large pair of silver buckles rode a-horseback over his instep. In addition to all of which, a thick pair of clean swabbed shoes completed the gang of rigging of Jim Bell.

"Jim having carefully stowed away his tarpaulin-hat on the breach of one of the cabin-guns, which were run fore and aft to give more room, Jessamy observed 'Mr. Bell, you are rather late at table, we waited for you to join the company in the after-cabin.'

"'Better late than never,' replied Jim; 'why the cabin smells like a *par-fumer's* shop. I say, Master Jessamy, you've run aboard a musk cat.'

"'Take your seat there, Mr. Bell, between Miss Jones and Cadet Williams,' said Jessamy, pretending not to hear Jim's remarks, though at the same time looking not a little annoyed.

"'I say, young soger,' says Jim, edging his fat corpus in between the two, who were supposed to be attached, 'I heard you last night against the bulk-head of this blue-eyed young lady, Miss Jones, palavering away in fine style—making love, I suppose you calls it, but I never spoils sport, so I said nothing, thof, to be sure, I did feel a little curious, having often heard of that same love-making; but I never chanced to fall in with it before. What with the ship's rolling so much, and my not being used to them standing bed-places, I was obliged to turn in all standing, and unrig in dock. I don't do these ere lubberly tricks often, so, as I said before, I hard all, Miss; but Jim never blows

any one, much more when there's a bit of fun in the case.'

" 'Mr. Bell, I must call you to order,' said Jessamy. 'The conversation you have now commenced is one we are not accustomed to at my table, for I can assure you, sir —'

" 'Come, come, skipper, I meant no harm, so you had better clew up your jawing bags, and give your tongue leave of absence. Now, Miss, a glass of wine, if you please. Jim's no blab, and you may cat-a-wall as much as you like; I'll cram my ears full of oakum next time.'

" Miss Jones coloured up to the eyes, and the cadet looked daggers at Jim; but a glass of wine settled all disputes for the time. Amongst other peculiarities of Captain Jessamy, he was remarkable for an uncommonly white pair of hands; his nails were paired to a point, and he wore two rings on the right-hand little-finger, and a large broad one on the third finger of the same hand.

" Opposite to Jim sat an old nabob, as saffron a hue as thirty years' residence in the bilious climate of India could make him, and he seemed to eye his rough, but honest *vis-à-vis* with a look of disdain and scorn that nothing could surpass. It being champagne-day, as it is called on board an Indian, twice a week, the mixture of the champagne with other wines had made Jim so hazy, that, to use his own language, he shook a cloth in the wind.

" After contemplating his opposite neighbour every now and then for some time, he at last mustered up a sort of polite courage sufficient to exclaim, in no dulcet tones, 'I say, old Yellow-Belly! will a glass of wine now do you any harm? or would you like summut stronger? I dare say our skipper here has plenty of good stuff in the locker. Come, Old Boy, the gale's over, and we'll drink to a safe arrival off the Jagernaut Pagoda.'

" 'None of your vulgar language to me, sir,' most wrathfully replied the nabob, 'I am not accustomed to such society and freedom.'

" 'Come, come, Mister Curry Powder,' quoth the undaunted Jim, 'none of your gum, I'm used to keep company with your betters. Jim won't stand no nonsense,' thundering down on the table

a great brown mutton fist, about the size and texture of the fore-paw of an elephant, and which, in comparison with Jessamy's delicate white hand, looked rather funny; 'Jim's none of your feather-bed sailors,' continued he; 'many a time has his fist been in a tar-bucket; it doesn't look as if it had been eat—'

" 'What part of the turkey shall I assist you to, Mr. Bell,' said Jessamy, anxious to interrupt this social conversation."

The following is one of those sketches which is evidently from real life.

" The captain of the Puritan was an old Scotch seaman, a curious mixture of sweets and sour, but as kind and good-hearted a being as ever broke biscuit.

" Mightily given to swear was he when Jemmy the Good was *not* upon deck, but when the Commander-in-chief was present, he had a very unexceptionable gift of scolding in the true methodistical style.

" Amongst the other duties which Fitzjohn had assigned to him, was that of telling old Mac when the Commander-in-chief showed his nose, and when he hid the same, as the following example will show.

" Whilst double-reefing the maintop-sail one day, the Commander-in-chief being below, old Mac was calling out to the men aloft, in that most energetic, but I must add ungentleman-like style, at that time common in the navy, 'You d—d infernal scoundrels, will you bear a-hand, or must I cut the rascally livers out of every one of you? You blackguards! if that sail isn't well reefed in two minutes and a half—I'll —.' Here Fitz, seeing Sir Jemmy the Good make his appearance, pulled old Mac by the sleeve, and whispered, 'Admiral is on deck, sir.'

" Powers of civility! what a change came over Mac's dream! The rigid muscles which anger had so lately called into full play smoothed away like the quick subsiding form of spirit—nor did his language become less altered. 'Come, my good fellows,' said old Mac, 'be quick and reef the maintop-sail, do now; but don't hurry in from the yard arms, lest any of you fall overboard.' Here the Commander-in-chief, thinking that there was more wind

blowing than would do him good, dived below once more.

"'Admiral gone below, sir,' said Fitzjohn, ever watchful. No sooner did old Mac hear the joyful news than he burst forth with his peculiar eloquence once more.

"'O you d— scowbanking lubbers, why the devil don't you move your lazy limbs! May I never move hand or foot again if I don't flog the last man in from each yard-arm!' And such, or similar to this, was the pantomime almost daily acted on board the Puritan, in fifty different ways. Mac was to have a frigate, if himself and the admiral jogged on well; and though he had serious faults—impediments of speech, as it were—still poor Mac richly deserved his ship from his long and faithful services."

We conclude with the following, which is an anecdote of a gentleman whose name is handled with a number of ludicrous sayings and doings.

"The advanced squadron being commanded by that gallant officer, Sir Edward Owen, was led by the Vulture, and a most laughable incident, for so serious a matter, occurred on the very night of sailing. The Vulture being, as I have said, the leading vessel of Sir Edward Owen's squadron, fell in, about two in the morning, with a well-painted and large Dutch-built schuyt. On nearing her she was supposed to be the vessel of the Dutch commander-in-chief, come out to reconnoitre the English expedition.

"As the Vulture approached her, the white and well-fitted sails added strongly to this suspicion, and being always tenacious of damaging his 'prize money,' Gentleman Jack ranged up alongside, with an intention to board.

"Just at this critical instant a fat old gentleman, with a black velvet nightcap on his head, bawled out, in broad English, and much alarm, 'What the devil are you going to do?'

"'Only to board you with forty men, that's all,' answered Fitzjohn.

"'O, for God's sake, don't do anything of the sort! I am Alderman Curtis. You had better come on board alone, and dine with me to-morrow. I will give you some most excellent turtle!'

"All our hero's hopes of prize-money

had now vanished, and cursing Alderman Curtis and his turtle-soup together, the Vulture stood on."

By Authority, a List of Officers of the Yeomanry Cavalry of Great Britain.
Clowes & Sons.

On perusing this useful publication, we find the arrangement of the *tout ensemble* so good, that we feel it our duty to recommend it as an accurate list of the Yeomanry Officers, many of whom will, we are confident, thank us for the hint.

St. Agnes' Fountain. By T. W. Kelly.
W. H. Dalton.

Mr. Kelly has produced a little work containing some beautiful stanzas, calculated well for the juvenile mind: most of the poems too are very pretty, and the work is altogether cheap.

Confirmation of Maria Monk's Disclosures. 2nd Edition. By the Rev. J. J. Slocum. J. S. Hodson.

This neatly bound book, which contains a portrait of Maria Monk herself and her child, offers to the reader some interesting disclosures of an important nature respecting the Hotel Dieu Nunnery of Montreal; some passages referring to confessions in the convent. The frequent visits of the Priests,—their interviews with the Nuns,—plans for detaining new comers,—particular days of prayer—the nature of taking a vow on becoming a nun, are accompanied with truth.

Flowers of Anecdote, Wit, Humour, Gaiety and Genius. A. K. Newman.

This elegantly got up work, is calculated to excite the risible faculties all the year round. The contents correspond exactly with the title, which is rather a novelty in these days. The numerous engravings, too numerous to count, are executed in a style which would do honour to a publication of four times the price; all the anecdotes are extremely interesting, and well worth perusal; indeed the whole work is put together in a style we rarely meet with; both the printing and binding are good, and other little arrangements which tend to show that the publisher must have been at considerable expense in his

production, from which we shall occasionally present our readers with an extract.

All families residing in the country should buy this book.

A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, &c.
 &c. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE,
 3 vols. Richard Bentley.

'Tis the land of the East, 'tis the clime of the sun that our author has selected for his pilgrimage—the book being composed of his daily notes made during his travels in the Holy Land. We are much delighted with the manner in which it is written; it is evidently from the pen of a man of talent and education, nor is it less acceptable from the strain of piety that pervades the whole. Every scene the author looks upon; the rising and setting sun-beams, the waters of the quivering ocean, are seized upon by De Lamartine to illustrate the kindness, the love, the affection of that Saviour who died that we might live, breathed his last sigh in the land he was visiting; if we were to extract all that pleased us in the perusal of the volumes before us, we should transcribe them from beginning to end; as it is, we must rest satisfied with a few brief extracts, our limits not allowing of more.

After having given a vivid description of Jerusalem, he proceeds thus:—"Not a breath of air murmurs amongst the battlements, or stirs the dry leaves of

the olive-trees; not a bird sings—no cricket chirps in the furrow without herbage; a complete eternal silence reigns in the town, on the highways, in the country.

"Such was Jerusalem during the days we passed under the walls; I heard nothing there but the neighing of my horses who fretted in the sun around our camp, and who pawed the ground into dust; and from hour to hour the song of the *muezlin* crying the hour from the tops of the minarets, or the cadencies of lamentation of the Turkish mourners, who accompanied in long files the bodies of the dead to the different cemeteries which surround the walls. Jerusalem, where one would visit one only sepulchre, is itself the tomb of a whole people; but a tomb without cypresses, without inscriptions, without monuments, whose stones seem to have been broken up, and whose ashes seem to have covered the earth around it with mourning, with silence and with sterility. On quitting it we often looked back from the top of each hill from whence we could still perceive it, and at length saw for the last time the crown of olive-trees which surmounts the mountain of the same name, and which long continuing to float on the horizon when the city was lost to view, at last sinks itself in the heavens, and disappears like those garlands of pale flowers one throws into a sepulchre."

TO MUSIC.

Music! 'tis thine to sympathize with woe,—
 To drive each sterner passion from the breast,
 To raise the thoughts that grovel here below,
 And soothe the way-worn wanderer to rest.

How oft, when tired of life's unmeaning mirth,
 Its boasted joys to me but little known,
 Thy strains have bid me linger still on earth,
 Content to drag the length'ning chain alone.

Oh! give me music, and I'll frown on fame,
 I'll spurn the meed of honour's short-lived praise,
 I'll covet not th' ambition of a name,
 But in oblivion gladly end my days.

And, oh! when night is closing round my bier,
 When flick'ring beams my last retiring sun,
 Music! thy notes must swell upon mine ear,
 And drown the sigh that tells my race is done.

From More's Dream of Life.



Court News, &c.

WINDSOR.—We regret to state that the Queen is suffering from a severe cough and an oppression of the chest. Her Majesty expressed an anxiety that the Drawing-room should not be again postponed; and, at the request of the King and Queen, the Princess Augusta represented her Majesty on Thursday week. The Queen was rather better yesterday than on the preceding day, but her Majesty's state of health did not allow of her holding the Birth-day Drawing-room last Thursday. The Princess Augusta, again received her Majesty's visitors on that day.

As is customary at the first Drawing-room, a deputation of the Governor and Officers of Christ's Hospital School, accompanied by 40 boys of the Royal Mathematical Foundation of the Hospital, were ushered by Mr. Martin, the Gentleman Usher in Waiting, to the presence of the King. The boys exhibited their charts and drawings; and his Majesty was pleased to express his approbation of the improvement made in that branch of their studies.

His Majesty's Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-arms were stationed at the entrances to the State rooms, and at the doors in the rooms reserved for the Royal family.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria came in state, escorted by a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards. Their Royal Highnesses were attended by Lady Mary Stopford, Baroness Lehzen, Sir John Conroy, Sir George Anson, and Gen. Upton. Their Royal Highnesses entered the Palace by the Colour Court, and were received with the usual honours by the King's Guard.

PARIS.—The preparations in the apartments of the Tuileries which are to be occupied by the future Duchess of Orleans, are going on with the utmost expedition. Workmen are employed upon them day and night, as well as upon the house that forms the angle of the Place des Pyramids, which belongs to the civil list. The apartments lately occupied by Baron Athalin and Colonel Castress, and by other officers of the Court, are vacated, and placed in the hands of M. Fontafue, the King's architect. They were formerly occupied by the Ladies of Honour to the Duchess of Berry, and are now destined to receive those of the Duchess of Orleans. The Princess Helena has, it is said, delayed her departure for Paris for about a month. She will not arrive until the latter end of May, when the ceremony will be immediately celebrated. Compeigne is talked of as the place where the Royal pair will meet and be united. But this is not decided on. It is elsewhere reported, that the King will have the marriage celebrated at the chapel of the Palace of Versailles. In the permission which the Pope has just granted for the marriage of the Duke of Orleans, the subjoined clause is remarked:—"On the express condition that our well-beloved son, the Duke of Orleans, &c., shall every day pray and exhort the woman who is about to be united to him, and shall endeavour to bring her back into the flock of the Church; on condition also, that all the children born of this marriage, whether male or female, shall be brought up in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion."

Fashions for May, and French News of the Month.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

IN your last, *ma tout aimable amie*, you complain of the dullness of the spring, and the want of spirit in the fashionable world; your country then, *chérie*, is not the only one, for Paris, you must know, has been visited with just the sort of *mauvais temps* you complain of, instead of our beautiful and gay *printemps*. One half the *modistes* are actually shutting up their shops, and general complaints are heard, not only by most of the Parisian shopkeepers, but by the commercial world, and that to an awful extent. However, *ma chère amie*, we, like *vous autres*, are looking in daily hopes of a change, which, if I say right, has been long looked for, and it is predicted here that it will be durable, *quant il vien*. *Mon marie*, et *pettit Josephine*, aussi bien comme, moi-même, have been great sufferers with chapped hands and bad colds, which very few of us Parisians have escaped.

Paris, all Paris, has been triste since balls and parties are over; even les Parisiennes have lost their usual *esprit* this spring, so *ma chère amie*, it remains for the beautiful, and 'tis to be hoped, the fascinating *mois de Mai* will throw its charms around us, and render us again *toujour gai*.

By-the-bye, *cherie*, que je te dire quelque chose, that is to say, if you will acquaint the proprietors to forward to Messrs. Galignani, seven hundred copies of "Blackwood's Lady's Magazine," monthly, instead of the usual number of five hundred and fifty. The valuable work sells well in Paris, and will, ere long, circulate a thousand copies. It is the *only* "lady's magazine" that is thought any thing of in this capital. Yes, there was a copy of another "Lady's Magazine," which *mon marie* saw in a dirty old counting-house in the Rue de —, but not supposed to be seen in the fashionable world. The literary part, I have heard, is principally copied or printed from the history of England, which furnishes too dry a subject for Parisian ladies, and not over-relishing to the English female nobility. Aussi *ma belle*, I heard say among some of *mes amies*, that one of the proprietors of your elegant periodical and delightful

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miscellany, (I mean Blackwood's Lady's Magazine,) has been attacked by the other party, who, jealous of the success and immense patronage it receives from the hands of your amiable ladies of England, and private families of France, they (he) has resorted to the lowest, most dirty possible means of attack, but which, happily, exposes himself alone, to public ridicule. *Je ne sais pas son nom*, but I believe it is *not* generally known, at least not among *le cercle respectable*.

The attack against one of the proprietors is most vile; but rest assured, *ma très chère amie*, that those distinguished persons who have felt the least interest in so elegant a periodical as "Blackwood's Lady Magazine," to which you and moi-même have the honour to contribute, will now feel not only double the interest in the work, but will tender their valuable support tenfold, by remaining subscribers, and their kind recommendation will follow, which will at once defeat a villain's object, that is, kind reader, not only to overthrow the work, but to injure the character of one of the proprietors in question.

I will not say that my subject will be uninteresting to you, because I know well the feeling of a British woman's heart, and how soon her sympathy is awakened to a case like the present.

On reading the libel alluded to against one of the proprietors, the spirit of a Frenchwoman was soon roused. Could I then, *ma chère*, but take the part of one so unjustly and shamefully injured?

Now, my dear friend, I will endeavour to acquaint you of all the new and most approved styles of modes that our capital boasts of at the present season:—

Hats are now ornamented with sprigs of accacia, of snow balls, or of lilac; sometimes a bouquet of violets, or of roses without many leaves embellish the crown, but no matter what flower is employed, as a bow with long ends generally conceals the stems. You will be pleased, *ma chère*, at hearing of a new shape for rice-straw hats; the brims are enormously large and quite round, the edge is trimmed with a blond *ruche*, and

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a *bouquet à la duchesse* is placed at the bottom of the crown. The hat, altogether, is likely to become extremely *à la mode* among quite the nobility.

Dresses.—I have particularly noticed some elegant white satin dresses, ornamented with a deep flounce of the same material, with an embroidery of scarlet headed with a wreath of gold and corsage printed, ornamented nearly the same at the termination of the front, making a kind of *cordelière*. The sleeve was ornamented to correspond with the dress. Some other dresses ornamented in a similar manner looked very *distinguée*. A beautiful dress of black *tulle*, ornamented with bouquets of roses arranged in the corsage, sleeves, and coiffure as well. A white spangled velvet robe adorned with bouillons in the shape of a *tablie*. A french grey crape *tunic* on a petticoat of the same, the two corners caught by white accacia wreaths; the corsage should be dressed.

Evening Dresses.—The rich velvets and silks, of the newest fabriques, and which have been so much employed, now begin to give place to gauzes, *tulles*, and crapes, and, of course, the trimmings are of a lighter kind. I refer the reader to the beautiful costumes in the work.

Sleeves.—Light sleeves are now all prevailing, and we no longer see the frightful twenty yards of stuff hanging from the shoulder—how *affreuse* to be sure! However, there is one thing greatly in favour of the light sleeves, that is, that any number of bouillons may be employed to ornament them. On white dresses *manchettes* of lace and embroidery are adopted; the epaulettes descend low.

Fichus à la Corday.—Now that the warm weather has set in, these elegant and useful accessories to promenade and carriage dress are likely to become much in request and very *recherché*.

Velvet Scarfs and Mantelets.—This beautiful article of toilette has already, in a great degree, displaced velvet shawls, and is expected to become very fashionable all May and June. Some are trimmed with a light fur, but black lace is most predominant.

Bonnets.—Some beautiful shapes have just appeared in *peu de soie*, and *gros d'Afrique*, trimmed with satin ribbons.

The curtains are placed more backward than before, and are of the helmet shape; the brims are excessively deep, and somewhat wider than those worn in the early part of April.

Pelisses are said to be extremely *à la mode*, both for carriage and promenade; some I have seen are composed of grey *gros d'Afrique*, edged with pink *pou de soie*, closed down one side of the skirt by knots of the same material.

Ribbons.—Some splendid new ribbons have just appeared, those of *moire* are calculated for bonnets of rich plain silks. The ribbons worn with rice and Italian straw hats are of various patterns and colours of a rich and novel kind.

The Hair.—A great number of bands have been seen, but cannot be said to be exactly approved of. *A la vierge*, (small curls) is adopted greatly by the *haut ton*.

Veils will be much worn this season, even with *paille de riz* hats.

Collars.—Want of space in my letter obliges me to say but little about *lingerie* in general, but they are now worn much smaller, and only a small portion of the collar or the bow falls over the shawl in out-door dress; how much more graceful this is than the immense collars worn some time ago.

Colours for Spring.—Light shades of green, and a great number of light colours, such as light blue, lilac, *purpurin*, straw colour, rose, primrose, grey, and fawn.

Gloves are trimmed round the top with wreathes of small roses, looking very beautiful.

Flowers.—It is supposed that French and English flowers will be greatly in use this spring, and will be employed for trimming hats and bonnets, and the corsages and sleeves of dresses, as well as the borders. Head dress of hair, &c.

Shoes.—Ball-room shoes are made of satin embroidered with gold, silk stockings of course.

Voilà à la fin de mon papier. Mon mari et petite Josephine ma prie de te dire mille choses aimable; write to me by the 10th of next month, and believe me, pour la vie ton amie,

M. de W. —.

Rue Richelieu, à Paris,

April 27, 1837.

Fine Arts.

FINE ARTS EXHIBITION.

New Society of Painters in Water Colours.

The gallery of the new Society of Painters in Water Colours at Exeter Hall is now open to the public. Thanks to the industry and perseverance of its leading members, the improvement in the exhibition this year is most decided; and we sincerely trust their exertions

will be rewarded by a proportionate increase of popularity.

THE Diorama re-opened for the season last Monday, with new pictures, painted by Le Chevalier Bouton. The subjects are, 'The Interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its destruction by Fire,' and 'The Village of Alagna in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche.'

The Drama, &c.

KING'S THEATRE.—What the French call "a grand sensation," was created here on Tuesday night week, on the first appearance of Madame Albertazzi, in *Cenerentola*. Madame Albertazzi possesses a voice of great power and purity, and its compass is one of the most extensive and perfect that we have ever heard, or heard of. It has a range fully equal in extent to Malibran's, and as a voice, taken simply as an organ, it may be pronounced superior even to that very gifted one. We speak here simply of her voice. With regard to her efforts as an artist, or, beyond this, as possessing a mind at once intellectual and creative, we must be allowed, at this early stage, to suspend a doubt of the maturity of the one, and even on the very existence of the other. Much may be done with a fine voice—much may be done with the power which art exercises over the voice, even with a few grains of experience and intelligence; but if the one pure spark of heavenly flame be wanting, the vital impulse which irresistibly compels and impels the listener to be led away with the enchanter—in one word, if genius be away, then, in spite of the Italian maxim, that a good voice is ninety-nine points out of the hundred, we say that, though we may anticipate all that correct taste and tuition can give, we are not to expect in Madame Albertazzi a fresh arrival in the realm of song, of a mind that "controls and gives the law." There were many little points in Madame Albertazzi's singing on Saturday night which has compelled

us to this decision. In all her singing there is too much of tutorage apparent—too little of impulse, and too much of the schools. The means too affluent, the end not exactly reached. The cordial encores which were accorded her were unfortunate, insomuch that they fully confirmed the above observations. The repetitions were, note for note, the same; the same inflections—the same pauses—the same cadenzas.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Sheridan Knowles, by his superior talent, has just added another wreath in his Castle of Merit. It is a piece called *Brian Boroihme*, of striking incidents; the scene is laid at Dublin, and the piece met with decided success.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—We understand by the newspapers, that "Madame" has been in great difficulties of late; this is only what we expected. However, the performances of the Theatre will, we suppose, be carried on by Mr. Liston has scarcely got over his late indisposition, and Matthews never anticipated such changes.

ADELPHI.—We have recently visited this original Theatre, to witness the performance of the *Peregrinations of Pickwick*, and must say it is well adapted for the Adelphi company; Yates sustained the character of "Pickwick," admirably supported in John Reeves' "Samuel Weller;" indeed the whole piece throughout was performed with the best of good taste, causing roars of laughter from a crowded and fashionable house. We need not enter into much

explanation respecting the good spirit which was kept up throughout the piece, as most of our readers have (no doubt) already perused the *Pickwick* papers, and are aware of the talent of their author. The "Virginia Mummy," including "Jim Crow," and the "King of the Danube" followed, two excellent pieces, which have been got up with much splendour and great expence. The Adelphi Theatre has for a long time remained a favourite with the public, and we really think that if amusement is to be found, it is from the catership of Mr. Yates.

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—The performances of this theatre are varied and good; Mr. Ducrow's excellent management, with his superb stud of horses, draws not only fashionable audiences, but crowded houses. We believe several equestrian performers of noted talent have been engaged for the season.

VICTORIA.—Considering the great

difficulties the proprietors of this theatre have had to contend with, the performances have been excellent and varied; several grand spectacles have been produced, and we may add that the house has been fashionably attended, but not crowded.

SADLER'S WELLS.—This neat little Theatre is now under new management; the performances have been of the most amusing character, and the house respectably attended, which has been re-decorated and painted.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL CHAT.—M. Nouritt, the celebrated French vocalist, has received from the King of the French a beautiful ring, enriched with diamonds, and bearing the initials of his Majesty.

We regret to learn that Mr. Liston is suffering from severe indisposition.

We regret to find that Madame Vestris has been compelled to announce to the public the difficulty in which she is placed through the treachery of others.

Miscellaneous.

A good excuse.—A gentleman, furious with anger, and hunger, thus addressed an itinerant Irish fishmonger:—"You knavish, infernal impostor! pray how could you sell me such fish as I paid for just now? Why, d—n it, you rascal! they stink like the devil!" Says Paddy, "Your honour, that's not very civil; whatever be the mack'rel, 'tis surely a shame to blame me, when none but yourself is to blame. Before your own door you allowed me to cry 'em five days, sir, before you thought proper to buy 'em."

TOOTH-ACHE.—Those who may be troubled with the tooth-ache cannot do better than pay Mr. Finzi a visit, at No. 6, Dalby Terrace, City Road. His plan of curing the awful pain with India Rubber is as effectual as the method is simple.

Recipe for a Rout.—Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can collect, and put them into a room with a slow-fire. Stew them well. Have ready twelve packs of cards, a piano-forte, a handful of prints or drawings, and put them in from time to time. As the

mixture thickens, sweeten *politesse*, and season with wit, if you have any, if not, flattery will do, and is very cheap. When all have stewed well for an hour, add some ices, jellies, cakes, lemonade, and wines; the more of these ingredients you put in, the more substantial will your rout be, fill your room quite full, and let the *scum* run off.

Firewood wanted.—The printer of the Warren Gazette, lately published the following notice:—"Dry stove-wood wanted immediately at this office, in payment for papers. N. B. Don't fetch logs that the *devil* can't split!"

LOPRESTI'S SOUP LOZENGE.—This is a highly important little article of consumption; the flavour is most delicious, and the substance very nourishing; four or five of the lozenges are equal to a basin of soup.

A grammatical pupil.—A country schoolmaster in the neighbourhood of Cuckney, the other day, after giving one of his pupil, a sound drubbing for speaking *bad grammar*, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and at

the same time promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him *ungrammatically*: the youngster being quite satisfied with what he had already received, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow-pupil: "There is a common substantive, of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other end of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences in the present tense."

SPITALFIELDS.—It gives us some pleasure to hear that there is at this time a very large order executing for their Majesties' state apartments at Windsor Castle, in damasks, silks, and velvet, given by the Lord Chamberlain to the old establishment of Messrs. Griffiths and Crick, No. 1, Chandos Street, Covent Garden, who are employing a great number of the weavers of this district in its manufacture. We have seen several of the patterns, which are really beautiful, and are glad to be able to say that such rich fabrics cannot be surpassed.

Variety of Pies.—Swift in travelling called at an hospitable house. The lady of the mansion rejoiced to have so distinguished a guest, with great eagerness and flippancy asked him what he would have for dinner? "Will you have an apple-pie, sir? will you have a gooseberry-pie, sir? will you have a cherry-pie, sir? will you have a currant-pie, sir? will you have a plum-pie, sir? will you have a pigeon pie, sir?" "Any pie, Madam, but a magpie!"

The Greenwich Rail-road.—The managers of this undertaking are actively employed in completing the length of rail-way throughout to Greenwich, which, it is supposed, will be completed by Christmas. The carriages continue to run from London Bridge to Deptford. The money taken last Easter was immense.

Mr. Littlejohn, the importer, has favoured us with a sample of his beautiful "Howqua's Mixture." This tea has a most delightful odour, and is more delicious in its flavour than any other we ever tasted; the fragrance alone is

truly grateful, particularly to those who are fond of *une tasse du Thé, à la bouquet*.

The Thames Tunnel, Rotherhithe, near the Church.—This is a grand undertaking, which was thought to be quite impracticable, but time has done wonders, and it may now be said to be in a state of great forwardness, and almost completion. The workmen have excavated considerably more than two-thirds of the whole distance under the water. The finished portion of the tunnel is dry, and is elegantly lighted with gas, so that visitors have a rich treat in beholding one of the greatest curiosities in the world. The following remarks may be relied on as being accurate:—"The excavation of the Thames Tunnel is 38 feet in breadth, and 22 feet 6 inches in height, presenting a sectional area of 850 feet, and exceeding 60 times the area of the drift which was attempted before. As an illustration of the magnitude of the excavation for the Tunnel, it may be added, that it is larger than the interior of the old House of Commons, which, being 32 feet in breadth by 25 feet in height, was only 800 feet in sectional area; and the base of this excavation, in the deepest part of the river, is 76 feet below high water-mark."

Lines in the window of a shoemaker's shop, nearly opposite Apothecaries Hall. "Surgery performed upon old boots and shoes, by adding of feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the body with a new sole. Advice gratis."—*Flowers of Anecdote*.

The letter C.—Curious coincidences respecting the letter C, as connected with the late Princess Charlotte. Her mother's name was Caroline, her own Charlotte; that of her consort, Coburg; she was married at Carlton-house; her town residence was at Camelford-house, the late owner of which, Lord Camelford was killed in a duel; her country residence, Claremont, not long ago the property of Lord Clive, who ended his days by suicide; she died in child-bed, the name of her accoucheur being Craft.—*Id.*

WALL-FLOWERS.

"THEY call us wall-flowers, my dear !
Because we spend the evening here ;
All in a row against the wall,
Ne'er noticed by the men at all !

I'm sure it is no fault of *ours*,
We do not wish to be wall-flowers ;
Not one of us that has not wanted
To be by somebody transplanted ;
It never was *our* choice at all
To sit here ranged against the wall ;
But, if the men, devoid of taste,
Will leave us here our sweets to waste,
Selecting silly pinks and roses,
To make their hymeneal posies,
'Tis very fit that here we sit,
And innocently chat a bit.

Look at Miss Rose, she's just come in,
Some people rave about her skin !
Her clear complexion ! (how absurd !)
You know I never say a word ;
But *this* I will say—(how she's scented !
I *always* thought the Roses painted.

And here I vow 's Miss Violet ;
I ne'er could find *her* beauty yet !
And how they praise her ! what a fuss !
Think of preferring her to us !
A little, dingy, paltry fright !
And *what* a gown for candle-light !

Do see the Miss Carnations, there—
Not two alike, I do declare—
They're showy, but my sister thinks
They are so *like* those little Pinks ;
You see the likeness ? to be sure ;
The *Pinks* we never *could* endure.
See, from the valley comes Miss Lily !
Another *beauty* !—O how silly !
White as a sheet, and so *petite*,
No wonder *we* are obsolete !
For Wall-flowers surely *she's* no fellow—
Men *once* were fond of brown and yellow."

From Weeds of Witchery.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 14th ult., at the Rectory, Covent Garden, Mrs. G. H. Bowers of a son.

On the 15th ult., in Cambridge-street, Hyde Park, the lady of A. Easton, Esq. of a son.

MARRIED.

On the 15th ult. at St. Pancras, T. Brook, Esq. of Bromley Hall, Middlesex, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Nickhols, Esq. of Seething-lane.

On the 12th ult., W. Donnelly, Esq. M. D., to Mrs. G. Mathew, of Grove Cottage, Blackheath.

DEATHS.

On the 1st ult. in St. James' Palace, A. Mower, Esq. M. D.

On the 10th ult. at St. John's Wood, the Hon. Miss Hill, eldest sister of the Right Hon. Lord Berwick.

Under the Especial Patronage of their Royal Highnesses



The Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria.

**BLACKWOOD'S
LADY'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE
OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD;
OR, ST. JAMES'S COURT-REGISTER
OF BELLES LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.**

JUNE, 1837.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE; OR, LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP BOOK.

(Continued from page 162.)

BY JOHN CHARLES HALL, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "THE STORM," "THE HOUR OF DEATH,"
MISCELLANEOUS POETRY, &c.

THE MOURNER.—A FRAGMENT.*

"She shook not, shriek'd not, rais'd no maniac cry;
Nor wrung her hand, nor heav'd one heart-deep sigh;
But stood aghast, too awful for relief,
Mute, stiff, and white,—a monument of grief."

POOR little creature! she was again summoned home to attend the death-bed of her mother. She had drunk deeply of the cup of bitterness, and drained the very dregs of it already; young as she was, her trembling steps had followed a father, brother, and sister, to that "bourne from whence no

traveller returns," and now she was watching over her dying mother; (on her curtained couch, with pillowed head, the dewy languor spread over the pallid limbs) who like

———— A wailing breeze
Moans in the feverish grasp of wan disease.

And sad, and watching by that couch the daughter sat, poor innocent! and

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* This sketch is not one of imagination, but truly from life.

many a prayer she oft-times breathed to Heaven for her recovery—

So Gabriel sat within the Saviour's tomb
When his pure spirit walk'd the eternal gloom.

And often, (when the muffled bell of the ancient abbey tolled o'er the sleeping inhabitants of the hamlet the farewell of day—when the dying sunbeams grew fainter, and fainter, when twilight's shadows disappeared in the surrounding darkness, or when silvery Cynthia broke forth from her bed of darkness attended by ten thousand stars; when all was hushed save the warblings of the nightingale) did she cast glances upon the wrinkled brow, and upon the eyes now so dim and deathful; till pictured in the mellowing glass of memory, all the parent's love and care returned to render, if possible, the pang more bitter, the parting more severe. And memory burning through her brain and bosom, whispers, how oft that drooping hand, so delicately weak, hath soothed her infant sorrows,

Or danced her, lightly tripping by her side
And prattling sweetly with delighted pride,
or plucked the daisy flower that so much pleased her, or pointed to some twinkling star, that in the heavenly train throned its beauty; or opened the page of instruction, and taught the infant lips to move in prayer, the eyes to look towards the sky, and worship him who dwells beyond it.

'Tis over!! the cruel throes of pain no more distract the head, or force the plaintive moan. Slumber hath healed them with assuasive balm. The senses are for ever bound in the calm of oblivion. Poor little creature! she is delighted at the quiet sleep of her mother. She raises the taper, and with trembling step, fearing to wake her, bends over the bed: the hand touches the brow—why that convulsive start?—Her parent is no more—the eye no longer beams with love upon her—the blood is stagnant in the vessels—the heart no longer throbs—

Pulseless and pale, beneath the taper's glow
Lies her lov'd parent—but a lifeless show.

It was a long time since I had been in that part of the country, and a thousand things crowded quickly upon me, recalling thoughts of home, and friends,

and native clime, when last I heard the pleasing notes of the evening bells. But

— Many a heart that then was gay
No more now hears their tuneful lay—

many who then were happy and joyful are sleeping under the mossy turf that forms the roof of their narrow bed, their last silent resting place.

On a lovely summer's morning, when wandering through my old haunts, (recalling a thousand of my school-boy tricks, and half wishing that I was again a boy—my pockets crammed with marbles, my trowsers spotted with ink—the elbows of my jacket covered with green, with sundry scratches on my hands and face, at once proclaimed that I had no rival as a “bird's-nester,”) gazing on the beautiful valley below Beacon-hill, and slowly bending my steps towards Clayworth, sketching the old church with its grey walls, peeping through the chesnut trees that surround it, and raising its tower towards the heavens, smiling as it were upon man to invite him to enter the temple of the Most High. It was here that my fathers worshipped; through its portals every Sunday they regularly bent their steps to the altar, to offer, at its pure shrine, the homage of sincere and contrite hearts; and now the moss-grown stone proclaims that they are gone—that they are sleeping near the church, within the walls of which they have so often sung the praises of their heavenly King; there fixed,

— Till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid the prisoners be unbound.

I know not how long I might have continued in this reverie, delighted as I was with all around me, had it not been broken by the mournful tolling of the bell, announcing that the tenant for the newly opened grave before me, drew near. And slowly winding down Death's Lane,* the sombre train passed me. The coffin was carried by six poor but honest labourers, and near it walked one little girl, alone!—It is her we saw watching the bed-side of her poor invalid mother—now following her to the grave. What a contrast did this mournful group form to the surrounding ob-

* “Death's Lane.” So called in Notts, from the dead always being carried to Clayworth church along it.

jects! The sun-beams darted from an azure sky, the birds were warbling in their sweetest strains, the air was perfumed by ten thousand wild-flowers, that bloomed beneath our feet, forming as it were a garland of funeral flowers—a wreath to deck the grave. All was silent, save when the stifled sobs of the poor little MOURNER proclaimed the anguish of her sorrowing heart.

They were met at the porch by the benevolent clergyman of the parish, and during the reading of the beautiful burial service of the Established Church, his voice frequently faltered, and a tear stole down his cheek. Again they left the church, the procession slowly moved onward toward the grave—what a moment for reflection! The poor orphan, about to cast the last fond parting look upon the coffin, where were deposited all that remained of her beloved parent.

“Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust;” the clods of the valley fell with hollow sound upon the lid—the service was concluded—the earth closed and Emily Meadows—Emily the mourner, was without a parent, a friend, or a protector, alone in the wide world; standing by the grave.

In the evening I again bent my steps to the church-yard. It was the cooling moment when the rounded sun sinks down behind the azure mountain—all nature seemed sinking into quiet and repose. The crescent of the elm-clad hills formed a boundary to my right hand—the crystal stream was on one side, and

Upon the other was the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling thro’ it like an eye.

I was delighted with gazing upon the clouds, whose floating glow reminded me of a purple ocean vast and bright. The chill breeze of night, however, told me that it was time to return, when casting a glance towards the tomb I had that morning seen opened to receive its victim, then closing again and concealing her for ever from our view,—I saw by the light of the silvery moon-beams that

it was strewn with flowers—and seated upon the mossy turf was Emily Meadows. She was a beautiful little creature.—Scarce twelve summers had passed over her; her face was excessively pale—her brow wore the expression of the deepest care—the cheeks were stained by tears that rapidly chased each other, forming furrows down which to pass—and quickly they fell upon her mother’s grave.

I approached—she did not see me: “What will become of me?” (she cried), “what will become of me? who will protect a poor orphan—who—who? Oh, my mother, my mother!—mother dear!—your voice does not reply to me—where are you mother, mother! where, where —? but you are cold—you are sleeping beneath the sod—I have trampled over it—Father, Father!—heavenly —”

“My good little girl,” said the Rev. Mr. —, who now joined us, “fear not, there is one in heaven who will be both your friend and your protector; though you have lost all your earthly guardians, you have a Father in heaven. Dry up your tears and trust to him, who will one day reunite you to your father, mother, sister, and brother—to part no more.”

I turned to leave the burial ground, when I fancied I heard a sound sweeter than any music—

’Twas musical, but very sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To martial minstrelsy unknown;
An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart a moment still.

It passed away—I thought I could distinctly hear some voice speaking—the words still linger on my soul, though now for many long, long, years they have melted away from the ear. Emily Meadows also heard them. No more did she fancy she was without a friend: the last words of that heavenly song are engraven for ever upon her heart.

“FEAR NOT—I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE OR
FORSAKE THEE.

7, Bath Place, Kensington.

THE RANDOM SENTENCE.

(Continued from page 181.)

THE scene now changes to the boudoir of Miss Ausonia Freelove, in which that young lady was sitting, listening with attentive ear to the words of Miss Viper, which fell one by one from her lips in the manner that molten lead was formerly dropped slowly into the wounds of those condemned to torture, in order to prolong their anguish.

"Believe me, my angelic young friend," said this detestable woman; "that I take a sincere interest in all that concerns you, and I cannot evince it better, than by removing the veil from before your eyes, however pleasingly you may have viewed the world through its medium."

"I am extremely thankful, madam," said Ausonia, "for this display of kindness on your part towards me; but I cannot think it possible for Captain Seabright to be the villain you picture. There is always a certain intonation of the voice bespeaking sincerity—always some expression of the eye telling of truth appertaining to the words and features of the truly candid, that renders it impossible to doubt a single sentence they utter, or a single action they perform."

"And on the other hand," interrupted Miss Viper, with gleaming eyes, "is it your opinion that the deceitful carry equal indications in their language and deportment to detect their deceptions?"

"Not always," answered Ausonia, directing her own pure eyes with a scrutinizing glance upon the envenomed orbs of Joan; "for unfortunately the deceptions are generally gifted with a powerful command of countenance, yet even they may not unfrequently be discovered, as, like all hypocrites, they mostly over-act their parts."

"Humph! We'll have that cleared up. Do you reflect on me?"

"No, I cannot suppose you capable of deceiving a poor untutored girl in the ways of the world, one who confidently looks up to her elders for advice and support in the most momentous crisis of her life. And for the gratification of a vindictive disposition, sow the seeds of disappointment, fears, and misery in her heart, which would too surely break when they took root."

Although there was an undisguised look of openness in Ausonia's face as she spoke, yet there was something of sarcasm in her tone, which Joan did not half like, and she pettishly said, "Humph! you seem well versed in these matters. If such be your opinion, why not rely on what I say? However you shall have a proof—a damning proof"—and she struck the table with her clenched hand and glared, and ground her teeth. "Yes, young woman—my dear Ausonia, pray pardon my violence. Passion made me forget myself. Your own eyes shall witness Seabright's treachery, if you will but follow my advice."

"And what is that?" said Ausonia, much affected.

"Merely to behave as usual to the Captain until the masquerade takes place, on which night I will say you will not be there. You may then, unobserved, mark the mutual passion between him and your Italian friend."

"And what of Miss Freelove's Italian friend?" asked Signora Romanzini, entering the boudoir.

Miss Viper was astounded, and presenting her fiery nose against Adelaide, said "Oh nothing, but that I was wishing you were here, to enliven Miss Freelove and myself a little."

Ausonia disdaining to sanction by her silence the shadow of an untruth, said, "You mistake, madam; you were alleging—"

"Hark," interrupted Joan, much flurried; "some one is coming."

"Oh ciel! how remiss I am," cried Adelaide; "I forgot to say Miss Rokeby wished to see you. She will be quite tired with waiting."

"Oh no, not at all, I should have ascended the stairs much sooner had that been the case," said Miss Rokeby, entering.

"Dear madam, I am so glad to see you," said Ausonia, affectionately embracing Miss Rokeby. "What has kept you from us the whole day?"

"A million of circumstances," said the old lady, seating herself and adjusting her spectacles; "First I have been—acting the peace-maker between Mr. Clanwilliam and—but I see Adelaide

blushes ; so I suppose I must spare her for once."

"This is indeed happy news," said Ausonia ; "and where is Mr. Clanwilliam ?"

"Gone to preach a charity sermon, I believe, at Eastbourne, but he will be back in a day or two."

"Humph ! No doubt of that, when Miss Romanzini is here," growled Joan.

"Ah, Miss Viper, I really must offer every apology for not noticing you before. Pray congratulate me, for I have been defending the cause of our class, against the spiteful allegations of that stubborn personage, Sir Harry Railton. Would you believe it ? he says that old maids are detestable creatures every one of them."

"We'll have that cleared up : and why, eh ? But I need not ask, I'm sure—it is no concern of mine. I have no interest in what is said against old maids."

"Oh, but surely you have, Miss Viper. It concerns us both, for we are not tamely to hear our sisterhood abused without standing up in their defence. I asked Sir Harry what cause he had for such an assertion : to which he replied, that we did nothing but invent and disseminate scandal. That an old maid was a creature, who, having been disappointed of wedlock in early life, employed all the infernal arts acquired in age and singleness to prevent others from entering that state. You may well look angry, Miss Viper, at our being thus vilified. But he said much more, and called us back-biters, ugly detractors, and a set of rusty fusty creatures, fit for nothing but to play whist, nurse cats, fondle superannuated lapdogs, and beat our little nephews and nieces."

"The insolent wretch ! he deserves strangling," said Miss Viper, passionately.

"He does indeed, and I assure you, I felt much in the same situation with Widow Racket in the Belle's Stratagem, when women of fashion are assailed by one of the characters. So, like her, I stepped forward, saying, Now hear my definition of an old maid. She is a creature of such rare excellence, that no man has been found worthy of her hand, and consequently she remains single, and the mistress of all hearts till death. She is one whose sole delight is in doing good, and opposing herself to the crafty

snarers of the designer, whether male or female, against innocence. Go where she will, she meets the smile of welcome, for like the comet she attracts even more attention from the circumstance of being alone, than from her shining qualities. Nothing gives her more joy than assisting in matching some former lover with a valued friend through which she becomes universally adored. Her precepts are attended to ; her words treasured in the hearts of all hearers ; and though somewhat talkative, is listened to whenever she speaks with increasing delight. Thus happy herself and the cause of happiness in others, she glides through life, unlike your married women, who the moment after marriage, retire to their husband's country seat, and there live 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.'"

It would be a task of utter impossibility to describe the countenance of Miss Viper while the worthy and good-natured old lady was speaking. She glared and fumed, like a pot of ignited sulphur, and appeared in a most celestial agony the whole time. "Humph ! Humph !" was all she said, and shortly afterwards relieved the company of her presence.

Until the following Saturday things went on smoothly enough. Ausonia, in the full confidence of Seabright's purity, behaved in the same endearing manner as usual, and the fond lover casting aside for the time all suspicions and prejudices, gave himself up to the pleasure derived from her society. In the meantime neither Dowdeswell nor Miss Viper relaxed in their efforts to complete their plans.

On the evening preceding the gala, the usual party were assembled at Mrs. Dowdeswell's, whose whole conversation was engrossed by one topic—Ireland's Masquerade.

"We shall all be there, I suppose," said Adelaide.

"Now is the time," whispered Miss Viper, to Ausonia ; "Say you do not intend to go."

"I cannot utter an untruth," faltered the innocent girl.

"But it is absolutely necessary, therefore I will say so for you," and accordingly Joan announced Miss Free-love's intention of remaining at home, as she felt indisposed.

* * * *

"This is a good one for you," said Dowdeswell, softly in Seabright's ear, who directly said that being the case, the gardens would contain no charms for him, and therefore he should follow the young lady's example.

Much conversation now ensued, in which the schemers contrived to mix their artful praises on constancy, and with well dissembled good humour, rallied Seabright on the sober choice he had at first intended to make of a dress.

"Never mind, John," said Miss Rokeby; it is the best you could have assumed, because you know you had only to unmask, and you might shrive fifty beautiful nuns, without their being tempted to take a second glance at your face, having once looked at it.

"Upon my word, aunt," returned Seabright, laughingly, "I wish your features were sufficiently ill favoured to permit a retaliation of your inuendo."

"You would make an excellent quaker, Captain," cried Adelaide: "a well turned compliment for a saucy speech is what I could hardly have expected even from you."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" tittered Jingle, who of late had grown uncommonly jocosse.

At length the long-looked-forward-to night arrived, and Ausonia, with a beating heart, seated herself in Miss Viper's carriage by the side of that lady. Both attired in blue dominoes, which with their black masks, effectually concealed the face and figure of each, and they passed into the gardens unknown.

Those who remember that night will not easily forget the splendour of the scene. All appeared in one bright blaze. The alcoves, the grottoes, the vistas, the serpentine walks, and the luxuriant foliage of the trees, which at different parts shaded them, were illuminated with innumerable lamps of every size and colour. Numerous bands of musicians dressed in various costumes filled the air with sweet sounds, and some hundred beings, moving in every direction in pursuit of pleasure, joined to their gay apparel, and their witty and playful badinage, under the security of their masks, formed a coup-d'œil which for liveliness, diversity, or splendour, was perhaps never equalled. On the lawn usually appropriated as a cricket-ground, was erected a magnifi-

cent marquee, covering the whole extent of the green. Its interior was embossed with crimson, and the roof glittered with gilded ornaments which sparkled amid the rays of a thousand lights; and beneath might be seen Sultans, Knights, Cavaliers, and Troubadours with their fair partners measuring their footsteps in a dance to the strains which accompanied them.

"Now, Seabright—now!"—said a young man enveloped in a black domino, "look towards the entrance, and see where deceit in her fairest form approaches."

"Gracious Heavens! Dowdeswell—where?—no—you mistake—that surely is not Ausonia."

"Nay, nay,—come nearer and convince yourself—look well, that lock of silken hair is not to be mistaken. It is a dark tress unmatched perhaps in the world."

"I fear it indeed is her," said Seabright sickening with anxiety; "yet if it be, she appears to be under the protection of a female."

"Why did you not bring your telescope with you, Captain? Watch for a minute or two. There—now the domino is partially open. See, Captain, see, what dress it covers."

Seabright directed his eye to the stranger's apparel, and saw that it was a man to whose arm Ausonia clung for support.

"It is not—it cannot be Miss Free-love," cried the young officer with the degree of hope which actuates a drowning man to catch at a straw.

"Oh love, how blind are thy votaries!" exclaimed Alfred. "It is her; and thus I prove it;" as he spoke, Dowdeswell grasped Seabright's arm, and hurried him past the two they had been observing, and as he did so, he twitched the string of the lady's mask. It fell to the ground, and discovered the features of Ausonia Freelove. A single glance assured Seabright of the fact, and he rushed madly from the tent.

"Stay, stay!" cried his tormentor, "accompany me to the outside of the gardens, and you may have an opportunity of speaking to her; for in spite of what I have said, and what we have seen, it will not be right to abandon all hope, till her own lips confirm your worst fears."

Thus did the wretch torture his victim with every engine by which the mind can be assailed.

Meanwhile Miss Viper led Ausonia from crowd to crowd, until they reached the bridge crossing the Canal, where, leaning upon its parapet and watching the hydraulic exhibition, was Adelaide Romanzini, whom Miss Freeloze knew from her dress of an Italian peasant girl. But how was she shocked on seeing her friend's waist encircled by the arm of one attired as a monk.

"It is Seabright," muttered Miss Viper in a suppressed tone.

"Then farewell every earthly joy," said Ausonia, sinking into Joan's arms.

"Bear up, bear up, my friend: shew your just indignation. Fly with me to Cumberland till the villain leaves England," exclaimed Miss Viper, passing her arm through that of Ausonia, and hurrying her from the scene.

"Lead me where you please—to death if you will," faintly articulated Ausonia, yielding herself to the guidance of this female fiend.

Seabright had not waited above half an hour, when he saw Ausonia suddenly emerge from the entrance, accompanied by the domino with whom he had before seen her. They proceeded with hurried steps to a carriage, the door of which was ready open and the steps let down. A footman instantly lifted Miss Freeloze into the vehicle, and as her companion sprang after her, the cloak again flew open as if by accident, revealing more clearly the dress beneath, and a masculine voice cried aloud, "Drive to the nearest Northern Road with your utmost speed!"—No sooner were these words uttered, than the horses started off with rapidity and left Seabright far behind.

"A horse! a horse!" exclaimed a tall young man darting forward in the slashed hose-trunk and vest of a cavalier, "but stay, I must cover this dress," and he snatched a great coat from the arm of a coachman, on which it hung.

"Hollo! you sir! Whose property are you a priggish of," shouted the man, attempting to collar the purliner, who dexterously dropping on his knees, fairly darted between his legs—each of which fortunately described a most favorable semicircle—tripped him up, and exclaimed—"Gads my life, what's that to you?" Then leaping on a horse

standing by, sharply switched the groom's hand that held the bridle, and, using both whip and spur, followed in the same track taken by the coach with astonishing rapidity, "Stop thief! Stop thief!" burst from the astonished crowd, and in return the winds brought back the cry of "Catch me who can, demme!" as the fugitive became lost to sight.

"What in the devil's name can this mean?" was Dowdeswell's exclamation, as he abruptly quitted Seabright's side, and the latter, almost stupified with what he had seen, threw his cloak and mask at his feet, and rushed towards the sea-side: he there cast himself upon the ground and gave vent to his agonized feelings, in sobs and bitter tears, till morning broke upon the slumbering world.

There is an Island in the East, which suffers much from drought; and a shower of rain is hailed by its inhabitants with the same rapture that an Englishman displays on the approach of summer. Often will a dark cloud hover o'er the Isle, for hours, which the people anxiously watch in hope to receive the liquid contents of its bosom on the parched ground. As if to nurture these hopes, the vapour will spread itself over the whole extent of the Island, when suddenly a breeze arises, drives southward the clouds, and soon the expected treasure is cast uselessly into the sea.

Thus had Seabright been led onwards. All he wished for in the world had seemed within reach. He prepared to grasp it in his arms, when an unexpected whirlwind carried the prize far—far beyond the boundary even of hope, and like the shower it became lost for ever. He revolved every circumstance in his mind, which had led to this conclusion, and as he did so, every wish of life faded before him.

"There, there lies a speedy termination to my woes," said he pointing with frenzy to the ocean. "Oft times have I rode in my gallant ship on the surface of yon waters; now shall their billows wave over one; whose fate has been as turbulent as themselves!" and whilst he spoke Seabright rose, and placing his hands to his eyes, prepared to plunge into the sea, when a hand and voice arrested him. He looked up, and saw Miss Rokeby standing on the cliff.

"Madman! what are you about to do?" she exclaimed.

"Away, Madam, away! thwart not my purpose. I am mad with evil, and may force you to share my fate."

"Ungovernable man!" said the lady, extending her arm before him, "tell me what prompts you to this fell deed."

"Disappointed hopes. I imagined,—and oh, how brilliant was the dream!—that Ausonia loved me,—not a wreck of the vision is left behind—she is gone—she has gone and left me."

"Gone! impossible,—whither?"

"Fled,—eloped,—fool, that I was, not to bring my pistols with me—a bullet should have pursued the rufian."

"John, you are deceived—Some mystery lurks beneath all this. Ausonia lives but for you."

"Talk to the idle wind, madam," said Seabright, "Lives but for me!" he added sarcastically, "look on this paper—look at the superscription, and then say who Ausonia lives for."

"Thank Heaven, I can find a key to unlock this," said Miss Rokeby, glancing at the letter. "Seabright, believe neither your ears nor your eyes—nor the evidence of any one sense, till you again hear from me. Nay, listen, I repeat, that Miss Frelove is yours—and if you can summon resolution to plant a dagger in the heart of one who loves you, I will withdraw my arm, and leave you to rush unbidden into eternity. Now die, if thou darest?" and with the last sentence, she retired a few paces—her arm still extended—a few thin snowy locks floating about her brow—and looking like an aged saint "newly lit from the skies," to warn him from his unholy attempt.

"Madam," ejaculated Seabright, awed and abashed, "I know not what to say: I am lost in a maze of perplexity—I have seen—I have heard enough to drive me mad, and yet you call it all delusion. For God's sake reconcile this inconsistency."

"I can explain nothing now," cried Miss Rokeby; "remain at Brighton till you see or hear from me.—Obey me and live."—Then waving her hand, she vanished in "the morning mist."

Puzzled and astonished, our hero scarcely knew which way to turn. At one moment he thought of following his

aunt—and the next contented himself with following her injunctions. "At all events," said he, "I will go to Mrs. Dowdeswell's: perhaps I may receive an elucidation of all this." No sooner was the resolution formed, than he hastened to put it in execution; but on reaching the house, fresh subject for wonder presented itself. The whole place was in confusion, and the worthy lady, its mistress, busy packing up.

"What's all this, Mrs. Dowdeswell?" asked Seabright. "How is it that you are leaving us in such a hurry?"

"Good Lord! Captain, is that you? You may well ask; but the question is, whether I can answer. Such a to-do I'm sure I never met with in my life. First came home the news at twelve last night, that Miss Frelove had run away no one knows where. Then comes Signora Romanzini and Mr. Clanwilliam frightened to death, no one knows why. And scarcely had I time to get over the fluster they put me in, when pop comes Miss Rokeby, whips the lady and gentleman into her carriage, and whirls them off, scarcely saying Good-bye before they went. A pretty account, indeed, I shall have to give their parents. But I disclaim the thing altogether, for I am sure I had not a single iota to do with it, for I expected they would have been present at the anniversary of my birth on Tuesday. But that I suppose is knocked on the head now, so I must e'en pack after them,—Oh dear, dear! the plague of attempting to manage a parcel of young girls."

The old lady, after running on so far, was obliged to pause for breath, when Seabright took the opportunity of asking where her son was; but before she could answer, a servant entered and presented a letter on his official salver.

"From my son, I declare," said the old lady; "you may retire, Thomas," and as the door closed, she read aloud:

"Honored Madam,

"You will no doubt ere long hear matters to my prejudice, which although untrue, will preclude me from making any longer stay in Brighton, and even from remaining with my own family until the affair has blown over.

Yours in duty and affection,

ALFRED DOWDESWELL."

"Mercy upon us! the whole world has gone mad together, I think," screamed

Mrs. Dowdeswell, "completely turned topsy turvy! What am I to make of all this, Mr. Seabright?" But the Captain heard her not; for scarcely was the letter finished, than, exclaiming "Confusion! he has betrayed me, and fears a discovery," he made for the door, and ran full speed from the house, whilst Mrs. Dowdeswell, worked up to the highest pitch of astonishment and curiosity, sat down despairing of an explanation, and placing her hands upon her knees, said in a doleful voice, "Crack, crack-brained every one of them!"

Seabright searched the town through, but Alfred was, however, no-where to be found; he then proceeded to the hotel where Charles Mackenzie resided; but he too was gone, and his footman added he believed on a visit to the parents of Lady Mornington, as he had been ordered to follow him to their mansion in London.

"Then I am left alone—to my own melancholy reflections," said Seabright, slowly pacing down the street, and giving way to his unpleasing thoughts, which wandered to that haven of bliss, now, at least as he imagined, unapproachable. Every spot where Ausonia had walked depicted past scenes before him; and now that a repetition was beyond all hope, they appeared arrayed in greater charms than those originally belonging to their reality. Day after day did he seat himself upon some cliff, which Ausonia had admired, to dwell upon her image; and not till night-fall did he turn his steps homewards, for Seabright was of a nature to sink beneath the pressure of misfortunes, rather than rouse himself and break through their meshes.

At length a week lagged to a close, and the Captain was preparing for his usual misanthropical stroll, when, rattat! was heard the postman's knock.

"A letter from London, Sir," said the servant, delivering one into his master's hands, who hastily broke open the seal: it contained but few words.

"Dear Nephew,

"All is cleared up—Call upon me in Grosvenor Square the moment you reach London, for which place I doubt not you will start immediately.

I am, my dear Boy,

Your affectionate Aunt,

ROSINA ROKEBY."

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"Follow me to London as soon as possible," exclaimed Seabright to his servant, starting from his chair.

Ten minutes found him in a post-chaise, and on the road to the metropolis, which he reached in a few hours. He arrived in Grosvenor Square, and was soon seated in Miss Rokeby's drawing-room.—When the usual salutations were over, she immediately entered upon an explanation of all that had occurred.

"In the first place," she said, "if you will be good enough to examine this letter, to which you attach so much importance, you will perceive that it has been written at a different period from the superscription; as not only the ink is deeper, but the paper bears a different stamp and date to the envelope: you will likewise see that the words *his*, *he* and *his*, have been very neatly altered, with penknife and pen, from *her*, *she* and *her*."

"That is indeed the case, but what am I to infer from it?"

"Why, that from some unknown cause, Miss Viper—that stain to womanhood—and Alfred Dowdeswell have conspired to rob you of Ausonia Freelove.—This epistle was in reality written by that excellent young lady to a niece of Miss Viper's, with whom she had contracted a friendship, but which they were obliged to break off, as Miss Viper's jealousy urged her to exert an undue authority over her relation, and prevent her from appearing in public, lest an unfavorable contrast might be made between the aunt and niece; and as a proof of all this," continued Miss Rokeby, opening her escrutoire, "here is the original covering in which the note was enclosed." Seabright took it from her hand, and with unbelieving eyes saw that it was addressed to "Miss Marina Symmonds." "You see," added the spinster, "that it is a half-sheet, and if you compare it with the enclosure, you will find that they evidently formed one sheet originally, which has been torn in two, in the absence of proper note paper."

"But how, in the name of all that is wonderful, came you possessed of this?" asked Seabright.

"That is easily accounted for," said his aunt, smiling: "It was through the means of my popinjay, who having une

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affaire du cœur, with Miss Viper's maid, frequently visited the house, and was once nearly discovered, had he not fortunately popped into a closet, where he remained nearly two hours, and overheard a long conversation between his mistress's mistress and young Dowdeswell, in which they spake frequently of their good fortune in being able to insert a letter of Ausonia's in an old envelope. After they had gone, Timothy (or Ariosto, which you please) slipped from his hiding-place, and securing a few papers they had left behind, posted with them to me, as he said it was a shame so worthy a gentleman as you should be imposed upon. I need not say that this is one of them."

"This is certainly a great relief to my mind," said the Captain. "But there are other circumstances."

"Which shall all be explained:—you may remember Dowdeswell desiring you to say it was your intention to wear a monk's dress at the masquerade."

"Stay, Madam, stay—how learned you that?"

"Ask no questions, Sir—Mr. Jingle was within hearing; let that suffice. Now from part of what my popinjay overheard, when he was in the closet, I desired him to follow Mr. Dowdeswell wherever he went the night previous to the fête. He did so, and traced him to Eastbourne, where he saw him deliver a letter to a countryman with directions to leave it at the house of the clergyman, where Mr. Clanwilliam was then staying. A little finesse transferred the epistle into Jingle's hands, and he became the bearer of it himself. It contained a request that he would honour the masquerade with his presence, where Adelaide would await him, and in order that she might know him, he had to wear a monk's frock. This was signed in my name, under the supposition, I imagine, that as I had reconciled that gentleman to Adelaide a short time previous, he would be more inclined to obey my mandate. As soon as Jingle had informed me of all this, my eyes were opened, and I clearly saw that it was their intention to persuade Ausonia that you had gone secretly for the purpose of meeting her friend, and point out Clanwilliam as you. I however could not penetrate their intentions respecting yourself, so I set my indefatigable aid-

de-camp to watch Miss Viper's movements, whilst I kept an eye upon Dowdeswell. I was by when he pointed out Ausonia to you."

"Tell me, madam, I beseech you," interrupted Seabright, "before you go any further, who it was that accompanied her."

"No other than the honorable Miss Viper."

"Impossible!"

"But true nevertheless. Popinjay had discovered early in the evening that a suit of Dowdeswell's clothes had been conveyed to Miss Viper's residence. This was enough. I instantly surmised the whole. You were to believe she was a man, and be driven to consequent despair, but I could not imagine they would go so far as to run off with Ausonia, and was therefore unprepared to prevent it. You may judge my astonishment at the catastrophe, which was so great, that I was actually deprived of speech for a time, and all my labours would have been rendered vain, had not Jingle promptly followed to discover where they went."

"And did he so, madam?" asked the Captain.

"Yes; he never quitted the pursuit till he saw the ladies safely housed at Snake Hall, a seat in Cumberland of Miss Viper's; who, I should have told you, changed her apparel at the first inn without having been discovered by Ausonia, as the large domino she wore effectually concealed her male attire from all save those whom she deemed it necessary to see it."

"Then, Heaven be praised! my Ausonia is innocent. Oh, my dearest madam, you have removed a mountain from my heart. What a long perspective of happiness have you raised before me; but pray proceed in your interesting development."

"Little more need be said. I followed you,—saved you from a ducking,—told the excellent young clergyman and his intended spouse of the whole affair: brought them to London, and wrote off to Ausonia immediately. So you see, nephew," added the old lady, good humouredly rapping his cheek with her fan; "after all said and done, THE RANDOM SENTENCE is likely to prove oracular at last."

"Why, Aunt, I am astonished. You

know every thing. Where learnt you that incident?"

"Tush! I am ignorant of nothing. A little bird in the air tells me of all circumstances relating to my friends; so take heed of yourself. And now prepare for a journey to Cumberland, as I wrote Ausonia that we should come down and bring her back in triumph."

"I am ready to start this instant," said Seabright, his fine eyes sparkling with extacy.

"I dare say you are, but I am not," returned Miss Rokeby. "We are not going alone, I assure you, nor will you be sorry to hear who joins our party.

Signora Romanzini, who you will no doubt be happy to hear is indissolubly united to your friend Clanwilliam, Charles Mackenzie, my popinjay, and Clanwilliam himself of course, will do us that honour."

"And happy am I to hear it, especially Mr. Jingle, to whose kindness I am so much indebted."

"They are all in the house, and waiting to congratulate you," said Miss Rokeby, at the same time rising to conduct her nephew into the apartment, where his friends were assembled.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ABSENT ONE.

The hall is lighted, and the throng
Is gathered, of the young and fair;—
The harp, the lute, the dance, the song,
Combine to shed their witchery there;
But one is absent from that hall,
Whose smiles were worth the smiles of all.

The music sounds—the dancers lead
Their partners to the joyous ring,
As gladsome as the young bird freed,
When first he tries his tiny wing,—
But she, whose step was like the snow—
So soft, so light—where is she now?

She is not there, and is there one
Who smiles the less that she is not?
And can it be the star that shone
To brighten all, is thus forgot?
And does not this gay scene recal
The image once so lov'd by all?

Take from the lyre its sweetest string,—
Take from the lute its softest tone,—
And all the other chords but bring
The memory of that dearest one;
Yet she, whose lowest breathings were
Like seraph-songs, is miss'd not there!

Oh, yes! there is amidst them *one*—
One heart whose broken strings can tell,
That she who first awoke their tone,
Is there at least remember'd well,
Altho' its master's smiling eye,
That heart's remembrance would belie.

The outward signs of pain and woe,
Are like the surface of the tide
When chafed by tempests—though below
Its depths may all serenely glide;
And under-currents wild'y sweep,
When all above is hush'd in sleep.

LAOK.

CAMPBELL; OR THE DECEIVED WOOER.

Oh! I am such a roving elf,
That the queen of love herself,
(Though she practised all her wiles,
Rosy blushes, golden smiles,)
Could not, with her best endeavour,
Chain my fickle heart for ever.

SHOULD these columns, fair ladies, be illumined by your bright eyes, let me beg that after their perusal, you will not pout your pretty lips, and cry "Tush!" because forsooth the heroine doeth what you will read. Believe me, I have not drawn the picture merely to display possibilities which few have ventured to delineate; because they depart in some degree from the general estimate of female etiquette, but really because "such things are."

Ye have all, no doubt, when summer, with her "golden smiles" hath lured ye to taste the country breezes, passed a portion of your time amid that Switzerland of the north, Westmoreland and its enchanting lakes, particularly Ulswater and its mimic isles, where bill and dale, undulating like an emerald sea, and mountain towering above mountain till their summits kiss the clouds, present a landscape to the view which lavishes every longing from the heart to visit other climes. But need I describe the scene? No, it is useless. Turn, fair one to thy scrap-book, and thou wilt find it traced by thine own fingers, or haply by those of some favoured lover. That being done, I will proceed to my history.

It was in a villa, snugly nestled amid a sheltering range of lofty uplands, that Sir Philip Merlin and his daughter Titania resided during the summer months, glad to escape for a time the hurry, bustle, and whirl of a London life; the former had been in the navy, where he held the rank of post-captain, but the return of peace consigning him to inactivity, he resolved with his own eye to superintend the education of his orphan daughter, for her mother had been many years dead. Nor was he unfitted for the task, as to the manly frankness of a sailor he added suavity, urbanity, and demeanour of a gentleman, and scholar. His excellent qualities were inherited by Titania, (a perfect fairy by nature as well as name), who united all that was attractive in the gentler sex, with whatever might be taken from the opposite one, without

rendering her manners or opinions masculine. She was but seventeen, artless as a Hebe, and beautiful as a Grace; possessing a tall figure, without being awkward, a bright hazel eye, and a lip of the most kissful make and colour, yet so chastely formed that one might swear it had never been tasted. It was a beautiful sight to see her in the morning, with her gipsy hat placed on one side of her head, as she glided amongst the shrubs and copsewood, or sported down some verdant hill, with every feature animated, eyes glistening, cheeks blushing, and raven ringlets running frolic down her snowy neck. In short, madam, she was just such another angel as yourself!

"And was she in love?"

What! cannot curiosity be restrained?—well I will satisfy it, she was not. The urchin had split his bow, and appointed it to the office of guarding her beautiful eyes, in the shape of two most beautiful eyebrows, where, from her gay careless disposition, certain shrewd personages prognosticated it would remain, unless removed by Oberon himself. But Titania heeded nothing about it, and laughed, and sung, and caressed her father just the same as ever. She was, nevertheless, surrounded by a crowd of butterfly beaux, each of whom conjectured that she must at last yield to his entreaties, and she in return surmised them all to be vastly impudent. The most persevering of these would-be Adonises was a young north-country squire, yeclipt Nimrod Coverdale, who, had he possessed a good form, well arranged features, and cultivated understanding, would have been a handsome sensible man; but being destitute of these trifles, was tout au contraire. Frizzly red hair, fiery eager eyes, and nose which seemed to be exposed to an ever-blowing wind, was all the furniture of the upper apartment; below were a pair of broad shoulders, long arms, little grotesque body, and legs the very reverse of symmetry and straightness; one might have been sure they were formed for girthing a horse, and, by the way, except when

courting Titania, he was seldom seen except when on one.

This brilliant youth being the son of an old crony of Sir Philip Merlin's, he was not so alive to his defects as many others were, and consequently rather favoured his addresses than otherwise, although the worthy baronet was far from coercing his daughter's inclinations. Now she (the head-strong gipsy!) was totally averse to having any dealings whatever with squire Nimrod, and tried, by banter and ill usage to drive him away. But these little hints were lost upon him; the first he mistook for kindness, and the latter for a little maiden bashfulness; so he still continued, like a keen sportsman as he was, to woo, and pursue; and she to refuse, and ill use.

Matters were at this critical juncture, when one evening Squire Coverdale arrived at Merlin's cave, (as Titania had playfully designated their residence), and with him his sister Clarissa and Miss Amelia Musgrave, from Eden Hall, Cumberland; a pair of the sweetest flowers that ever luxuriated on the borders.

"Yoicks! Sir Philip," was Nimrod's salutation, "how's a' wi' ye, man?—glad to see ye looking as florid as ever—come to run awa' wi' yer dochter a wee—soho!"

"Happy to see you, Squire," returned the baronet, smiling at the mixed dialect which Coverdale used; "and you too, my fair blue bells, you have stolen a march upon me at last—but here comes Titania; she shall welcome you."

"Aye and warmly, too, papa," still the smiling girl, tripping forward and extending her little fairy hands to greet her friends.

"Aha, my bonny laverock," cried Coverdale, "gude faith, my eye's glad-some to see you. I se warrant I thought of nothing but you, and the foxes, a' the braw time of it these five days past."

"Pray don't make game of me, Mr. Coverdale," replied Titania, pouting to conceal the roguish laugh that incipiently rose on her lip; "I'm sure it is not five minutes since you were here, and I began to hope the time would be extended to a quarter of an hour."

"Is she joking?" asked Nimrod, turning to his sister, with a look of the

most stupid inquiry on his unmeaning features. The wild Cumbrian lass could not withstand it, and laughed outright.

"Come, come, my young friend," said Sir Philip, willing to divert the abashed huntsman's attention from his giddysister, "never mind what they say, but tell me your adventures since last we met."

"Various and manifold. I se exterminated a mickle sculk of foxes at Santrafall; rowed five fat burghesses across the Salway; won a cock-fight at Galloway; and, with old Harkforward Tantivy, (as he's ca'd), beat five Scotch carlins hollow, in a boat-race from Preston to Allan bay. That's yer sort!" and Squire Coverdale concluded his speech, with a knowing chuckle at his exploits.

"And now," said Titania, "you have arrived with a determination of running a race for a wife; but you shall find, though timid as a hare, she knows all the doublings of one, and the fleetnesstoo."

"But stay, Miss Merlin," cried Amelia Musgrave, catching her hand, "we have a large party assembled at the Boundary line, and all are anxiously awaiting in expectancy of your joining a little excursion on the lake—so you must not disappoint them for the world."

"No, pray don't, dear," said Clarissa, "we are appointed ambassadors extraordinary, and shall be ashamed to return if we fail in our mission."

"Well—as papa pleases," replied Titania, with an entreating look at the old gentleman.

"Then go by all means, dearest,—a fair gale and wet sail attend you all!" said the baronet, in his usual indulgent tone.

"Away—away, then!" cried his elfin daughter, catching up the cloak and hat, which she had carelessly thrown down on entering, and, with the speed of one of Dian's nymphs, flew from the apartment with the ladies.

"Yoicks—bide a wee—soho there!" intreated Nimrod, following with all the speed he might.

Our very unceremonious party soon reached their friends—the skiff was launched—and away she shot through her native element. It was a golden evening; the sky was dappled with clouds of the sun's own hue and lustre. A little a-head of the vessel in which Titania sat, was a boat appropriated to

a band of musicians, and as the same breeze which brought the perfume of the woodbine, wild thyme, and violet from the neighbouring shore, bore on its wings the dulcet strains of melody, which, sinking tranquilly into the heart, awakened emotions that caused the ladies' eyes to effuse a tenfold lustre. Beautiful Westmoreland! these are the joys we reap from visiting thee! Day now gradually sunk, and the soft moon rose from her eastern couch to add a new charm and a new light to the landscape; every flower, every rill was silvered; while lofty hills seemed like groups of icebergs, as the moonlight floated down their sides. Each sound now became distinctly heard through the surrounding quiet, and the busy hum of the bee returning hiveward with its honied treasure, the whispering of the brook, the brawling of the mountain-stream amid its stony channel, the sighing of the wind, and the notes of music, all blended into one delicious murmur, and thrilled the mind with sensations of delight. Suddenly the report of a gun was heard, which some traveller had discharged in order to hear the famous echo. The sound reverberated from rock to rock, promontory, cavern, and hill, with every variety of intonation, and then expired in one tremendous crash. Titania shrieked and started upon her feet; the gentlemen flew across to her; the boat tilted, and away went our heroine into the lake. A general confusion ensued—none of the gentlemen were swimmers—besides, they had the ladies to look to; and Squire Nimrod—oh! he had his sister to look to; so that Titania stood a fair chance of drowning, had not a gentleman (who was fishing for char) heroically plunged in and grasped the affrighted girl just as she sunk a second time.

It was now that Coverdale exemplified his zeal. "That's right, man!" shouted he, at the top of his stentorian voice; "haud fast, and mak' a' speed for the wee island, it's nearer than the boat, ye ken; good luck, awa wi' ye, and haud tight!"

It is probable that this jargon betwixt Cumbrian and Scotch was but little understood by the stranger; but common sense dictated the necessity for making towards the nearest resting-place; and as the tide occasioned by

the passage of the river Eamont through the lake, had carried Titania some distance from the boat, he made directly for the island which Nimrod pointed out; upon which the squire took great credit to himself for being instrumental in saving "the puir thing's life."

As it may naturally be conjectured, Titania was for some time insensible; but on recovering, and finding herself supported in a stranger's arms, with streams of water pouring down her forehead, she screamed loudly, and asked where she was.

"In safety, fair one; for which may God be praised," replied her preserver, in the blandest tone that ever soothed the human ear.

"Oh! I remember all now," said Titania, feebly raising herself, "you have saved my life. Oh, kind Sir! how will my father thank you for this."

"The very thought of restoring a daughter to her father's arms in safety is reward sufficient—there is luxury in the idea. But see, your friends approach to bear us from our island to the continent."

"Aye, we'll gie ye a lift across wi' pleasure," cried Nimrod, jumping ashore at this moment; and, rudely plucking Titania from the stranger's arm, on which she leaned, added, "Cum, Miss Tity, I'll tak' care o' ye mysel' now, ye ken."

Titania shrunk back with displeasure at this rudeness, which the stranger perceiving, he quietly, but irresistibly interposed his arm, saying, with a brow crimsoned at Nimrod's insolence, "Pardon me, Sir, I will myself restore the young lady to the care of her female friends."

"But ye ha' na right, Sir," cried Coverdale, retreating—"we dinna ken ye, Sir! who are ye, Sir?"

"A stranger," returned the gentleman, sternly.

"And a strange stranger ye are," growled the young squire, as Titania was supported by her preserver to the boat, which was rowed with all possible speed to the shore.

Once more landed on *terra firma*, Miss Coverdale suggested that as Fox-tail Hall (her father's residence) was hard by, it would be advisable for Titania and the stranger to proceed thither and change their still dripping garments,

which being by no means an unwelcome proposition, it was promptly acceded to. The old squire would fain have had his guests remain all night, but our heroine not being one of those who keep their chambers for three weeks after a trifling accident, protested that her papa would die with fright were she to do so; therefore, after partaking of some refreshment to revive her spirits, prepared to accept of Nimrod's escort home, accompanied by his sister. When the gentleman who had saved her heard this arrangement, he prepared for immediate departure; but Titania begged in so earnest a tone that he would afford Sir Philip the gratification of his company for that night, that it was impossible for him to refuse, however he might be impelled by diffidence to do so. The quartette, therefore, seated themselves in Sir Nimrod's carriage, and were whirled off to Merlin's Cave. During their drive, Titania completely overcame the damp her spirits had sustained, and conversed with all her usual cheerfulness, the purity of her heart not suggesting any impropriety in so doing. Clarissa was rather more reserved; Nimrod was magnificently witty (in his own conceit); and the stranger remained silent. The party soon arrived at the villa; and Titania, flying into her father's arms, told him of the dangers she had encountered, pointing out her deliverer as the only one who attempted to rescue her. The old knight took him by the hand, and pressing it warmly, faltered in an agitated tone, "When you are yourself a father, Sir, you, will find how difficult it is to express the feelings on an occasion like the present."

"I beg, I entreat, Sir," said the stranger, "that you will say no more upon this subject; I am amply repaid in the consciousness of what I have done."

"Nobly said, Sir; yet let me crave the name of one to whom I am so deeply indebted."

"That," said the stranger, "is a question which I cannot refuse to answer. I am called Robert Campbell."

What! son to Diccon Campbell of Leicestershire?" asked Sir Philip.

"The same, Sir."

"Thrice glad am I of it. I know your father well; he served as rear-

admiral in the flag-ship which I commanded during the late war. Surely you have heard the name of old Phil. Merlin?"

"Good heavens! frequently, Sir," replied Campbell; "and I was intrusted with a letter of introduction from him to you. Believe me, I rejoice in this opportunity of presenting it."

The conversation might have proceeded to a much greater length, had not Coverdale now interrupted it with, "Well, Sir Philip Merlin, a' this may be vera weel, but I doubt ye dinna show muckle hospitality to one who has just rendered your dochter such service as he has."

"Ten thousand pardons, Mr. Campbell," cried Sir Philip, "but I was so overjoyed;—however, refreshments shall instantly be brought."

"Ye mistake, Sir Philip, ye mistake, I alluded to myself," said Coverdale.

The baronet gave a puzzled look of inquiry at his daughter, who, ever ready to laugh at Nimrod, exclaimed, with well-feigned vexation, "Ah, squire, you will be sarcastic! To tell you the truth, papa, Mr. Coverdale was the sole cause of my being saved."

"Na, I dinna say that, but"—

"Don't be sarcastic, Sir Nimrod," interrupted the arch girl; you know you snugly esconced yourself behind your sister, looking most pathetically at my danger, and humanely cried to strangers for aid.—Now don't interrupt me; you know I cannot bear your sarcasm; only I hope you will not be hoarse after such an exertion of voice. But,"—here Titania paused in confusion, having caught the dark blue eye of Campbell fixed stedfastly on her, and, with a crimsoned cheek, she retired to the other end of the room, while Clarissa, secretly rejoiced at her brother's discomfiture, rose to return home. She was, however, warmly pressed to remain, as young Coverdale could inform the old gentleman at home of the invitation. This being agreed to, the ladies retired; Nimrod departed solus; and Campbell shortly followed, after promising to renew his visit the next morning.

And he came; and again and again he came, until he was almost looked upon as one of the family; nor did any one complain of the frequency of his

visits, such was the attraction of his manners. Possessing all the polish requisite for forming the complete gentleman, he was yet entirely divested of anything approaching foppery. Tall and elegantly formed in person, handsome in features, and fascinating in his address, it is not to be wondered at that he was a general favourite with the ladies ; and Titania hated Mr. Nimrod Coverdale worse than ever.

Miss Titania Merlin was most egregiously in love !

But was a certain person smitten too ? That we cannot possibly tell. At times it would seem so, from those delicate little attentions which Campbell paid her, and which are seldom shown but by lovers ; yet if any other fair one was near, his behaviour was just the same to her as Titania.

All alike, with unoccupied hearts, seemed to feel his influence, and all experienced the same attention ; in short, his affections appeared equipoised between the whole sex, and to embody the verse from Anacreon, which I have placed at the head of my history. Titania was at first piqued at this, then mortified, and lastly resolved upon revenge by seeming to favour Mr. Nimrod Coverdale's addresses. But this failed in its intended effect, as Campbell quietly yielded the maiden to Nimrod when any little jaunt took place, and offered his arm to Clarissa or Miss Musgrave ; whilst the squire, who had thought upon Robert as a favoured rival, looked so exultingly sagacious, and so sapiently stupid on the occasion, that poor Titania was ready to cry with vexation. Still she was determined to persevere. She thought his present displeasure might arise from her freedom of speech, when she gave loose to her raillery against Coverdale ; and then she thought that after all he cared not two pins for her ; and then she thought she might be vastly mistaken. So she renewed her endeavours to please, and he was pleased—but others seemed to please him quite as well.

One mild evening, Sir Philip and his maiden sister, accompanied Titania, her two friends Clarissa and Amelia, with Mr. Campbell and the squire, in a ramble through one of those mimic forests which abound near the lakes, and so delightful did the walk prove, that it

was extended until some time after the moon had risen ; about which time the old baronet, [accidentally meeting with some friends, strolled with them a short distance to view some famous ruins, leaving the two gentlemen to guard the ladies.

"How romantic the place appears," observed Miss Musgrave, on entering a thickly planted spot, which was illuminated by a thousand distinct streams of moonlight, and seating herself on the projecting root of a tree. "We require but to be a little less in stature, and our company rather more numerous, to appear like a troop of midnight fairies sporting in the moonlight."

"Aye," returned Campbell, turning to Titania, who followed with melancholy shaded brow, leaning upon the arm of Coverdale, "and here is our fairy queen, the fairest that ever band of elves bent knee to."

"I thank you for the compliment," said Titania, her eyes emitting a diamond ray ; "but where shall I find an Oberon?"

"Permit me to be he, and I'll prove the truest lover that fay ever boasted," rejoined Campbell, in an enthusiastic tone, and pressing her lily fingers to his lips.

It is traditioned that Reubens one day entering a tyro's apartment, found him engaged in painting a Madonna ; but, though every feature was correctly formed, they all appeared unmeaning and lifeless. Taking the pencil from his pupil's hand, Reubens touched the canvass with it, adding expansion to the brow, fire to the eyes, expression to the lip, and fulness to the chest ; thus making a complete transformation in the whole. But a greater change could not have been effected by the artist's pencil than the words and action of Campbell produced on Titania's countenance. Her bosom heaved, her hand trembled, her lips wore a joyous smile, and her eye beamed as rich a glow as ever summer sun or evening landscape. "Agreed," she replied, scarce knowing what she said : "these sylvan glades shall be our world, that lymph our ocean, these the friendly fairies, and Mr. Nimrod Coverdale shall be Puck the messenger."

Mr. Nimrod Coverdale looked black, and Mr. Nimrod Coverdale looked blue,

and Mr. Nimrod Coverdale fell into a brown study, not being able to divine whether this title was meant in compliment or ridicule; whilst Campbell, seating himself upon a grassy hillock, gaily retorted, "Agreed again, fair Titania; and now we want but a cup of charmed metheglin and hippocras to render all complete. Yet stay, music must not be forgotten; pray hear the nightingale from yon alder with a song, Miss Merlin."

Titania hesitated, the ladies entreated, Campbell prayed; she pleaded the want of accompaniment; he produced a flageolet from his side-pocket, and at length she consented; and with a low, yet melodious voice warbled the following—

FAIRY'S MOONLIGHT LAY.

The stars are up, and here I fly,
Meteor-like, thro' the unseen air:
Oh, am not I—Oh, am not I,
(Mortals, say,) a spirit fair?

And now begins my fairy day,
Now begins the sportive hour;
Joyously I'll fly away,
Light as leaflet of a flower.

See, see! across yon tinkling rill
Troops of tiny elves advance,
To muster on the velvet hill,
And mingle in the mazy dance.

And Oberon, too, with snowy plume
Calls to me, his fairy bride.
Adieu to sorrow—farewell gloom—
I am by my Elfin's side.

Now, then, quaff the glittering dew,
Be this the pledge we drink to night,
"Joy to him who'll boldly woo
His lady-love by this moon's light."

"And joy to her who hears the vow,
And joy attend her after years,
No sorrow cloud her spotless brow;
No care e'er dim her eye with tears."

The toast goes round, my Fays all shout,
Their laughter echoes merrily,
They crowd their fairy queen about,
Who so happy (say) as I.

The stars are up, and here I fly,
Meteor-like through the unseen air.
Oh, am not I—Oh, am not I,
(Mortals, say,) a spirit fair?"

So sweetly were these verses sung, that Campbell was entranced. He had accompanied the first few lines with his instrument, but soon dropped it from

his lips, and devoted all his attention to the melodious sounds which Titania uttered; not a breath interrupted their sweetness, and one might have imagined it was a fairy queen herself who sang.

"Transcendent girl!" exclaimed Campbell, energetically, "how proud I feel in such a Titania!"

Titania blushed; she knew not what to do or to say; at length she bethought herself of admiring the surrounding scenery. "And how beautifully," she added, "those cowslips are clustered on the margin of yonder brook."

"Permit me to gather a bunch, dear queen," said Campbell, starting upon his feet.

"Oh no, no! there will be danger; the stream is too wide to be crossed with safety," exclaimed Titania in trepidation.

"So much the better; I may say with Beaumont, 'Danger's my play-fellow, and since I was a man it has been my best companion,'" cried Campbell, seizing the branch of an overhanging beech, and springing lightly across the brook. Titania's heart beat high. "He is my own," thought she. The cowslips were soon gathered; Campbell returned and presented them to Miss Merlin; then turning to the other ladies, he said, "and will you not, sweet blossoms, also accept a nosegay of these fragrant flowers?"

"'Twill be so much trouble, Sir," said Miss Musgrave.

"The labour we delight in physics pain," gallantly replied Robert, again swinging himself across the streamlet. Titania tossed her head, and her cowslips strewed the ground.

As Campbell came back with surprise, Sir Philip returned. "Apropos," said the former, "we were talking of fays and fairies, and here comes Merlin himself amongst us."

"Yes," said the baronet, "and 'tis to hint that day will be breaking upon us if we do not steer homewards." The "hint" was not lost; the ladies rose, took the gentlemen's arms, and home they went.

(To be continued.)

MISSOLONGHI.

Lament, oh ! earth ! weep, for thy sun has set !
 Ye elements array yourselves in gloom !
 The mighty one is gone—for ever—yet
 His glory sinks not with him to the tomb.
 That is a pow'r e'en time cannot consume ;
 Dost think the grave that spirit can confine ?
 No, the whole universe it shall illume,
 A beacon to eternity ! 'Twill shine—
 And after ages humbly worship at its shrine.

He died in exile—from his country driven
 By the envenom'd tongues of envious foes ;
 Cold, slimy, vipers ! if with whom he'd striv'n,
 He had been polluted—therefore, he arose,
 And with disdain cast off the land, where grows
 Such poison. Then, seeking where he might pour
 His soul to nature. Midst the eternal snows,
 Upon the stream, and by the torrent's roar,
 He met th' Invisible—thus, were his suff'rings o'er.

Yes ! then his genius e'en herself surpass'd,
 ' Childe Harold,' issued from her like a tear—
 A tear sweet'ning all sorrow—'twas the last
 He shed for earth—Behold ! dazzling, yet clear
 In its intensity. Manfred does appear
 An earnest of his immortality,
 Showing that he had mounted still more near
 Th' Infinite—farther than humanity
 Could pierce—soaring on high in fixed fatality.

He was a portion of the mighty whole—
 Aye, of the universe an element !
 And of its great Creator—his vast soul
 In union with that *whole*—was closely blent ;
 New beauty from the strict embrace was lent,
 Till, by such long communing, he at length
 Began to see perfection. Not mispent
 His labour was, for he had gain'd a strength
 That show'd him all things clear.—He saw, and was content.

What is perfection ? But the mighty *one*
 Of whom he was a part, and to whose being
 He was again resolv'd—leaving us none
 To light our course when gone—none, all fleeing
 Dazzl'd from his footsteps, were alarmed—seeing
 How infinite his genius. Not of earth,
 Or from the earth, it rose. By the agreeing
 Voice of nations it was proclaim'd of a worth
 Immortal as Almighty—a celestial birth !

And he is gone !—And how ? A fatal clime
 Depriv'd the earth of one, whose burning ray
 Shot, meteor-like, along the gulf of time,
 Till to eternity it drove its way,
 Diffusing o'er all space a gorgeous day.

All now behold, and yet all shrink to see
Such glory. Yes, now they may bask away
In the bright sunshine of his majesty,
Madd'ning their spirits with deep floods of brilliancy.

All that of him could die is dead.—Oh ! weep,
But not for him—'tis for yourselves ye mourn :
'Tis that the mighty one no more will sweep
Over your souls, touching their inmost bourne.
Lament and cry ! ye are indeed forlorn,
Though a rich heritage he left ye—yet,
Earth of her brightest ornament is shorn—
One, whom all men admir'd, nor will forget,
Although he was not of them—pity they e'er met !

Farewell, farewell ! the greatest and the last
Of th' immortal sufferers.—Beauteous Greece
Receiv'd his latest sigh—and now 'tis past.
Oh ! let his mighty spirit rest in peace—
No sland'rer now should give his tongue release—
'Twere worse than despicable. Did he err ?
Was he not human ? Are not ye ? Then cease !
Forbear to judge ! Harm not the slumberer !
Peace, peace ! thou wondrous one ! rest from thy wild career !"

THE MYRTLE BOWER.

BY JOHN CHARLES HALL, AUTHOR OF MISCELLANEOUS POETRY, &c.

" Youth, where is thine open brow,
What has quell'd thine eagle eye,
Where's the freshness of thy cheek,
And thy dark hair's raven dye?
Gone ! Gone !—they all are gone."

Ask—ask me not,—the myrtle bower
Of bliss is not for me,
Nor hath my harp the magic power,
To tune such lays for thee.

For music never, never more,
Must sweep across its strings,
Its melodies are shadowed o'er,
By sorrow's lowering wings.

Nor bid me " sing," for why should I
On themes of sadness dwell ?
To call the tear-drop to thine eye,
Or bid that bosom swell.

For thoughts like mine would little suit,
A mind so young as thine ;
Oh ! bid me die ere I pollute
With woe this blissful shrine.

Farewell ! in some sequester'd spot,
My MOSSY GRAVE shall be ;
By native hill and stream forgot—
By all, perchance, save THEE !

MUSING MADE AMUSING. BY POZ.

LADY FRETINGTON'S BALL.

HARRY RIBSTON, of the Guards, is a funny little fellow ! To see him lounging at the British Gallery, or the pit of the Opera, when on guard and in uniform, he looks like a red ant ; but when on ordinary evenings, he looks into my drawing-room, black and lustrous from crop to toe, the lively little soul invariably reminds me of a still more insignificant insect. But Ribston is essentially a *bon enfant* ; and had he not a mania for making up to every tall beauty that appears in society, would be ridiculous only in proportion to his size.

I inquired yesterday of Rib. what he thought of Lady Fanny C——. “Charming creature ! Elegant, *piquante*, *figure chiffonnée* ; but *pétite*—decidedly wants height.”

“ And Lady Wilhelmina ! ”

“ Vastly lady-like and prepossessing, but not up to *my* standard.”

“ And Lady Caroline L—— ? ”

“ Interesting young person ; not equal in dignity to her mother.”

“ Lady Mary G—— then ? *I* have not seen her ; but —— ”

“ But springing from such a race, you can conjecture the altitude of her attractions. Talk to me, my dear Poz, of her divine mother, her splendid sister, Lady C——n. *There*, I grant you, is beauty in all its glory ! ”

And stretching his diminutive little form upon one of my chintz sofas (till I was apprehensive that some dropper in might mistake him in his black coat, bushy *favorés*, and York gloves for my black and tan King Charles), he began expatiating upon the adorability of Mc Clise's portrait of Lady Sykes, which he had been worshipping all the morning at the exhibition ; and swore he must get presented to the original or die.

“ Don't trouble yourself, my dear fellow,” said my friend, Lord Ormsby, who just then sauntered in, “ unless you were to adopt stilts for the remainder of the season, you would never rise to the level of a bow. You know very well, Ribston, that when you proposed last season to Miss C——n, she was obliged to bid the servants seat you upon the the mantel-piece, that you might be high enough to hear her refusal ! Will you

believe it, Poz, Ribston had actually commissioned poor Davidson to bring him home a giraffe, in hopes to naturalise a herd of cameleopards at Ribston park. Ribston has a soul above deer—“ *Chacun a son gout*, ” as the Emperor Antoninus said to his pet lamprey—“ Potted, my dear fellow.”

“ No, alive and swimming : and adorned with as many golden rings as Lady G. C.'s prodigious fingers.”

“ *Miladi* Grue ! ” cried Chicose, throwing open the door to announce one of my worshipful aunts.

“ *Je me sauve*, ” cried little Ribston, starting up with an air of disgust ; for in spite of her name, Lady Grue is a diminutive fidget, who, had she been born thirty years earlier, might have paired off admirably with Ribston. But her ladyship was already in the room ; the two little creatures met face to face at the door, and in a moment my excellent kinswoman had pounced upon the mite of a captain.

“ The very man I wanted,” cried she. “ My dear Captain Ribston, here is a card for my poor dear friend, Lady Frettington's ball ; you will do me the greatest favour by appearing there for half an hour ; Lady Frettington wishes to have as good a show of guardsmen as she can muster.”

“ Your ladyship will be so obliging as to excuse me. Our field-days are beginning ; I do not enlist myself for field-nights. Lady Frettington must dispense with me at her review.”

“ No such thing ! I have set my heart upon her having you. If you will only appear there for a single waltz, I will get you invited to all Lady Amabel Roden's *soirées*.”

“ Lady Amabel Roden ? That magnificent woman who cannot sit upright in a pit-box at the opera ? ”

“ Exactly ! The woman who is obliged to have a well to her carriage in order that she may be let into it, and allow for the seat being a foot lower than ordinary.”

“ A thousand thanks. *When* is Lady Frettington's ball ? ”

“ On the 23rd.”

“ Upon second thoughts, I fancy I

have no engagement for the 23rd. I shall have the honour of waiting upon her."

And this time his parting bow was accepted, and Ribston was suffered to escape.

"I thought you were going to overlook Ormsby and myself?" said I, as Lady Grue now flustered towards me, inquiring after my shattered knee.

"Overlook *you*, my dear Poz? You little know my heart! Pray do me the honour to make me known to Lord Ormsby, I have not the honour of his acquaintance."

"Lady Grue, Lord Ormsby,—Ormsby, my aunt, Lady Grue."

"Delighted to have the pleasure—was intimately acquainted with your amiable grandmother, Mrs. Wortham—hope to have—by the way, my dear Lord Ormsby, you are the very man I wanted. Here is a card for my poor dear friend Lady Frettington's ball. You will do me the greatest of favours by appearing there for half an hour. Lady Frettington is anxious to secure as good a show of the Crockford's set as she can collect."

"Your ladyship does me too much honour. I seldom go to more than a ball a-year."

"Make Lady Frettington's then the favourite against the field."

"Excuse me. I have been engaged from the beginning of the season to the benefit ball of the Master of the Ceremonies at White Conduit House, whom I cannot disappoint."

"Let Ormsby alone, if you are wise, my dear aunt," said I, not liking to see my relations hoaxed by any one but myself. "Ormsby was the man who hung the sign of the original Old Ass, the other night, over the door of the Mayor of Melton."

"Good bye, Poz. Allow me to wish your Ladyship good night," cried Ormsby, snatching his hat. "I cannot stand by to hear my nothings monstered!"

"Poor young man! I fear he is in a very bad school," said Lady Grue, shrugging her little shoulders, with a significant smile, as the door closed upon my friend. "But my business here, my dear Poz, is with *you*. You are the very man I wanted. My poor dear friend, Lady Frettington——"

"Stay, stay, stay," cried I, interrupt-

ing an harangue, with which I was becoming as familiar as with the learning of Cosmogony man in the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' "You know very well I cannot appear at her ball. Even for a *quarter* of an hour; nor can I suppose your poor dear friend desirous of having as good a show of broken-down foxhunters at her ball as she can contrive to hark in."

"My dear nephew, you anticipate. Always keep in mind the anecdote of the Irish judge and the counsellor's murdered calf. My business with you is to deposit in your hands *not* a single card, but a whole pack."

"For what purpose? To invite the whole pack of the Quorn or Pytchley?"

"To invite any satisfactory young man who may drop in upon you. I know half St. James's street loungers here in the course of the day. Pray don't forget my poor dear friend Lady Frettington."

"You must define, in the first place, what you mean by a satisfactory young man; and tell me, in the second, what I am to remember concerning your poor dear friend."

"A satisfactory young man? Oh! one knows the meaning of a satisfactory young man."

"Indeed you have the advantage of me."

"A satisfactory young man—a—a—means—a—a—it means a young man who is either somebody, or somebody's son."

"But is anybody nobody's son?"

"Poz—you are extremely provoking."

"I merely ask for information."

"Well then, Lord Milton is a satisfactory young man; Lord S—— (since Lady K's disappointment) is a *very* satisfactory young man; Lord Fitzalan, Lord Compton, Lord ——."

"I understand you *now*. But you soar too high above me. With none of these, have I the honour of an acquaintance."

"No matter, I have plenty of irons in the fire. I can get at them in another way. But among your own particular set ——"

"There are only three satisfactories; Lord A——, who is too serious for balls; Lord B——, who is too studious for balls; and your friend, Ormsby, who will most likely be too glorious. With

respect to Lady Frettington,——"

"With *great* respect, if you please, for she is my very particular friend."

"What *can* be the meaning of all her exertions for the mere purpose of giving a ball?"

"Because she does not know a soul in London. The Frettingtons have been buried alive these ten years in the Highlands."

"But she has no daughter out?"

"Clara Frettington is only fifteen."

"Then there can be no occasion for giving balls on *her* account."

"Poz, Poz! your ignorance of the world is quite distressing! Don't you know that in certain clubs, a man must be black-balled thrice before he can get in? Don't you know that three unsuccessful ballotings are necessary to become an India Director?"

"But Lady Frettington (though an old woman) don't want to be made an India Director?"

"She wants to get into society. She

wants to make a good London acquaintance. Every new woman must give two bad balls before she can filter her set into anything satisfactory."

"Had she waited till her eldest daughter was presented," resumed her Ladyship, not noticing my interruption, "poor Clara and Louisa would have risked the acquaintance of all the tigers in town (who will probably be at Lady Frettington's on the 23rd). As it is, thanks to *my* good advice, she will get through all the dirty work before the girls come out. Two years hence, Lady Frettington's balls will have become the right thing. People will have done inquiring, 'who is that Lady Frettington?'"

"*En attendant*—who is this Lady Frettington?"

"Why, to say the truth, but I can't explain the whole to you, just now. That is my sister Matcham's knock, and you know we don't sit in the same room. *A demain*, my dear Poz, and *à Dieu*."

Court Journal.

MUSIC.

Oh! Music dwelleth not in silvery tones,
Trilled forth by nimble throat,
Nor in the quiverings of the liquid voice,
Whose art the lowly thrush excels,
When from green thorn, at set of summer sun,
She pours her merry song.

But music lieth in the whispering wind,
And in the moor-bird's mellow notes,
And in the murmuring voice of mountain rills,
That glide toward their ocean home;
And music floateth in the still clear heaven,
And in the soft and pearly moon,
That looketh down upon the sleeping main,
And in the glittering ripple of the waves,
And in all things that happy are, and bright
Upon this stern and sinful earth,
Dwelleth sweet harmony for gentle souls.
And music sweet dwells in the gentle lay
Of her who swells the dreamy song,
That floating, luscious with rich melody,
A deep and lonely stream,
Brings back upon its tide to weary hearts
The friends of former years,
And happy homes, and merry days gone by,
And pleasant woodlands far away,
The gentle memories of the severed chain,
Whose fairy links once bound the wanderer here,
Till the rapt soul, swelling with visions sweet,
Shudders to wake again on this drear world.

C. K.

Literature, Reviews, &c.

FROM Dr. Spry's amusing work on 'Modern India,' we give the following curious account of the Kookees :—

"The Kookees, as these brutal wretches are called, have, according to the account afforded me by Major Gairdner, protuberant bellies ; they are low in stature, with set features, and muscular limbs. They speak a dialect peculiar to themselves, and build their villages on the boughs of the forest trees. They do not appear to have any settled abiding place, but wander in herds from one wilderness to another. When a site favourable to their purpose has been found, the whole community set to work to collect bamboos and branches of trees, which are afterwards fashioned into platforms, and placed across the lofty boughs of the different trees. On this foundation the rude grass superstructure is raised which forms the hut. When these sheds are completed, and every family provided with an habitation, the women and children are taken into their aerial abodes. The men then lop off all the branches within reach of the ground, and having constructed for themselves a rough ladder of bamboos, they ascend the trees by the means of this rude staircase, drawing it up after them to prevent the intrusion of strangers, and a necessary precaution against the encroachments of their four-footed companions of the forest. In this manner they repose, floating in the branches, and cradled by the wind, partaking more of the savage ferocity of brutes than the milder charities of man. To persons who have travelled much in India, the mere circumstance of a whole tribe of natives choosing to take up their permanent habitation in the trees would not excite much surprise, since the watchmen who are employed in the charge of mango groves, or other valuable fruit cultivations, often form a sort of nest on the branches of some neighbouring trees, a small hut, or rather shed, just sufficient to shield the body from the inclemency of the weather, being raised upon a platform resting on the boughs. The Kookees, therefore, in this particular, only differ from more civilized natives, forced by necessity upon expedients of the kind, by living constantly in trees ; in other respects there is fortunately no

similarity, even to the most degrading beings of the human race. They openly boast of their feats of cannibalism, showing, with the strongest expressions of satisfaction, the bones and residue of their fellow-creatures who have fallen a prey to their horrible appetites. So intent are they in their search after human flesh, that the superintendant was always obliged to send out the men employed in hunting the elephants, armed with muskets, and in not fewer than parties of ten. One poor man they unfortunately caught while off his guard, and devoured him almost before his life-blood had congealed in his veins. Attempts have been made to subdue and civilize these people, and one of their head men was won over, and employed by Major Gairdner at the elephant dépôt, but he could not be induced to relinquish his old habits. In a short time he was detected in the commission of a murder, and he was executed by the civil authorities of Chittagong.

When the tidings of this man's fate reached the ears of his former associates, they became greatly incensed, and for a long time afterwards exerted themselves, happily in vain, to obtain possession of the person of the superintendant, who had frequently occasion to cross their path in the execution of his duty. These people, strange as it may appear, are living within one hundred and fifty miles of Calcutta, the metropolis of British India, and the seat of government, and yet their existence even is scarcely known by the people who are not in authority—comparatively little information from the woods and jungles of the savage portions of Bengal finding its way to Calcutta newspapers. The existence of cannibals in India is a fact only recently established, and many were of opinion that the race was extinct ; it has now, however, been proved beyond all question, that the Kookees who infest the blue mountains of Chittagong, and the Gounds, inhabiting the hill forest of Nagpore, both feed upon human flesh. There is this distinction in favour of the latter, that they partake of it only occasionally, and in compliance with a religious custom ; while the Kookees delight and banquet on the horrid repast.

We quote the following specimen of 'Select Conversation' from the Countess of Blessington's admirable work 'The Victims of Society':—

Select conversation :—

"Lady Acid, who has gained a reputation for wit on the strength of extreme *ill-nature*—which, *entre nous soit dit*, in London is continually mistaken for it—declares that, in a moral point of view, *ball costumés* should be encouraged here, as they compel many ladies to think of *character* who had forgotten the advantages of such a possession !

"How novel it must be to several of my friends," said Lady Acid, 'to have a character even for one night !'

"Why, after all," said Lord Charles Brettville, 'they have done so long, and so well, without such an appendage, that it would be now as useless as the long exploded pockets.'

"How many hearts," drawled out sentimental Mrs. Coningsby, 'beat quicker now, in the anticipation of conquests to be achieved, or chains to be riveted, or truant admirers to be regained—'

"Or female friends to be mortified !' interrupted Lady Acid.

"I shall go as a Venetian lady," said the Marchioness of Eiderdown, 'because it will enable me to wear the whole of my jewels.'

"The only occasions on which she is brilliant," whispered Lady Acid in my ear.

"I shall go as a shepherdess," lisped Lady Simper.

"Because the dress will display at once the smallness of her waist, and of her wit," added Lady Acid again.

"I shall go as a Swiss peasant," said Lady Mellicent.

"To show her legs," rejoined her friend, Lady Acid.

"I have chosen a Greek dress," observed Lady Rawlinson.

"And not ill chosen, either," whispered Lady Acid, 'if all we hear of her gaming propensities be true.'

"I mean to personate a Magdalen," said Mrs. Walton, 'with my hair falling on my shoulders.'

"Are you not afraid of people's thinking the character too appropriate ?' asked her last discarded admirer.

"My dress shall be that of a Roman empress," said Lady Easy.

"Messalina, I suppose," whispered Lady Acid.

"In what character shall I go ?' asked Lord Wellingford.

"In that of the Careless Husband," replied Lady Acid.

"And you Mr. Milner," demanded another, 'what character will you personify ?'

"The Poor Gentleman," whispered Lady Acid.

"The report then, is true," said Lady Rawlinson, 'that Mr. Milner is ruined, and lives by his wits.'

"As to being ruined, I believe it is true enough," answered Lady Acid ; 'but living by his wits I hold to be impossible, for the capital is too small to allow interest enough to support even a mouse.'

"Observe Wellingford," said Mr. Milner ; 'how conceited he looks !—he thinks himself a perfect Adonis.'

"Poor fellow ! though no Adonis, he may yet share the same fate," replied Lady Acid,—'that of being destroyed by a bore—if he should be again condemned to a *séjour* in the country, *tête-à-tête* with his wife.'

The New Sporting Magazine.

No. LXXIII.

This number of the New Sporting Magazine is a real good one ; the articles are well written and varied in their subjects. The embellishments are also first-rate : the first is, "A Leopard seizing an Antelope ;" the second "the Trout Stream," both of which are admirably executed. Among the excellent articles we find "Mr. John Jorrock's Ode to Spring," which is written in a new style. We have much pleasure in extracting the following clever paper.

"THE ROAD."

"The Road !" I hear somebody exclaim—"why Nimrod has told us all about that long ago—what can this be ?" Very true : but I and Sam Weller's 'pike-keepers, will convince you that you can be *tolled* about other roads. There's Colossus of Rhodes—Mac Adam—who has lately gone the road of all clay ; but it is not about him that we would speak,

*We should like to see a prose article or two by Jorrock's.

although they say that the men who break stones upon the road according to his plan, are the best arithmeticians in the world, because they are so well acquainted with fractions. There are cross-roads—those are not the ones I select, and I hope my readers will avoid them—at any rate during the perusal of this article. The only men that have a right to be cross are the pike-keeper at New Cross, who naturally rails against the Greenwich railroad; and Mr. Cross of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, who has failed in effecting a cross between a giraffe and an antelope. There's roads upon the turf—Mr. R. Rhodes we mean. And there's also Mr. Rush's Rhoda colt: the latter, by the bye, produced a pugilistic encounter. *Leg loquitur*: "What will any gentleman lay, Mr. Rush Rhoda colt for the Derby? What will any body like to lay agin Mr. Rush Rhodocantha for the Oaks?" A clear-headed clod in the vicinity immediately exclaimed, "I'll lay you a pot as Mr. Rush never *rode a colt* for the Derby, and I do not much think as he ever *rode a canter* for the hoaks. I comes from Essex." One, two, in the face was the speedy and only reply. A gentleman picked up the innocent calf, and telling him to wipe his face, which was in half mourning, observed, "Do not mind it a rush—the colt is out of Rhoda, and will go back to a road, for it is of no use in good company."

Every *stage* has its road, as indeed it ought. There's "the road to get married," which is frequently performed at Gretna and St. George's, with great success; dramatically speaking, it is a fair acting piece, full of bustle, but sometimes a little too hurried. It is occasionally followed by "The Road to Ruin," a very fast road and full of business just now. Our legitimate drama proprietors have been playing the latter for some time, and it has been so well known, that they have not taken the trouble to put it on their bills—alias, the turnpike tickets of that road. The *on dit* is, that the theatrical stage fills outside better than in, and from some of their best leaders having kicked over the traces latterly, few people will be induced to venture there again. The aforesaid leaders have put forth an appeal to a liberal public!—who ever

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heard of a liberal *public*? I never went into one in my life that I did not see an admonition over the fire-place, modestly suggesting that prompt payment prevents disputes. I never knew but one public in my life where trust was ever thought of, and the owner had been a private servant. The word "Trust" reminds me of the road. Why do they paint upon the turnpike gates, "No Trust,"—it is a trust, and if one's understanding is not as clear as starch, might lead to dispute. Why not, "No Tick:"—every body would understand that, from a shepherd to a clock-maker. It must be spelt with a K, otherwise it might lead to blunders. A friend of mine walked into a shop the other day, meaning of course to have the articles that he might select put down, or in other words chalked up: his eyes fell upon a placard headed *NOTICE*—the final *e* being omitted as superfluous. My friend, who had taken the degree of B. A. with credit, thought he ought to receive unlimited credit from all tradesmen, abruptly quitted the non-trusting mart, as he thought it, muttering to himself, "I know what's a'clock! No tick, no go." But enough of this rhodomontade, let us get back to the road.

Know then, that one fine morning I took to the road—not as old Turpin did, armed with pistols, and mounted on Black Bess—but armed with a carpet bag, and mounted in the back-gammon board of the Heavy Safety, four in, twelve out, and the guard—Heaven forgive me for misapplying the word—mounted on the roof of luggage, fast asleep before we had proceeded two miles. "Now Joey, blow away, for 'em to know we are a-coming," and Joey roused himself and blew, first his nose and then his horn—his nasal organ with his digits; and again he dropped into a dose, in which he still seemed conscious of his duties, for he snored loudly and with deliberation, as if he were performing a bugle solo. Coachmen and guards have so often sat for their portraits, and have been portrayed by such able hands, that I am almost tempted to abandon the task. The portraits already taken are sufficient to fill the new National Gallery—but everything in its place—mine shall be placed in the Old Original, for such was

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my hero : he was a caricature upon all guards that ever have been, that ever will be drawn. I do not allude to horse or foot guards, but coach guards. He was a substantive. He stood alone : but derived power from an adjective in the shape of a coach-wheel which he leant against, when the aforesaid wheel was not in motion—a second Hercules, reposing after his labours. Hercules had his club, so had the guard ; the only difference was that the son of Jove always carried a club about with him, my hero contented himself with visiting his once a week. On my first introduction to him I was led to suspect, from the strong odour of juniper which he exhaled, that he had been taking his weekly spiritual exercise with his club the night before ; and my suspicions were confirmed on his giving me, by leisurely instalments, the following piece of information. “ Last night—this morning—club-night glorious—such singing—such drinking—all along—of that last glass—stronger than ‘tother—seven—’pon my life—believe—really—sartain—must have been—three parts gin.” Confiding mortal ! I did not enter into argument to disprove his assertion, I implicitly believed him ; his hand, under the influence of delight at the vocal power of his friends, or under the influence of the liquids he had imbibed, had evidently not retained its wonted steadiness, and hence the error in the amalgamation. It was a fine sun-shining day, and yet he—I conclude from the recollection of the *wet* night he had passed—was encased in every species of protection from wind and weather, that had ever been invented. When he had cast his skins, which he did in order to pay his addresses to a leg of mutton with greater facility, he was more like a grub in the very interior of kernel of a peach-stone than anything else. First came a prodigious oil-skin cape ; and then a coat—coat is no name for it, had Johnson seen it we should have had an addendum to the dictionary. It was a covering of the thickest, coarsest, and *spongiest* material I ever set eyes on. From its having been wet two days before, and not yet dry, it presented not an inapt illustration of that natural production between a ripe Swedish turnip and an unripe plum, styled the pulp of an October peach, which upon violent

pressure gives but a slight quantity of moisture called juice ; verjuice I call it. This was followed by a light snuff-coloured garment, the colour selected by himself, to match that of the titillating powder, with which he ever and anon stimulated his olfactory nerves ; what pleased his nose had also pleased his eye. The snuff-box coat opened, and disclosed a waistcoat of the same snuffy hue : it was one of those usually denominated stomach warmers, from their extending over that part of the person, and protecting it from the inclement attacks of our climate. A continuation, of the same hue and material, extended to his knees, in the shape of a pair of inexpressibles—irresistibles as a lady mayoress called them by mistake—and a further continuation extended to two huge paddles, that supplied the place of feet. Then as to his face : he was the original proprietor of the nose from which the Irishman asked leave to light his dhudeen. To attempt to paint his face would be indeed a fruitless task, besides it was already painted deep red. I never heard of more than one artist who could have depicted it—Rubens ; and I have my suspicions that even he would not have imparted to it ruby enough. His mind—“ never *mind* about that”—his own phrase, his own mode of terminating every discussion that he permitted himself to enter into. His political opinions I am inclined to think were of the old school, inasmuch as he designated any person or object that ruffled his serene temper as “ *Rebellious Radical*,” or, “ *Low Liberal Heels*.” The former appellation he applied to a gentleman—“ gentleman indeed ! ” as he observed—who was bold enough to solicit another situation for his hat-box, which was swinging on the lamp iron, and from gentle friction disclosed to us outsiders a new Jupp. An animated discussion ensued, but the gentleman was evidently in the wrong. In the first place, he was under an obligation to the guard, who had demanded a cigar from him ; which request the gentleman acceded to, and in order to comply with his desire, requested him to hold his umbrella, whilst he got his cigar-case out of his pocket. A ship-load of cigars could not have repaid the suavity and grace which the guard displayed on this occasion. The laconic phrase “ Give us

hold of it, and look sharp," was beautiful; it disclosed so much of that amiable disposition so much lauded by moralists, the love to oblige people who obliged you, and a fondness for activity of body as well as mind. He held the umbrella—there was an obligation; that he dropped it, and that the wheel passed over it is true, but that was an accident, and ought to have been overlooked. His response to the remonstrance of ingratitude was unanswerable. "How can I do two things at once; I 'ant got ten hands, have I?" How correct again, he was not gifted with more than two! "How could I light my cigar, and hold the umbrella too?—I did not drop it—it dropped down of itself—rebellious radical you are!" The gentleman would have borne the fracture that the umbrella had sustained, but the last phrase was what the port-fire is to the cannon—off he bounced like a bottle of spruce beer at Astley's on a warm night. He was a whig: and your whigs do not like to be thought or to be called radicals. "Pray, sir, are you the guard?" "I rather think I am: and what then, young huffy?" was the cool reply of my hero, who looked as indifferent as a tax-gatherer. "Then if you do not remove that hat-box, I shall not remember you." Now the guard, who, as I before observed, was a lover of songs and gin-and-water, retorted with alacrity and acrimony, "What? not 'A place in thy memory, dearest?'—then I shan't have nothing to thank you for." Here was a specimen of brilliant repartee, rarely met with in these degenerate days. "You are a stupid fellow, sir, you have swamped your intellects in gin-and-water." "Who made you a judge, young crab-apple? Whoever measured you for intellects, cut his cloth terribly small to be sure." "I shall not forget your insolence, sir, and shall inform your proprietors that you do not keep time." "Keep time—time never kept me—why should I keep time? you keep your tongue warm, shut your mouth, mind yourself, nobody else will mind you, unless you gets a boy to mind you, as has been used to mind Cows, and is in want of a situation." Here I put a stop to the animated discussion by removing the bone of contention from its uneasy berth. The next opportunity afforded me of judging of his political

principles was an unruly leader, who was rather averse to ascend a steep pitch; a "come up!" in a surly voice, and an application of his toe to the sides of the animal, were the only remonstrance used. The horse who had never learnt that you ought to return good for evil, but had a notion of returning a compliment in kind, turned short round and planted both his heels in my gentleman's stomach, and laid him on his back. The kick would have killed a horse, but what will kill a horse, need not of necessity kill a man, as was proved in this instance, for he rose apparently unhurt, with an ejaculation of "Playful villain!—Low Liberal Heels!" and after giving admonitory hints to the Jehu, "to pitch into him, and that he would stand 'Sam' for a new point," he resumed his former station. Although his politics appeared to be high tory, his opinions on the church question induced me to believe him to be rather a trimmer. He appeared averse to all rates excepting rating horses and hounds, and upon my soliciting him to inform me what he thought about pulling down the church, he bit his nail, and like many other great men prefaced his pithy speech with "Since you ask me what I think about it, I will tell you what I think." A suspicion crept over my mind that he had not given it a thought until that moment. "I think, indeed I am sure, there is no harm in going to church;" in this we were unanimous: "and I tell you I have been twice to church in my life, and I hope I shall go agin. I went when I were christened, and when I were married, and I hope I shall go agin when I'm buried." What force, what power of imagination was depicted in these few words! He evidently was a tolerant man, and evidently a lover of the church; he had been, and he wished to go again! We have visited the object we love, and if we are gratified, we wished to repeat the visit; so it was with him. I felt sorrowful when the coach drew up to lighten itself of my enlightened frame, but the best friends must part. After my friend had shewn me every portmanteau, hat-box, and dressing-case, that the vehicle contained—because mine was a carpet-bag—and after some indistinct mutterings of thick-scall, which he of course applied to himself, I

began to suspect that through my own carelessness, not the guard's, it had been omitted to be stowed away in the boot which was so large and capacious, that the giant in the pantomime must have been measured for it. Having at length obtained what I wanted, I trudged slowly away, casting one fond glance at the gigantic frame of the guard, the frame of body only equalled by the gigantic frame of mind therein contained. I fell into a deep reverie upon my good fortune in having met with so agreeable an acquaintance on the road, and was only aroused from it by my uncle's boy, who had come to carry my carpet-bag across the fields, and who not perceiving me was loudly whistling "Garde à vous."

Position of the Baronets of the British Empire. BY A TRAVELLER. Mortimer, Wigmore-street.

The main point aimed at by the author of this clever work is to redress the want of consideration which English baronets, as well as the rest of the nobility, experience at home and abroad. The author says, very fairly, that every foreign vagabond that comes to England with ten pounds in his pocket, the lowest title it is possible for his country to confer, and some thirty acres of land as a qualification, is treated with far more distinction in this country than the old English baronet—the descendant of a long line of honourable ancestors—meets with abroad. The grandson of an English earl writes on his passport merely "*Gentilhomme Anglaise*," whilst an English tailor, or a travelling penny-a-liner, who has purchased a foreign title for a few pounds, inserts his spurious honours at full length, and figures as a much more important person than the genuine nobleman. The price paid for a title of nobility in Germany is about 360 florins, or fourteen pounds sterling.

The following opinions and anecdotes are gleaned from this volume, and will at once edify our readers:—

English and Foreign Princes.—Unless our books of history and heraldry are all wrong, the British duke, marquis, and earl have as much right to the title of prince as any foreigner, with one advantage over him, viz., that they receive their princely dignity—not by virtue of

a bit of parchment, declaratory of the grace and pleasure of a despotic monarch, but as resulting from their pre-eminent station in the ranks of a free-born high nobility, who have the hereditary privilege of saying No to the king and all his ministers, and of acting in that negative.

Foreign Nobility.—One cause of the abundant crop of nobility which we find on the continent, is the custom for the whole of a man's family, and the whole of their descendants, *ad infinitum*, to take the same title as the chief of it. To understand the working of such a practice, let the reader suppose that it had been followed in our own country. Let us take, for instance, the chief of the Buccleugh family in the time of William the Conqueror—let us call him Baron Scott, of lesser nobility, and suppose that all his posterity had claimed a right to bear his title—what would be the result? Why, Barons Scott would be more plentiful than cockchafers in April! Nevertheless, it is to such barons as these that our baronet is often postponed both at home and abroad. One ought not, therefore, to be astonished at finding that in Russia there are 580,000 nobles, in Austria 339,000 male nobles; nor that in Spain, in the year 1785, there were 479,000; nor that in France, at the revolution, there were 365,000 noble families. But of these last only 4,120 were of ancient "gentility." Nor ought one to wonder at the immense number of nobles in Hungary, when one remembers that in that country every man who is not a slave calls himself "nemes," or noble; for there free and noble are synonymous. If the Hungarian constitution prevailed in England, all our yeomanry and freeholders would be termed noble. The same remark is applicable to Poland. As to Italy, counts and barons are in such abundance, that English travellers often have them for their domestics. We have seen some specimens of them amongst the witnesses who appeared before the House of Lords during the proceedings which took place there some fifteen years ago. From the above-stated facts and observations, we may form a judgment as to the worth of the foreign lesser nobility compared with that of England.



Court News, &c.

WINDSOR.—We are happy to state that the health of the Queen continues to improve. Her Majesty has been enabled to join the evening parties, and to walk out on the terrace.

The king inspected the troops in the quadrangle of the Castle on Sunday morning 21st ult., and afterwards attended Divine Worship in the private Chapel.

The Chapter of the Bath and the grand banquet, which have been twice postponed, are now fixed to take place at the Castle on Saturday, the June 3.

The Duke of Cumberland and the Duchess of Gloucester visited their Majesties last week.

The dresses worn by the members of the Royal Family at the last drawing-room, were composed entirely of British manufacture. The Princess Augusta wore a black crape dress with deep goffered flounce, over rich black ducapes; manteau of black crape; head-dress, black crape toque with lappets, plume and black ornaments. The Duchess of Kent was attired in a crape dress, over black silk; train of black silk, trimmed with crape to correspond; head-dress, feathers, black crape, lappets, and jet ornaments. The Princess Victoria wore a crape dress, over black silk; train of black silk, with crape to correspond; head-dress, feathers, black crape lappets, and jet ornaments.

PRINCESS VICTORIA'S Birth Day.—On Wednesday, the 24th ult., their Majesties gave a State Ball at the Palace, in celebration of the Princess Victoria's Birth-day, for which upwards of one thousand cards of invitation were issued. The King of the Belgians and the prince of Orange were present at the entertainment, as was expected.

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria honoured the Italian Opera with their presence, on the 16th ult. The Royal Duchess will give a grand ball at Kensington Palace on the 12th of June, for which invitations on a very extensive scale have been issued.

PARIS.—On Tuesday, 16th of May, his Majesty, accompanied by General Pajol and his Aides-de-Camp, went to visit the Museum at Versailles. On arriving in the Court of the Chateau, his Majesty reviewed the pupils of the school of St. Cyr, who received his Majesty with the warmest acclamations. After they had passed in file the King harangued them on the hopes their country founded on them, and on the duties and privations of their noble profession; his Majesty concluded by promising the colours long solicited by the battalion of St. Cyr. His promise was received with prolonged shouts of *Vive le Roi!* in which the national guards and troops of the line on duty at the Chateau warmly participated. All is preparation at Fontainebleau for the Duke of Orleans' marriage. The rooms which Madame de Maintenon occupied have been fitted up for the reception of M. de Talleyrand. The apartments of the future Duchess are distinct from those of his Royal Highness, and the same arrangements will be observed at the Tuileries after the marriage.

BRUSSELS.—The Duke of Orleans and Madame Adelaide have taken their departure for Paris.

BERLIN.—Her Royal Highness the Princess Albert of Prussia gave birth to a son on the 8th ult. The Princess and the young Prince are going on very favourably.

Fashions for June, and French News of the Month.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

You wish me to give you a long and accurate description of the most novel and beautiful dresses; but how can I do this, *ma belle*, since the long-champs has been so dreadfully triste; *toujour mauvais temps*, which I am sorry to hear is just the case in England. You know, *ma chère*, que nous autre femmes s'ennuient *toujourchez nous*, sans occupation, mais malgré cela, a great number of ladies have been very busy in making little articles for the divers fancy sales or bazaars held by many of our distinguished personages of this metropolis, the profits of which have been devoted to the relief of the poor Italian refugees, and other charitable purposes: this you will say is very praiseworthy on the part of our nobility.

A great number of most successful pieces have recently been brought out at the principal theatres, amongst which is, "*La vieillesse d'un grand Roi*," which is now performing at the Theatre Français to remarkably crowded and fashionable audiences.

I must just mention, *ma chère*, that a great number of novel amusements (*fêtes*) are in contemplation (so in case you visit this capital, you will have plenty to see and delight you on the summer evenings) in the shape of concerts. Several flat-bottomed boats of a new shape are now being built; they are to have an amphitheatre at one end, and so fitted up, that elegant awnings may be introduced in case of bad weather. The boats will be ornamented in the most elegant style, and lighted up at night with different coloured lamps of quite a new manufacture. All Paris seems to be acquainted with this novel amusement. I understand that the vessels will be propelled by the all-powerful steam-engine, of a different character to any yet introduced, and will float between the Pont des Invalides and that of the Concorde, up and down the river Seine: these floating concerts will commence in the evening throughout the summer months.

Now, *ma chère amie*, I will endeavour to acquaint you of all the nouveautés of which this capital boasts of being the leader.

Hats.—Have you seen the new carriage hat? It is without exception the most becoming of any I have seen. It is composed of straw-coloured *reps de venise*. The *chapeau* is small, à la Montagnard; the brim is shallow, but very wide, and the crown placed very far back, and diminished very much at the sides, so that the tufts of curls pass beyond it. The trimming should be of ribbon to correspond, and two white ostrich feathers tipped with straw-colour. Rice-straw hats are worn enormously large; I have seen some of the gipsy form without any ornament under the brim, and the crown trimmed with a wreath of wild flowers and a sprig of fruit-blossoms introduced in the wreath.

I think hats have undergone more changes than any other part of the toilette; the crowns are very different from those of last year; they are worn more spread out in front than ever.

Capotes.—I should say to those ladies who do not fancy the present shape of bonnets,—wear capotes, which are very fashionable, and considerably less in size—are made of embroidered tulle, and trimmed with white ribbon, striped with cerise or moss green. The Pamela hats are extremely prevailing amongst the haut ton. The fronts are spread out, and the crown quite at the back; some are made of *moiré* or watered silk, with gothic blonde lappets fastened at the back, and tie under the chin. Lilacs, acacia, and snow-balls are the fashionable flowers for hats.

Riding Dresses.—*Pain brûlé* and deep blue are the colours most in request; the corsage is the same as before, with the exception of the lappets being deeper. The sleeve sits full round the arm-hole; the wrist is made à l'Ipsariote—Greek style—and no hat so becoming as a small black beaver.

Spencers.—As this is an important article of toilette, and is now very fashionable, I shall do right to mention that they should be worn with white robes only; they are made of *gros d'antique* and *pou de soie*. Those I have just seen are light green and fawn colours.

Capuchins.—This mode is likely to continue fashionable beyond our expectations; some are composed of muslin, lined with rose sarsnet. It is a pretty coiffeur for the garden.

Materials for Evening Dresses.—A very pretty material has just appeared both for the young and social parties. It is a new *gauze de line* quadrilled in white, in colours most recherché, more particularly those with blue or rose-coloured ground. Satin *Alphée* is a beautiful material, twilled and glazed in the white on a coloured ground, forms a shade as light as the surface of a calm piece of water.

Evening Dresses.—The *corsages* are not worn so low as they have been, and are more rounded on the bosom. The sleeves are made quite tight, and the present style of trimming is yet adopted, with slight modifications.

Shawls.—Those of black *fillet de soie* are decidedly very beautiful and rare, the price being very high; they are square, and of a large size, edged with a deep black fringe, the effect of which is extremely rich; two of the

corners are rounded and the other two pointed.

Parasols are seen now very large, of which *pou de soie* and *gros de naples*, edged with light *galoon*; those of green taffetas *chiné* are only for walking dress.

Colours.—Fashionable colours are—*poussière*, French grey, and many neutral tints are likely to be in favor, for *négligé*—*blue Louise*, lemon colour, and all the light shades of green, rose, lilac, cherry colour, are used for half-dress and evening costume; white will still be preferred for hats and bonnets.

Flowers.—A great variety of fruit blossoms, the hypoxis, sweet scented pea, heliotropes, roses of various kinds, Easter daisies, lilacs of both kinds; heath blossoms are also very much in request, and look very neat and becoming.

Maintenant, chère amie, il faut te dire adieu, car mon mari m'attend pour me promener.

Je t'embrasse de tout cœur,
M. de W——.

Rue Richelieu, à Paris,
Mai 27, 1837.

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

OUR last number being published the day on which the National Gallery was opened to the public, our notice appears later this year than usual.

East Room.

46. The Hindoo Girl's Offering. W. Daniell, R.A.—This painting, descriptive of a practice prevalent among the Hindoo females, struck us as well executed, it appeared to excite general attention.

68. Portrait of the Queen. Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.—We consider this a good likeness of her Majesty; it is beautifully executed, particularly the drapery.

119. Mary Queen of Scots escaping from Lochleven Castle. Sir D. Wilkie, R.A.—The figures are well enough painted though sketchy. The face of Mary struck us as devoid of animation. The attitude of young Douglas is graceful—the face of Catherine Seaton beautiful and expressive.

122. The Syrens of Ulysses. W. Etty, R.A.—This is far from being one of Mr. Etty's most happy efforts.

144. The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-teller. Sir D. Wilkie.—Sir David appears to have bestowed more than usual pains to render this picture effective. The whole group is highly finished. The negro in the back-ground admirable.

Middle Room.

288. The Meeting of his Majesty's Stag Hounds, &c. F. Grant.—As soon as we could get a peep at this picture through the crowd of young ladies who surrounded it, we discovered that the &c. was of some importance. The picture is composed of hounds, horses, and men—among the latter we recognized some well-known Nimrods. That's him—"that's D'Orsay," said a young lady to her sister. "Which? which?" "That handsome fellow in front," was the reply. In fact, this portrait of the Count seemed to be a point of attraction for every

young lady in the room. This picture is well painted, except the grey horse of the huntsman, who looks far better calculated to draw the deer-cart, than carry twelve stone, *best pace*, over Leicestershire or Yorkshire.

347. *The Distress*. T. Gudin.—Many may pass over this painting, which, if not the best in the exhibition is nearly so. It is a boat at sea exposed to a storm. The writer must have taken his sketch from the admirable lines of Byron's *Don Juan*, for truly does "famine and despair" appear depicted on the forms of the shipwrecked seamen. At the bottom of the boat two are sleeping in the icy arms of death. Another tottering, as it were, upon the verge of the ocean of eternity, holds upon a broken oar a bit of sail as a signal. In the front of the boat is the figure of a man stretching out his hand, either fancying he sees a ship in the distance, or in an agony of wretchedness, crying, "Lord save or we perish!"

350. *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. Sir D. Wilkie.—Here we have Wilkie in his own original style—why will he so often wander from it? Though not so highly finished as some of his earlier productions, it is a master-stroke of art.

West Room.

403. *The Deluge*. J. Martin.—There is only one man who could paint a picture of this kind—so awfully, so magnificently grand!! and that is Martin.

We have not time to prolong this review, although upon looking over our notes, we find that we were much delighted with many, that want both of time and space prevent our particularizing.

Sculpture.

We wish to draw the attention of our fair friends to 1163. *Faun Sleeping*.—1171. *A Group of Affection*.—1270. *Melancholy*.—1192. *Wickliffe preaching to the people*. R. Westmacott, Jun. This is decidedly the best thing in the room. The only fault we find with it is the robe of the preacher, which appears stiff; still,

If to its share some fiscal errors fall,
Look at the whole and you forget them all.

We also were pleased with some well-executed busts by Sir F. Chantrey, Weigall, and Butler.

The Minor Planetarium, with explanatory companion.—We have had much pleasure in the examination of this very useful little machine, representing the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, in a simple yet accurate manner. A short time spent in practical illustration would be found to be worth any number of lessons, without corresponding views annexed to them: we shall strongly recommend this school ornament to both teachers and governesses.

Miss Linwood's Picture Gallery, Leicester Square.—We have praised this beautiful exhibition so recently in a former notice, that it leaves us little more to say, than it well deserves a visit, and remains open for public view, with the same choice selection of needle-work pictures. It is the only exhibition of the kind in this country.

A New Seraphine.—Our musical reporter has recently inspected a seraphine, invented by Mr. Hart of Hatton Garden; the tone and musical powers of the instrument are certainly much improved, and the arrangement altogether so excellent, as to render it incapable of getting seldom or ever out of order. (See advertisement in the present work.)

Burford's Panorama of the City and Bay of Dublin.—Amongst the many beautiful performances of Mr. Burford, the present picture forms no exception. It is admirably painted, and the subject is scarcely less adapted for a succession of felicitous effects than the most admired of the many previous exhibitions. The view is taken from Killeeney, a hill of considerable height, about eight miles from Dublin, and so situated as to comprehend a most extensive prospect on every side. Immediately in front of the spectator, beyond a varied and luxuriant valley, stands the city, "the white buildings contrasting well with the intermediate rich scenery;" to the right of which opens the bay, stretching into the Irish Sea, a vast expanse of water, "the blue and placid, melting into the almost cloudless sky, the sails of many vessels faintly discernible in the extreme distance, alone directs the eye to the nearly imperceptible line of horizon." To the north the hill of Howth stands prominent; the southern side includes Black-

rock, Kingston, &c. terminating almost at the feet of the spectator at the picturesque island of Dalkey. Every lover of art, and especially every lover of Ireland, should by all means secure a little enjoyment at Mr. Burford's exhibition.

Suffolk Street Gallery of Paintings.

—This exhibition can boast of a magnificent selection of rare paintings, all so beautiful in design and execution, that we can scarcely favour one, more than all the rest. To give a detailed notice of all, would occupy too much space, therefore, we shall say to all lovers of the arts, to go and judge for themselves of its merits.

Diorama, Regent's Park. — Second Notice.—The new picture of St. Paul near Rome.—Very few persons would give credit to the wonderful effect produced by this painting unless eye-witnesses: the great changes that take place and so imperceptibly, during its destruction by fire, from its original state of beauty, are really astonishing.

New Society of Painters in Water Colours, Exeter Hall, Strand.—In our last we had some pleasure in calling the attention of the public to these beautiful works of art, since which we have revisited the exhibition. The selection is noble, and are all of that character which at once strikes the eye with admiration, as being painted by some of the first living artists of the day. The visitors are very numerous, which we do not wonder at, since it affords a rich treat.

Colosseum. — We understand the amusements at the Colosseum are much augmented: besides the usual exhibitions, the proprietor has engaged Mr. Tully of the philharmonic concerts, who performs on the horn and guitar, introducing the admired Barcarole and Echoes by Donizetti; imitations of the Tyrolese Minstrels, and Rover Boys, accompanied on the guitar; and a duet, horn and guitar, to the great astonishment of the numerous visitors.

The Waldenses. Part I. and II. By William Beattie, M.D. G. Virtue.—The first part of this work presents us with a beautiful vignette, title, "villaval-pelice," followed by four other splendid engravings. Part II. also contains four elegant drawings; indeed we may say that the work is quite equal to Mr. Beattie's Switzerland. A great deal of the best of good taste has evidently been displayed in the selection of the "Waldenses." Views they are at once romantic, and afford a rich treat to the eye. The letter-press, too, is ably written, presenting an interesting description of all the engravings, which in execution, we are sure, cannot be surpassed. The work altogether, we trust, will meet with the patronage it so justly lays claim to.

The birth-day tribute to her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria. Fisher & Son.—Contains a full-length portrait of our beloved Princess, with some beautiful stanzas. The portrait is from an original painting, and very rich in execution, altogether forming a delightful present.

New Music, &c.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

Thursday, May 12.

WE were much gratified last night by a visit to the fourth concert of the "Societa Armonica." The selection was extremely good, and ample justice was done by the excellent orchestra to the instrumental part of the performance: of the vocal part, the names of the singers will be a sufficient surety for excellence; having Mori for its leader,

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and amongst its members Blagrove, Patey, Griesbach, Lindley, Willman, Harper, &c. The concert opened with Spohr's symphony in E. 6, constructed according to the usual model of symphonies, with all the beauties and none of the intricacies of that great master.

The first few bars of adagio contain nothing striking; the second movement is a spirited allegro; the third movement, an andante in common time, is the gem of the piece. The subject is

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first taken up by the violoncello, which, in the hands of Lindley, was, a flow of most delicious melody. It next falls to the clarinet and flute, with a beautifully smooth triplet accompaniment, chiefly for the bassoons; and is thence distributed to the different instruments. The minuet and rondo were pleasing; and the finale a very spirited movement. It was deservedly much applauded. The next thing was Rosini's "Mira la Biancha Luna," sung by Mad. Albertazzi and Signor Ivanhoff most delightfully. The harmony of their united voices was equalled only by the exquisite taste with which the light and shade (the "chiar-oscuro" of music) was managed. Ivanhoff is decidedly the best concert-room tenor of the day. The piano accompaniment (by Mr Forbes) was deservedly encored.

Next came "Largo al factotum," from *Il Barbiere*. Lablache's singing of this is so well known that nothing new can be said in praise of it. It was Lablache who sung it: if it had a fault the time was too quick—the beautiful light accompaniment being sometimes too rapid for the ear to catch, was obscured by the rapidity of execution. It is delightful to hear this unequalled singer producing, as he does, the finest effects with the greatest ease to himself; there seems not the slightest effort—always leaving the impression that he could have done twice as much. We had next one of Maysefers *Fantasias* for violin, played by Mori,—an "Adagio and Rondo Russe." The remark which we have before made as to his tone was fully confirmed; he certainly possesses the power of producing the most exquisitely clear and resonant tone we ever heard from the instrument. The intonation of the highest notes is as correct and melodious as on the third string; his execution of some difficult triplet passages was admirably distinct and clear—his accentuation of the syncopated notes in the air of quick movement was very clever. The first part concluded with Weber's overture to the "Ruler of the Spirits." This delightful composition was played with great spirit; it is full of beauty from the first bar to the last. The second part commenced with Beethoven's overture—said to be his last but one; the slow movement has worked into it

the national anthem, "God save the king;" the composition does not seem equal to Fidelio and others of this giant of music.

Ivanhoff then sang very sweetly an air of Pacini's, "Ah, s'ever."

Mr. Forbes played very cleverly a Fantasia of Moschelles, consisting of an arrangement of Scotch airs, to which he did ample justice—though he might perhaps, without difficulty, have selected a composition more calculated to display his delicacy of touch and rapidity of fingering. Lablache and Mad. Albertazzi sang "Quanto l'amore," Donizetti; then Ivanhoff gave his celebrated barcarolle, from Marino faleri, Donizetti, in his sweetest, chastest style. It was rapturously encored and readily repeated. This evening's performance concluded with Weber's "Der Freischutz" admirably played.

We trust the funds of this society are in a flourishing state; they deserve to be so. The subscription is very moderate, only three guineas for the six concerts—two tickets for each. It well deserves the warmest encouragement. The rooms were well filled: we noticed several ladies of title among the company.

Spanish Song of Liberty, with introduction and variations, for the pianoforte, by Charles W. Glover.—We do not like the introduction. The first variation is extremely good, and preserves the air well. The finale is exceedingly pretty.

In Joyous Youth. A Song for a bass voice. William T. Wood. An effective composition. The poetry is from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope."

Ma Normandie, a favourite romance, with variations for the pianoforte, by Charles W. Glover.—The first variation is light and highly effective, the fourth is decidedly the best, and more resembles pianoforte writing than either of Mr. Glover's other pieces. We should recommend our friend to take as a model some of Czerny's variations.

Moore's Song of the Prairies, arranged with variations, for the pianoforte, by Charles W. Glover.—We presume these variations were not written for the pianoforte, at least they are not like pianoforte music.

Waltzes. For one and two per-

formers. By William T. Wood. We have four sets of waltzes before us, viz., "*Valses de Terpsichore*," "*Invitation a la dance*," "*Le Printemps*," and "*New Year's Gift*," all of which are light and very pleasing compositions, and well adapted for pianoforte performers.

The River Spirits' Song. A Madrigal for four voices; and "*An ancient German Christmas Carol*." By R. L. Pearsal. The first is an effective madrigal; we can recommend it to the notice of amateur glee-singers. The second is also for four voices, and is a very curious and interesting piece.

My Love has an eye of the softest blue. A Ballad; the music by W.

Bayley. A simple little trifle, the accompaniment tolerably good.

Original Trio, for Two Flutes and Pianoforte. By J. Clifton. The present is the best of this composer's works that have fallen under our notice. The subject of the first movement is excellent; and the adagio is simple and elegant. The staccato accompaniment of the two flutes to the Pianoforte solo, has a character of originality.

I heard them breathe their last Farewell, a ballad; the music by Edward Oliver. We can recommend this ballad to our readers; it is a simple, pleasing, and effective composition. The accompaniments and symphonies are well arranged.

The Drama, &c.

DRURY LANE.—Let this be borne in mind, that the French, who call us an unmusical nation, hissed *Der Frieschutz* on its first appearance, and for long years would allow no merit to Beethoven; whereas on Monday night the galleries began by encoring the overture to *Fidelio*, and followed the whole of the opera with the same taste and enthusiasm. It was, perhaps, the acting of Malibran which reconciled the people to this performance, and the remembrance of her who endeared it to them. The appearance of Madame Schroeder can only tend to perpetuate the charm; for Malibran in her last days was never more warmly received and applauded than the beautiful German singer. It was not until the close of the first act that Madame Schroeder fully recovered or displayed the glorious voice and the great histrionic genius she is blessed with. At her first appearance she scarcely dared to utter the words in her new language; but she gathered courage with applause. No words can convey (except her own, set to the glorious music of Beethoven) a notion of the powers and beauties of the singer or of the opera. Who shall describe the watchfulness of the tender and pining *Leonora* as she counts the prisoners, one by one, and sees no husband?—or the song of the captives as they come out into the sunshine and sing thanks for God's light?—or the resolution of the brave woman who hears at last of her husband's danger, and says still "she has courage," or the noble

burst of devotion, when she finds him, and says that, though in danger, "there is, there is a Providence" for him? The great chorus with which the opera concludes completed the triumph of the Anglo-German actress. In the midst of that astonishing burst of music the voice of the heroine soars above all, mounting through the clouds of the harmony, as it were, more joyful, more shrill, and more beautiful than all the rest of the song. It was edifying also to see how firmly she *believed* in her part; she seemed to be quite convinced that *Pizarro* was about to murder her husband; she well nigh fainted when the danger was over, and when she had a little recovered, she felt a real bodily joy, laughing and smiling, and seizing every body's hand, and at intervals hugging Mr. Wilson. The rest of the performers filled their parts to the satisfaction of all present. Miss Betts, in the beautiful canon in the first act, and Mr. Seguin throughout received constant and merited applause. And as for Mr. Guibelei, he not only sang his part well, but looked it with most dreadful propriety. His appearance as the wicked governor was not merely unprepossessing, but absolutely diabolical; when opening his mouth to threaten Mr. Wilson with death, he looked as if he could have swallowed that eminent vocalist.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Fitzball has produced an "historical" drama in three acts, called *Walter Tyrrell*, which professes to be founded on the incident by

which England lost a deer-hunting monarch some centuries ago. Mr. F., who has given in the dialogue of this drama numerous proofs of his fondness for the "flowers of poetry," has also exhibited his liberal notions of the nature and extent of poetic licence, by his deviations not merely from historical truth, but even from traditional speculation. Nothing less like fact or likelihood in an historical sense can be conceived. We by no means blame him, however, for he has constructed an interesting plot, and wrought out a story that is just as true as a good deal that passes for history.

THE KING'S THEATRE.—This house has literally been crowded for the last fortnight, particularly on Saturday week, which must have proved one of the most profitable nights of the season. The opera was Costa's *Malek Adel*, and the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria were in their box considerably before the overture in order that they might hear the whole of it. A good deal has been said both publicly and privately against the music of *Malek Adel*, but we cannot help thinking that much of it has arisen out of an ill-founded prejudice against modern Italian music. People believe that it looks learned to like nothing more modern than *Cimarosa*, if indeed they can endure anything that does not remind them of the cold and heavy German schools. In all this there is much shallow pretension, and we own ourselves delighted with whatever is beautiful, whether it come from the south of the Alps, or the hyperborean regions of Europe. We care not where excellence originates, only let us have excellence. We do not affect to say that Costa's *Malek Adel* is by any means a perfect work, even of the Rossini and Bellini school: but we do assert, and we think that the most scientific men will not de-

ny, that it has great merit as a musical composition. It possesses great variety both of air and accompaniment, and some of the separate pieces, taken by themselves, are singularly charming. The fault, as it seems to us, lies in this, that the melodies sometimes do not seem to arise sufficiently out of the situation and the tone of feeling produced by the orchestra. This defect applies, in some degree, to the very graceful duet between Grisi and Rubini (Matilda and Malek) in the first act, *La santa parola d'amore* which was sung to the utmost perfection and encored: it applies less, however, to the duet between Albertazzi and Tamburini (Montmorenci and Lusignan) in the second act, which received a similar distinction; and less still to one or more pieces in the third act. The truth is undeniable, that this opera greatly improves as it proceeds: the first act is the longest and worst, the second better, and the third best of all.

Is it nothing to say that such a cast cannot be equalled in Europe, and many centuries might elapse before such an opera could be heard again to equal advantage? Costa knew the admirable materials with which he had to work, and he has availed himself with the utmost skill of six of the finest singers the world ever produced, or will ever produce, viz. Grisi, Albertazzi, Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, and Lablache. It would be hard, indeed, if they could not make even a much worse performance than *Malek Adel* popular. It may not have so much grace, in parts, but we contend that it is a better opera as a whole, than *I Puritani*. We may be wrong, but such is our opinion. At the fall of the curtain the performers were as usual paraded before the curtain, and the audience very heartily testified its satisfaction.

Miscellaneous.

The West London medicated Vapour Bath Institution.—The want of an institution of the above description, established upon a plan of economy, by which the poor and middling class of the community might be enabled to participate in the benefits to be derived

from the use of the medicated vapour baths, in the various disorders to which the operative and working men, from their exposure to heats and colds, and the various changes of our uncertain climate, are more especially subject, has long been felt as an evil by the humane,

and considered as a stigma upon the high and unparalleled character for charity; which this great and magnificent metropolis has acquired. We are happy to find that this hiatus in our list of charitable institutions is about to be filled up; and, we trust, that we shall, at no distant period, have to notice the rise and progress of an establishment by which the operative and his family may, at a moderate expence, avail himself of the advantages to be derived from this useful branch of medicinal science.

A few days since a highly respectable meeting, in which were included several noblemen and gentlemen of distinction and eminence in the fashionable and scientific world, was held at Mr. Whitlaw's baths in Argyll-street, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of establishing a bath upon the Whitlaw principle, to be opened on moderate terms to the operative mechanics, domestic and other servants, and to the poor and indigent classes of the metropolis. The efficacy of Mr. Whitlaw's medicated baths in inflammatory fevers, in cases of scrofula, in consumption, in its incipient stages, in cancer, and in every stage of rheumatism, and various other ailments to which the human frame is liable, has now been established by many years' experience; and the meeting came to a unanimous resolution for its adoption in the contemplated institution, Mr. Whitlaw having generously offered the gratuitous use of his patent, and his best advice and assistance in bringing the projected establishment to maturity.

Several gentlemen addressed the meeting, and a series of resolutions were adopted, amongst them was one providing that the establishment should be open to the inspection of the medical profession generally. It was also proposed that the baths should be open to patients, including medicine and attendants for a term of three months, upon payment of one guinea; a moderate donation to constitute the contributor a life-governor, and an annual subscription of one guinea, to give to the subscriber the privilege of introducing patients, under certain rules and regulations, to a participation of the advantages derivable for the use of the baths and medicine.

It was stated that, with the liberal aid tendered by Mr. Whitlaw, a fund of a few hundred pounds for the purchase of suitable premises would be sufficient to give effect to the humane intentions of the promoters of a plan which could not fail to prove beneficial to a very numerous class of their suffering and necessitous fellow-creatures. Several sums were immediately subscribed by the persons present, and the meeting separated, confidently anticipating a successful issue to the benevolent object which they had in view.

Thorn's potted Bloaters.—This is a very delicious article for the breakfast-table, and would prove very beneficial to those persons who may require a relish to tickle their appetite.

Ede's Indelible Chemical Marking-Ink.—This is a little article quite indispensable to families. It is composed of two ingredients; the first liquid is to damp the spot where the inkmark is intended to be placed: this done, the mark will never discolour or wash out.

"There was a raven kept a few years ago at Newhaven, an inn on the road between Buxton and Ashbourn. This bird had been taught to call the poultry; and, like the parrot of Paraguay, could do it very well too. One day—the table being set out for the coach passengers' dinner—the cloth was laid, with the knives and forks, spoons, mats, and bread, and in that state it was left for some time, the room door being shut, though the window was open. The raven had watched the operation very quietly, and, as we may suppose, felt a strong ambition to do the like. When the coach was just arriving the dinner was carried in—but behold! the whole paraphernalia of the dinner table had vanished, silver spoons, knives, forks, all gone! But what was the surprise and amusement to see through the open window, upon a heap of rubbish in the yard, the whole array very carefully set out, and the raven performing the honours of the table to a numerous company of poultry which he had summoned about him, and was very consequentially regaling with bread."

Hedyosmia, or concentrated Persian Essence.—This is a most grateful preparation, containing, as it does, all the fragrant and delightful properties of the much esteemed odoriferous compound,

from which it is extracted by Mr. Robert Beat Ede, perfumer and chemist to her Majesty. We understand the properties of this beautiful perfume are very peculiar, inasmuch as it preserves all kinds of furs, silks, and other materials from that destructive little insect, the moth; we therefore have no hesitation in recommending the article to the notice of our fair readers and the public, not only as a rare and durable scent for the handkerchief and the assembly-room, but for its combined useful qualities. It has been highly approved of and patronized by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, also by the chief portion of the nobility, who find it a valuable preserver to their favourite furs.

Mrs. Geary's New Corset.—In our number for March last, we had some pleasure in mentioning a new and improved as well as an important article of female attire, which remarks we are proud to see ably confirmed by the testimonials of the first medical men in the kingdom.

Godfrey's Extract of Elder Flowers.—This is an article so highly spoken and approved of by ladies for softening and beautifying the complexion, that it induces us to recommend it as being a most efficacious and pleasant commodity,

in removing any kind of freckle and redness from the skin.

We have been much gratified with the sight of a most splendid Royal Seraphine, prepared by *Mr. Green*, of 33, *Soho Square*, for an Indian Rajah, resident in Calcutta; it is finished with gold carved work on a tinted ground, in the style of Louis Quatorze, beautifully modernised, the corners supported by Seraph's wings is a happy thought, and the whole composition does great credit to the taste of the ingenious inventor of this extraordinary musical instrument, and will, no doubt, tend to increase its celebrity in India, where, amongst its other extraordinary properties, its standing in tune in tropical climates must render it invaluable.

"Sails of Love unfold your wings"—Music by T. Kilner. Tolkein. Mr. Kilner has done justice to this beautiful song.

Marriage in High Life.—The marriage between Peter R. Hoare, Esq. and Lady Sophia Marsham, the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Romney, took place on the 8th ult. at Maidstone. The Hon. and Rev. George Marsham officiated. A select circle of relatives and friends of the respective families were present at the ceremony.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

At Batavia, on the 11th of December last, Mrs. Henri Vernede, of a son.

On the 13th ult. in Cavendish-square, Lady G. Hill, of a son.

On the 13th ult. at Grove-cottage, Dulwich, the residence of her father, S. Waring, Esq., Mrs. D. Robinson, of a son and heir.

On the 13th ult. at the vicarage, Milton Ernest, Bedfordshire, the lady of the Rev. C. C. B. Pownall, of a son.

On the 10th of January, at Colombo, the lady of W. O. Carr, Esq. King's Advocate, of Ceylon, of a son.

On the 15th ult. at Pilton House, near Barnstaple, the lady of the Rev. J. H. Chichester, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday the 2nd ult. at Kirk Bradden, Isle of Man, by the Rev. Robert Brown, Philip Elliot, Esq. Surgeon, late of London, to Eleanor, eldest daughter of Mrs. Weatherell, of Athol, St. Douglas.

On the 16th ult. at St. George's Hanover-square, by the Lord Bishop of Durham, R. T.

Fisher, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Augusta Anne, only daughter of H. Martin, Esq. of Colston Bassett, in the county of Nottingham, one of the Masters in Chancery.

On the 17th ult. at St. Paneras New Church, Mr. E. Lonsdale, to Sarah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. Boot.

DEATHS.

On the 14th ult. in Bloomsbury-place, R. Dennett, Esq. aged 77.

On the 14th ult. in his 74th year, Mr. J. Heppel, of Westbourne terrace, Bayswater.

On the 14th ult. at his house, 35, Haymarket, in the 64th year of his age, Mr. A. Hunter.

On the 17th ult. at his house in Canonbury-square, J. Pullen, Esq. in his 66th year.

At Bruges, Belgium, on the 16th ult. after long and severe suffering, which she bore with almost unexampled resignation, Jane, the wife of M. Hoyer, Esq. late of Old Burlington-street, London.

On the 13th inst. at Lambeth, Mrs. Sharpe, aged 72.

At Edinburgh, after a short illness, on the 4th ult. G. Trusted, of Ross, Herefordshire.

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TO
THE SECOND VOLUME
OF
BLACKWOOD'S
LADY'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE
OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD;
1837,

Under the patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty
QUEEN VICTORIA.

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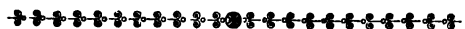
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J. PAGE et Co. 154, Strand.

LE BON TON.**Journal
DES MODES.****BUREAUX, RUE RICHELIEU, N° 69,**
en face la Bibliothèque du Roi.**LES COIFFURES SONT DE MM. NARDIN, MARITON, CROISAT ET MAILLY.***Modes.***SOMMAIRE.**Explication des Gravures. — Butin de la Mode. —
Revue des Magasins. — Une Revue au Carrousel
en 1813. — Théâtres. — Annonces.**AVIS****AUX DAMES LINGÈRES, COUTURIÈRES
ET MODISTES.**

Ces Dames ayant apprécié les patrons (grandeur naturelle) que nous leur adressions tous les trois mois, nous nous empressons de leur annoncer que, toujours jaloux de leur être agréables, nous leur donnerons, à partir de la présente livraison, de semblables patrons TOUTES LES MOIS; seulement les exemplaires destinés à ces dames n'auront pas de couvertures imprimées. Ces mêmes patrons se vendent séparément, 1 fr. pour les non-souscripteurs, au bureau du Journal.

GRAVURE 155.

Les événements du monde politique ont toujours exercé une influence plus ou moins directe, mais toujours inévitable, sur les décisions du monde fashionable. Ainsi, tandis que nous empruntons à nous-mêmes les modes historiques et les fan-

tasques bigarrures de nos aïeux, l'Orient jette sur notre plage les bernous de ses Arabes, le turban de ses odalisques; c'est ainsi que cette élégante coiffure s'allie aux robes de satin broché dont la forme est empruntée au siècle de Louis XIV. Sans être d'un gros volume, les manches sont assez étoffées pour ne pas avoir un à-plat qui est rarement heureux.

Le corsage légèrement busqué acquiert de la finesse, et des nœuds de rubans figurent un élégant tablier. Tel est le modèle que Mme Sédille a disposé pour notre Journal.

Mlle Bornn s'est conformée au goût du jour, qui non-seulement admet les bouillons, mais les commande en quelque sorte; avec cette toilette d'une simplicité toute gracieuse, un bonnet de Mme Bournhonnet devenait un complément indispensable.

GRAVURE 156.

C'est encore à cette époque où la France semblait surabonder d'hommes de génie et de jolies femmes, que le modèle que nous donnons est emprunté; le siècle de Louis XIV laissera d'ineffaçables souvenirs.... Rien ne s'est fait à moitié durant ce laps de temps; tout y fut ou sublime ou atroce, infernal ou divin; les modes furent aussi tout cela.

Les ornemens placés sur du crêpe sont à effet, mais ils exigent de la légèreté : c'est à quoi s'est attachée Mme Brunel.

Les gants demi-longs n'ont qu'une découpure en dents de loup. On peut y ajouter des bracelets en élastiques ornés d'une ruche en tul, d'un coquillé de rubans, ou, ce qui est d'une grande recherche, d'un rang de petites têtes de marabouts d'une extrême flexibilité.

Coiffure Lavallière de M. MAILLY.

On aura soin de laisser les cheveux de devant assez longs tout en les rendant très-effilés ; il faut que les cheveux frisés soient séparés jusque derrière l'oreille, et tournés au fer rond afin d'en faire des tire-bouchons.

Les cheveux de derrière s'attachent un peu bas ; on les sépare en trois mèches ; la première forme la coque élevée, la seconde la coque basse et la troisième celle du milieu ; avec les bouts réunis se fait une natte en trois, qui sert à tourner autour de la coiffure, et cela sans rester en vue.

Pour faire les tresses Lavallière, il faut crêper entièrement les cheveux, et tirer les pointes en tire-bouchons ; les touffes doivent être très-larges et *sans revers*.

Quant aux fleurs : celle qui se pose dans la touffe gauche doit être seulement au niveau de l'oreille, l'autre est attachée au-dessus de la touffe droite, et la troisième, formant grappe, se pose au défaut de la coiffure.

BUTIN DE LA MODE.

A demain les adieux à l'année qui s'enfuit derrière nous ; encore vingt-quatre heures à parcourir, et nous serons au nouvel an !... Jour de fête et d'espoir, en franchissant ainsi l'espace, en enjambant sur les mois, l'homme qui se voit au milieu de la perpétuelle rotation du monde. s'étourdit à l'aspect de tout ce qui vibre et tourne autour de lui, et ne réfléchit pas que lui n'avance qu'en ligne directe, et qu'un bûme inévitable l'attend au bout du tra-

jet.... Il chôme les jours qui viennent à lui pour lui, et quand il a le bonheur d'atteindre la fin d'une année, il bat des mains, il jette des cris de joie à l'arrivée de celle qui va suivre ; il oublie celle qu'il vient de quitter, sans réfléchir que du moins cette dernière l'a épargné, tandis que celle qu'il salue pourra bien le dévorer.... Pauvres enfans que les hommes !.. Tous les âges demandent donc des hochets ?... — Eh ! pourquoi pas ? Ces frivolités, dont nous faisons notre bonheur, ne servent-elles pas à couvrir de fleurs tout ce qu'une vie trop positive pourrait avoir d'affligeant et de désenchanté ? Revenons donc bien vite à nos jolis riens, à nos plumes onduleuses, à nos gazes diaprées. Parlons du Jour de l'an : c'est la question à la mode, et la mode est une souveraine impérieuse, jalouse même, et qui ne permet pas impunément à la philosophie d'empiéter sur son domaine.

Les soirées continuent à être fréquentes ; les dames y paraissent en toilette parée ; c'est ainsi que chez Mme la baronne de Mortémart on a remarqué que les plumes, les esprits et les oiseaux étaient en grand nombre ; il était facile de reconnaître à leur éclat, à la pureté de leur choix, qu'elles venaient, pour la plupart, des magasins de M. Natier et de M. Zacharie.

— Ce n'a pas été sans une vive sympathie que l'on a vu S. M. la Reine des Français et LL. AA. RR. Madame Adélaïde et la princesse Clémentine honorer de leur présence les magasins de M. Batton, et en examiner, avec une constante admiration, les magnifiques produits. Ces augustes personnes ont fait de nombreuses emplettes, et se sont complues à féliciter M. Batton sur l'élégance et sur l'exécution parfaite de ses fleurs, de ses feuillages et de ses plumes.

— On ne s'occupe, dans le monde, que des CAMAILLETES ; rien, en effet, n'est plus commode et plus précieux, plus facile à porter, ne gênant aucun mouvement, et préservant bien du froid, la camaillette réunit les avantages du mantelet et de la pelisse ; le capuchon auquel on avait presque renoncé, puisque, pour s'en servir, il fallait se ré-

soudre à écraser sa coiffure, à flétrir les fleurs, à briser quelquefois les plumes; le capuchon n'a plus le moindre inconvénient; disposé en soufflet, quand il retombe derrière la camaillette, il prend la forme d'un demi-ballon à l'aide de deux baleines que l'on fait jouer à volonté, et encadre le visage sans toucher la coiffure.

Ce gracieux objet vient d'être perfectionné par madame Rodolphe (1); c'est ainsi que le talent et le goût améliorent tout ce qu'ils touchent. C'est également à cette dame que l'on est redevable de ces *tours de cou* si commodes et tout à la fois si élégans qui se portent depuis quelques jours; madame Rodolphe les a doublés d'une peluche bien douce, bien chaude: c'est faire d'un objet d'agrément un objet d'utilité.

Nous ne quitterons pas ce magasin sans dire un mot de ses *Fanchons*, de ses *Fichus paysannes* et de ses *Capotes*; ce dernier article a pour ainsi dire commencé la réputation de cette maison; il est difficile, en effet, d'apporter plus de soin, plus de grâce dans la coupe et dans la confection des *Capotes*, soit qu'on les demande à coulisses, soient qu'on les veuille ouatées et piquées.

— La *Fanchon* rappelle et remplace les *auréoles* que les dames portaient sous les chapeaux; il y a cependant cette différence, c'est que l'auréole ne présentait, de face, que le devant d'un bonnet plus ou moins ornementé, tandis que la *Fanchon* a plutôt la forme d'un fichu, d'une marmotine formant une pointe sur le sommet de la tête et s'effilant en équerre allongée jusqu'aux brides qui la tiennent sous le menton.

— Les *Fichus paysannes* sont de plusieurs sortes, mais qu'ils soient en gros de Naples noir avec un passe-poil bleu-ciel et une dentelle noire pour entourage, ainsi que les dispose madame Rodolphe, ou bien en tul uni blanc, ils ont toujours une ou trois brides en rubans de satin qui maintiennent les plis et donnent à ces fichus un caractère distinctif.

(1) Aux magasins de JANE GRAY, Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, 9.

— Maintenant, qu'est-ce qu'une *Scudéry*? et depuis quelle époque en fait-on? — Cela date de huit jours tout au plus, et l'on n'en a encore aperçu qu'une seule au théâtre Italien, mais cet essai a été trop heureux pour que la mode ne l'adopte pas immédiatement.

La *Scudéry* est un ornement de tête qui peut très-bien s'allier avec les coiffures que l'on fait à présent; elle se compose d'un bracelet de velours noir large de deux doigts qui s'agrafe autour du casque, à l'endroit où les cheveux fortement serrés laissent un espace vide entre la tête et les nattes, les tresses ou les coques qui complètent le haut de la coiffure; une dentelle noire apprêtée est disposée en diadème sur ce bracelet de velours, à peu près comme on pose le bout de l'écharpe d'une mariée, et deux barbes de dentelle longues d'un quart et demi descendent sur les épaules; avec des touffes à la Sévigné pour le devant et une coiffure demi-haute, la *Scudéry* est d'un excellent effet.

— Les turbans sont toujours portés avec distinction; cette coiffure, tout exceptionnelle, sied trop bien pour que de long-temps on songe à l'abandonner; mais aussi toutes les modistes ne sont-elles pas aptes à les disposer, plus d'une difficulté se présente pour arriver à donner à cet objet, qui n'admet pas de médiocrité, toute la grâce désirable. Madame Noguez (1), dont le talent est depuis long-temps apprécié dans le monde élégant, excelle dans ce genre de composition. Ses turbans *indiens*, ses *Circassiennes* à longue et flexible écharpe, ses *Israélites* à nombreuses bandelettes et qui réveillent en nous de bibliques souvenirs, ses riches odalisques aux franges d'or, aux satins diamantés, aux gazes pailletées et lamées, sont d'une recherche et d'une étonnante légèreté.

Madame Noguez ne se borne pas aux Modes; elle s'occupe aussi des robes, et apporte dans leur confection le même art, le même goût que pour ses chapeaux et ses bonnets de soirées.

— Nous croyons avoir tout dit pour ces

(1) Rue St-Honoré, 334.

jolis tabliers à bavettes, nommés *Pompadours* et pour les *Laurettes*, autre sorte de tabliers composés de trois pièces que réunissent des nœuds de rubans ou une chenille formant lacet et se croisant sur toute la longueur du tablier. Madame Popelin-Ducarre a trouvé moyen d'y faire d'utiles changemens : une ceinture tout-à-fait droite avait le double inconvénient de produire un effet disgracieux sur un corsage en pointe ou de former presque toujours au milieu une poche fort déplaisante ; madame Popelin busque ses ceintures, et pour éviter des plis inutiles ou disgracieux, le milieu de la ceinture est découpé en trois pointes qui résument tous les plis et obligent le tablier à garder un à plat important.

— Tel éclat que puissent avoir les camélias naturels, les Dames ont renoncé à en placer dans leurs cheveux ; cependant on regrettait ces fleurs aux nuances si vives, à la corolle si élégamment découpée. Un de nos meilleurs fleuristes, M. Cartier, ne laissera plus le moindre regret à ce sujet. Les camélias qu'il prépare sont d'une imitation si parfaite, qu'il est difficile même à des yeux exercés de ne pas s'y méprendre.

— La lingerie n'est pas stationnaire, elle continue sa marche ascendante, et grâce à plusieurs maisons elle produit des modèles dignes d'être recherchés ; nous citerons à ce sujet les bonnets d'intérieur, les bonnettes du matin, les rondes et les mantilles en mousseline de l'Inde, batiste et jaconas, auxquelles madame Raboile (1) vient de donner une forme toute nouvelle.

— N'oublions pas de parler des mouchoirs brodés, dont le luxe n'est point diminué, aussi prend-on le soin de les placer dans ces sultans parfumés, dans ces serré-mouchoirs recouverts de brocart et de satin touché d'or qui deviennent pour le moment, ainsi que les serre-gants de Boivin, de riches présens d'étrennes.

— Les bonnets seront toujours de mode, mais quelles exceptions, quelles modifica-

tions n'admet pas cette règle générale?... Non-seulement on en compose de mille manières, ils apparaissent sous mille formes, ils surgissent de toutes les couleurs, mais leurs ornemens varient à l'infini ; un jour ne ressemble point à l'autre en fait de ces charmans *chiffons*, c'est un kaléidoscope perpétuel.

C'est ainsi que, parés naguère de paquerettes, on ne les trouvait jolis qu'autant qu'ils ne portaient que des fleuricules, que des mousses ou des capillaires ; mais on s'est aperçu que la fabrique du second ordre cherchait d'autant plus à confectionner des fleurettes, qu'il est plus difficile d'en apprécier la qualité, et que cette imitation expliquait pour quel motif l'ouvrière et la petite bourgeoise empiétèrent sans pitié sur le domaine des grandes dames, et portèrent des bonnets moins beaux, sans doute, mais aussi coquettement disposés. Dès ce moment un arrêt sévère vint rendre à César ce qui était à... tout le monde ; les fleurettes, toutes surprises naguère de quitter leurs prairies et leurs paisibles forêts pour le séjour de l'opulence, furent impitoyablement renvoyées à leurs guérêts, et si des femmes simples et par fois fraches comme elles, leur accordèrent l'hospitalité, c'est qu'il y eut mutuelle sympathie.... La pervenche et le liseron forment la partie démocratique de l'empire diapré dont la rose est la reine.... A celle-ci le monde fashionable rendit bientôt son pouvoir méconnu. C'est donc elle seule qui vient radieuse sur sa tige flexible, entourée de ses nombreux boutons, prendre place, maintenant sur les bonnets, parés. On la place à droite, tige et fleurs doivent retomber ; à gauche et plus en arrière se trouve un nœud de rubans ayant les deux bouts flottans.

— Il est d'autres bonnets non moins recherchés, et que l'on orne de marabouts ; ces bonnets sont en tul illusion, les barbes, le papillon, la garniture, tout est en tul blanc. Les marabouts forment un bouquet placé au côté droit.

— Les chapeaux de velours noir sont ornés d'un oiseau de paradis noir, on d'une aigrette noire montée en oiseau.

(1) Rue St-Honoré, 352.

—Le deuil qui se porte pour le moment a été le prétexte de mille fantaisies inattendues, où le noir et le blanc, l'argent mat et le jais, puis les nuances mêlées ou intermédiaires ont été habilement employés ; il y a dans tout cela des accommodemens, comme on le voit ; ainsi la Mode veut décidément que le noir soit consacré aux parures du matin et le blanc pour le soir : rien n'est plus distingué qu'un chapeau de velours frisé blanc, orné de trois plumes blanches.

—Ayant déjà eu occasion, dans la présente livraison, de parler de l'établissement de M. Cartier, nous nous bornerons à faire remarquer, qu'en outre des fleurs les plus belles, le plus artistement faites, on trouve également chez lui un choix remarquable de plumes, d'aigrettes et de marabouts.

— Le *ballon monstre* de M. Green a donné l'idée de créer des sacs de la même forme sur une échelle très-restreinte. Les Sacs-Green représentent une sphère allongée, divisée en côtes égales. La nacelle est remplacée par un gland d'une façon particulière, et dont la gance est fort longue ; un petit lacet rond en soie passe dans la coulisse. Ce genre de sacs se fait en satin uni, sur lequel un fil d'or passe et figure les réseaux d'un filet.

— La maison de M. Bourguignon (1) est en possession d'une renommée légitimement acquise par de longs travaux, des essais sans nombre et des succès dus autant au talent qu'au goût épuré de cet habile fabricant. M. Bourguignon excelle dans l'art de composer les bijoux, imitation des diamans fins, et le choix de ses modèles est arrivé à un si haut degré d'élégance et de pureté, que les joailliers et les bijoutiers sont forcés de lui emprunter des modèles pour monter les plus beaux diamans, les pierres les plus précieuses.

Entre les mille objets que M. Bourguignon offre au public pour les étrennes et pour les bals, nous signalerons ses perles,

que la mode dispose avec tant de symétrie sur les robes et dans les coiffures, ses agraffes qui produisent tant d'effet, quand on les place sur les nattes que nombre de dames font descendre entre l'oreille et la joue pour des coiffures moyen-âge ; des bouquets à tiges flexibles que l'on place sur les robes à jupe ouverte, afin de leur servir d'attaches, puis des épingles pour coiffures italiennes, et qui portent, non-seulement une boule à mobile et élastique support, mais aussi des fleurettes en or, des têtes burinées et ciselées à facettes, à incrustations de pierreries, avec un esprit en opale, émeraude ou rubis, entouré de diamans. D'autres épingles du même style sont à double piquans, et conviennent particulièrement aux coiffures

En outre de tous ces articles, les magasins de M. Bourguignon offrent un assortiment remarquable d'imitations de pierres fines, de diamans et une grande quantité d'objets en noir, tels que jais pour le deuil, ornemens de costumes de la renaissance et du moyen-âge.

REVUE DES MAGASINS.

Quelque affreuse que soit la saison, les magasins sont éclatans de lumières, la foule s'y porte ; suivons la foule et jetons un rapide coup d'œil sur ces marchandises amoncelées, sur les acheteurs qui les examinent, puis courons bien vite en faire autant dans une autre maison ; mais gardons-nous d'entrer dans ces ventes simulées auxquelles des officiers publics ne craignent pas de présider, et dont le commerce tout entier serait en droit de réclamer la suppression.... Mais le temps court, les heures s'enfuient, hâtons-nous d'entrer dans un magasin. Nous voilà chez Susse... Oui, mais lequel ? Il y en a deux, l'un au passage, nous allons dire dans le labyrinthe des Panoramas, cette sorte de ville toute d'activité placée à côté d'un désert ayant nom : les Variétés. L'autre *Susse* réside place de la Bourse... Arrêtons-nous aux

(1) Galerie de l'Opéra, 19 et 20.

panoramas. La frivolité semble avoir élu domicile dans cette maison, comme les arts plus positifs, plus sévères, chez *Susse* de la rue Neuve-Vivienne. Combien en effet ne trouve-t-on pas d'objets fantastiques, de capricieuses pochades, de bronzes grotesques, de plâtres bizarres, de porcelaines originales dans la première de ces deux maisons?... Quels heureux croquis, quelles statuettes, quels modèles, quels tableaux n'aperçoit-on pas dans l'autre?... Près du boulevard Montmartre on peut acheter des porcelaines de Chine, des encriers en laque, des étagères en palissandre, des éventails mécaniques, des cartonnages, des porte-bouquets de mille formes, de mille aspects, et dont nos jolies femmes raffolent pour le moment, car c'est là, l'ornement obligé d'une console, d'une cheminée, etc. Ajoutez à tout cela les figurines, les bustes de Dantan, le Callot de nos statuaires du dix-neuvième siècle, et vous jugerez d'après cela s'il y a du choix et de la variété chez *Susse* des Panoramas. D'autres surprises, d'autres merveilles vous attendent à la Bourse.

— Chez *GIROUX* (rue du Coq-Saint-Honoré), tous les goûts peuvent être satisfaits; objets d'art et joujous, meubles de fantaisie et porcelaines de prix. Là vous trouvez réunis tout ce qui peut servir au confortable de la vie, puis des statuettes, des flambeaux, des brûle-parfums, des écrans, des guéridons, des étagères, etc., etc.

— *MARION* est maintenant un nom justement connu dans le monde élégant; on sait que c'est dans la Cité-Bergère, n. 14, que l'on est sûr de trouver non-seulement tout ce que la papeterie peut offrir d'utile et de gracieux, maintenant qu'elle comprend une foule d'articles, mais aussi tous ces mille jolis riens dont on aime à parer un bureau, tels que buvards à couverture de bois de senteur incrusté d'ivoire, d'écaïlle ou de cuivre doré, les couteaux à papier à lames damasquinées, à manche émaillé, des garnitures complètes où se trouvent réunis le canif, la plume, le grattoir, le poinçon, etc.; des Albums, des nécessaires, des collections de tous les genres

et de tous les formats de papier, renfermées dans de jolies boîtes, enfin des barraques de Polichinelle avec leur matériel et leur personnel, le cirque de Franconi, la pêche de la baleine, des courses de taureaux, et tout cela mis en mouvement, etc., etc.

Nous serions forcés de brocher un volume au lieu d'un article s'il nous fallait dire tout ce que chaque magasin contient de curieux et d'attrayant, soit en bijouterie, en nouveautés ou en friandises jamais l'art et l'industrie n'ont mieux tendu leurs filets. La vente sera nécessairement forcée; la tentation deviendra contagieuse... Heureusement que ce n'est là qu'un bien; le commerce fait assez de sacrifices, assez d'efforts pour mériter la juste récompense de tant de travaux.

UNE REVUE AU CARROUSEL EN 1813.

L'aspect pittoresque et grandiose que présentait en ce moment le Carrousel était vivement senti par des milliers de spectateurs dont les figures étaient béantes d'admiration. Une rangée de monde aussi serrée que celle qui s'adossait aux murs du château occupait sur une ligne parallèle l'espace étroit et pavé qui longe la grille du Carrousel; cette foule achevait de dessiner fortement l'immense carré-long que formait, avec les bâtimens des Tuileries, cette grille alors nouvellement posée.

Les régimens de la vieille garde qui allaient être passés en revue, se tenaient sur ce vaste terrain, où ils figuraient en face du palais d'imposantes lignes bleues de dix rangs de profondeur. Au-delà de l'enceinte, et dans le Carrousel, se trouvaient sur d'autres lignes parallèles plusieurs régimens d'infanterie et de cavalerie prêts à passer sous l'arc triomphal qui orne le milieu de la grille, et sur le faite duquel se voyaient à cette époque les magnifiques chevaux de Venise. La musique des régimens était placée au bas des galeries du Louvre, et masquée par les lanciers polonais de service. Une grande partie du carré sablé restait vide comme une

arène préparée pour les mouvemens de ces corps silencieux, dont les masses, disposées avec la symétrie de l'art militaire, réfléchissaient les rayons du soleil sur le fer triangulaire de dix mille baionnettes étincelantes. L'air agitait les plumets des soldats et les faisait ondoyer comme les arbres d'une forêt courbés par un vent impétueux. Les vieilles bandes, muettes et brillantes, offraient mille contrastes de couleurs dus à la diversité des uniformes, des paremens, des armes et des aiguillettes; cet immense tableau, miniature d'un champ de bataille avant le combat, était poétiquement encadré avec tous ses accessoires et ses accidens bizarres par les hauts bâtimens majestueux, dont chefs et soldats imitaient en ce moment l'immobilité. Le spectateur comparait involontairement ces murs d'hommes aux murs de pierre.

Le jeune soleil du printemps jetait profusément sa jaillissante lumière sur les murs blancs bâtis de la veille, sur les murs séculaires et sur ces innombrables figures basanées, dont chacune racontait les périls passés et attendait gravement les périls à venir. Les colonels de chaque régiment allaient et venaient seuls devant les fronts que formaient tant d'hommes héroïques; mais, derrière les masses carrées de ces troupes bariolées d'argent, d'azur, de pourpre et d'or, les curieux pouvaient apercevoir les banderoles tricolores attachées aux lances de ces infatigables lanciers polonais qui, semblables aux chiens conduisant un troupeau le long des champs, voltigeaient sans cesse entre les troupes et les curieux, pour empêcher ces derniers de dépasser le petit espace de terrain qui leur était concédé auprès de la grille impériale. La brise du printemps qui passait sur les bonnets à longs poils des grenadiers, en attestait l'immobilité, de même que le murmure sourd de la foule accusait leur silence. Parfois seulement le retentissement d'un chapeau chinois ou un léger coup frappé par inadvertance sur une grosse caisse, était répété par les échos du palais impérial, et ressemblait à ces coups de tonnerre lointains qui annoncent un orage.

Un enthousiasme indescriptible éclatait dans l'attente de la multitude. La France allait faire ses adieux à Napoléon, la veille d'une campagne dont le moindre citoyen prévoyait les dangers. Il s'agissait cette fois pour l'Empire français d'être ou de n'être pas. Cette pensée semblait animer la population citadine et la population armée qui se pressaient également silencieuses dans l'enceinte où planaient l'aigle et le génie de Napoléon. Nos soldats, espoir de la France, ces soldats, sa dernière goutte de sang, entraînaient aussi pour beaucoup dans l'inquiète curiosité des spectateurs. Entre la plupart des assistans et des militaires, il se disait des adieux peut-être éternels; mais tous les cœurs, même les plus hostiles à l'Empereur, adressaient au ciel des vœux ardens pour la gloire de la patrie. Les hommes les plus fatigués de la lutte commencée entre l'Europe et la France avaient tous déposé leurs haines en passant sous l'arc de triomphe, comprenant qu'au jour du danger Napoléon était toute la France.

L'horloge du château sonna une demi-heure. En ce moment les bourdonnemens de la foule cessèrent, et le silence devint si profond qu'on eût entendu la parole d'un enfant. Alors on sembla distinguer un bruit d'éperons, un cliquetis d'épées qui retentit sous le sonore péristyle du château. Un petit homme vêtu d'un uniforme vert, d'un pantalon blanc et chaussé de bottes à l'écuycère, parut tout-à-coup en gardant sur sa tête un petit chapeau à trois cornes aussi prestigieux qu'il l'était lui-même; le large ruban rouge de la légion d'honneur flottait sur sa poitrine; une petite épée était à son côté. Il fut aperçu par tous les yeux, et à la fois, de tous les points de la place. Aussitôt les tambours battirent aux champs et les deux orchestres débutèrent par une phrase dont l'expression guerrière fut répétée sur tous les instrumens, depuis la plus douce des flûtes jusqu'à la plus grosse des caisses. A ces sons belliqueux les âmes tressaillirent, les drapeaux saluèrent, les soldats portèrent les armes par un mouvement unanime et régulier qui agita les fusils depuis le premier rang jusqu'au dernier dans

le Carrousel; des mots de commandemens se répétèrent comme des échos; des cris de *Vive l'Empereur!* furent poussés par la multitude enthousiasmée; tout frissonna, tout remua, tout s'ébranla.

(*Le Litt. Univ.*) DE BALZAC.

Revue des Théâtres.

Tout est mis à profit par un homme de talent; les événemens les plus imprévus lui fournissent quelquefois l'occasion de créer de nouvelles productions ou d'en perfectionner d'anciennes. C'est ainsi que l'auteur du *PANORAMA DE LA MOSKOWA* a profité de la fermeture momentanée causée par un accident, pour faire d'heureuses retouches à son bel ouvrage. Des figures qui avaient été signalées comme trop grandes ont été diminuées; le groupe de Murat a été entièrement revu. Les corps du vice-roi et du duc d'Abrantès ont été rectifiés. Ces nouveaux perfectionnemens ajoutent à l'intérêt qu'obtient chaque jour davantage le grand drame militaire dû au pinceau de M. Charles Langlois.

— Nous ne parlerons plus d'ESMÉRALDA..., respect aux morts. Le quatrième acte de STRADELLA prend une merveilleuse tournure... M. Duponchel se dispose à une revanche; tant mieux, sans doute elle sera bonne : une défaite passagère n'est qu'un coup d'aiguillon pour un bon général.

— MARIE, toujours MARIE aux Français; puissions-nous dire bien long-temps MARS, et toujours MARS!

— Une étoile malheureuse plane pour le moment sur le Théâtre-Italien : Rubini vient de perdre son frère, mort du choléra en Lombardie. Mlle Assandri déplore la perte de son frère, mort noblement en soignant des malades aux environs de Milan, et bientôt l'habile directeur des Bouffes aura à verser de piteuses larmes sur la subvention qu'après tant d'années de prodigalité et de flagrante injustice, le ministère aura enfin la sagesse de retirer à un théâtre que le luxe et la vanité de ses habitués enrichissent bien assez, sans que les contribuables soient encore contraints de se dépouiller pour des étrangers.

— On s'occupe enfin d'un SECOND THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS; on commence même à citer quelques engagements qui, selon l'usage, se font aux dépens des théâtres existans; le moyen de faire autrement? Nous avons tant de gens qui exercent le métier de comédien et si peu d'acteurs! Jamais, peut-être, depuis le grand Molière, nous n'avons été si pauvres en sujets.... Aussi, aimons-nous encore mieux voir le second théâtre engager des jeunes gens qui laissent briller quelque lueur d'avenir, tel que Guyon de l'Ambigu, par exemple, que d'apprendre qu'un Saint-Aulaire ou un Prévost doit venir l'écraser de sa nullité.

— L'Opéra-Comique vient encore d'enregistrer un succès, grâce à Mme Damoreau, en dépit de Mme Jenny Colon, et malgré les éternelles invrai-

semblances que personne au monde ne sait accumuler avec plus d'aplomb que M. Scribe.

C'est ainsi qu'un grand talent peut mener à bon port un ouvrage compromis par son auteur et menacé par quelques-uns de ses exécutans. Il faut être une Mme Damoreau, c'est-à-dire la plus aimable des femmes comme la plus ravissante cantatrice de l'époque, pour avoir accepté un ouvrage où Mme Jenny Colon prend place auprès d'elle.

Enfin, le dieu des arts a souri à tant d'obligeance et de dévouement; une autre femme y eût vu un triomphe, Mme Damoreau n'y a trouvé qu'un service à rendre : l'AMBASSADRICE aura une longue existence. Quand l'admiration du public a pour objet un mérite réel, on ne saurait en calculer la durée.

— LE MARI DE LA DAME DE CHOUVEUX est une excellente farce qui ne peut admettre aucune analyse, mais elle fait rire à gorge déployée; c'est encore un mérite.

— A l'indécence près, le Gymnase est comme les Bains russes; personne n'en veut plus, et tout le monde a raison.

ANNONCES.

— Souffrir, quand on peut, à l'aide d'un habile praticien, se délivrer d'une insupportable douleur; souffrir et laisser prendre à son visage toute la pâleur que le mal lui impose, toute l'expression qu'y sillonnent de cruelles angoisses; voilà ce qu'aucune personne raisonnable ne voudra supporter quand, à l'aide d'un baume précieux, on peut trouver un terme à tant de souffrances.

Quel est ce baume tant de fois éprouvé?

L'élixir et la poudre de TALBOT, rue des Filles-Saint-Thomas n. 13. Dépôt chez M. Boutrouy, passage des Panoramas, n. 12.

— Voir, avant l'âge, sa tête blanchir est une chose désolante pour une jeune femme; et cependant combien d'événemens, de causes imprévues peuvent faire blanchir les cheveux presque soudainement!

Quand leur nombre n'est pas trop grand, une main habile peut en faire disparaître les vestiges et rendre à un front jeune et beau tout son primitif éclat; c'est là ce que sait faire avec une merveilleuse dextérité Mme GOUFILL, épilouse, rue Pinon, n. 16, près de l'Opéra.

AVIS IMPORTANT.

Nous nous empressons d'annoncer à nos abonnés de la Grande-Bretagne, que M^{me} Bazin, brevetée de S. A. R. la duchesse de Gloucester, et dont la maison, renommée à si justes titres, réunit avec tant de goût et de discernement ce que Paris offre de plus gracieux et de plus élégant en modes et en nouveautés, ci-devant New-Bond-Street, vient de transporter ses magasins 30 Lower-Brook-Street Grosvenor-Square.

CONDITIONS DE L'ABONNEMENT.

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LE BON TON.

Journal

DES MODES.BUREAUX, RUE RICHELIEU, N° 69,
en face la Bibliothèque du Roi.

LES COIFFURES SONT DE MM. NARDIN, MARITON, CROISAT ET MAILLY.

*Modes.***SOMMAIRE.**Explication des Gravures. — Butin de la Mode. —
La merveille des Fleurs. — Le Sauvage. — Théâ-
tres. — Variétés. — Annonces.**GRAVURE 157.**

De toutes les étoffes, il n'en est point comme le velours et le satin pour s'associer avec avantage aux plus élégantes fantaisies ainsi qu'aux plus somptueuses parures; les ouvrages les plus riches, ceux sur lesquels semblent rouler les piergeries, et serpenter mille rameaux d'or, n'ont rien qui égale la douceur, les reflets des deux plus admirables tissus que nos fabriques puissent produire; aussi sont-ils presque toujours réunis; il est rare que dans une parure l'un ne vienne pas doubler l'éclat de l'autre, et jamais ils ne manquent leur effet, surtout lorsque des mains habiles se chargent de les employer.

Pour le modèle que reproduit notre gravure, Mlle Borne n'a voulu offrir qu'une robe de sortie; il est facile de voir combien la forme en est avantageuse; car, pour le moment, robes et redingotes ne font pour ainsi dire que tout un, l'ouverture de la jupe étant sur le côté.

Trois jokeys superposés garnissent le haut des manches, qui s'élargissent ensuite, forment deux petits bouillons, et se terminent dans un poignet ajusté.

Le fichu pélerine ajoute à ce joli vêtement, dont la ceinture est droite, ainsi que le sont généralement celles des redingotes.

Les pinces de rubans de satin qui entourent la pélerine et le devant sont à trois plis, dans le genre de ceux qui se placent au devant des tours de tête.

Un chapeau en velours, sortant des magasins de Maurice Beauvais, complète à merveille cette élégante toilette.

GRAVURE 158.

N° 1. — Si de tous les ornemens de tête le turban est le plus élégant, il est aussi le plus difficile à bien poser; nous entendons parler ici de celui que l'artiste dispose sur place, et non de celui qu'une modiste prépare sur une forme.

Le turban que reproduit notre gravure est fait avec une écharpe diaphane et flexible, maintenue par le milieu sans qu'il soit employé pour cela la moindre substance étrangère; le bout de l'écharpe retombe sans aucun apprêt sur l'épaule gauche.

N° 2. — Les cheveux sont noués très-bas

et divisés en deux parties. La première forme la coque de droite ; de la seconde on fait une natte en cinq que l'on place en demi-guirlande et dont le bout devient la seconde coque.

Les fleurs sont placées à gauche, au-dessous de la natte ; les devants se composent de nattes fines entrelacées et soutenues par un rang de perles que l'agrafe du camée maintient au sommet du front.

N° 3. — Les cheveux étant noués, on les sépare dans leur épaisseur en trois mèches ; les deux premières forment les coques, et de la troisième se compose la natte qui tourne autour des coques, se termine en serpentant et vient se perdre dans la touffe gauche, dont elle forme une partie.

Les fleurs sont tenues dans le crêpe des touffes.

N° 4. — Il faut séparer les cheveux en trois, puis entourer le pied de la coiffure d'une mèche lisse. Les cheveux de derrière étant partagés en trois coques, on passe alternativement la tête de l'écharpe entre chaque coque, de manière à former deux rangs successifs coquillés.

L'écharpe, quoique tombant en arrière, se trouve arrêtée au milieu, et passe de là, en formant draperie, jusque derrière l'oreille droite ; c'est de là que retombe le second bout de l'écharpe après avoir été fixé sous le bouquet.

Une guirlande, placée à la naissance des cheveux, sert d'ornement au-devant, qu'une Sévigné accompagne.

N° 5. — La légèreté est la première base de cette coiffure, qui, étant bien posée, est tout à la fois d'une grande distinction sans avoir rien d'opaque et de fatigant. La composition en est simple : les cheveux sont attachés très-bas et partagés en deux. Toute la partie de derrière se forme de nattes simples, minces et entourées d'un chapelet de perles.

Une guirlande de marabouts, dont le pied est rehaussé d'un rameau capillaire en feuillage d'or, passe en guise de diadème d'une tempe à l'autre.

N° 6. — Les cheveux sont relevés en casque, puis divisés en deux mèches ; la première, celle de gauche, forme une natte

circassienne ; la seconde, un nœud sur le sommet de la tête. Les bouts de cette seconde mèche sont tournés autour de la coiffure et la maintiennent sans épingles. La natte, tressée en cinq, forme le croisissant derrière la coque. Loin d'être disposées d'avance en guirlande, elles sont détachées et ne prennent cette forme que par les soins du coiffeur.

Quant au devant, ce sont des demi-anglaises arrêtées au-dessus de l'œil par un petit peigne.

N° 7. — Avec la natte de devant se forme de chaque côté une sorte de palme cachemirienne terminée par un anneau allongé.

Les cheveux sont noués à demi-hauteur, et se partagent en plusieurs nattes, dont le pied est encore serré par une natte.

Cette coiffure élégante, mais jeune, convient surtout aux dames dont le visage peut se passer d'accompagnement.

BUTIN DE LA MODE.

Tous les ans, dans les premiers jours de janvier, la mode semble faire une halte, fatiguée qu'elle est d'avoir tant produit pour la solennité du jour de l'an ; aussi cette première semaine est-elle toujours peu riche en créations nouvelles... Le carnaval, les fêtes luxueuses qui d'ordinaire ont lieu vers cette époque, lui rendent bientôt son activité première ; c'est ainsi que nous nous attendons à avoir sous peu de temps à annoncer de nouveaux modèles.

— Après avoir eu occasion de parler mainte fois de la façon des manches, signalons encore, comme d'un bon effet, les manches *modérées* ou *demi-plates* ; elles ont trois ou cinq bouillons, descendent jusqu'au défaut du coude, et présentent le même volume du haut et du bas.

Les manches longues, façon de Palmyre, sont justes jusqu'au coude ; là elles s'élargissent, à demi-cachées par un jockey à trois garnitures. Si la robe est en étoffe de soie, les petits volans se soutiennent ; si elle est en mousseline, ils sont en dentelle et s'a-

battent avec grâce sur la manche, que l'on a soin de rendre demi-bouffante.

— On avait remarqué au commencement de l'hiver que, pour la sortie du spectacle, nombre de dames, coiffées en cheveux, avaient repris ces auréoles de tul de laine que les bonnetiers vendaient il y a quelques années; on vient de les remplacer par un autre objet plus commode pour couvrir les oreilles et en même temps plus élégant; les nouvelles auréoles sont en taffetas rose piqué, ouaté, et recouverte d'une dentelle noire dont la tête dépasse d'un demi-pouce et forme naturellement garniture.

— La vente des schalls de grenadine tout unis, n'ayant pour tout ornement qu'une baguette satinée, couleur sur couleur, commençait à baisser un peu; cet article vient d'être totalement remis en faveur par une broderie au passé jetée dans chaque coin du schall.

— Les écharpes de cachemire sont vivement recherchées par les dames, et c'est en effet ce qu'il y a de plus chaud et de plus doux à opposer au froid; ces écharpes s'attachent au cou par un coulant d'or.

— Gagelin a composé pour le deuil des manteaux en armure de soie ou en satin velouté noir, doublé de gris, quelquefois bordé de fourrure; si l'armure est d'un effet grave et semble annoncer un tissu étoffé, le satin velouté forme des plis moelleux qui s'allient bien à l'hermine et à la martre.

— La chenille s'allie maintenant à nombre de broderies et sur les étoffes les plus fragiles, mais aussi est-elle d'une extrême finesse.

— Maintenant que le signal est donné et que la fashion donne aux réunions qu'elle provoque un nouvel aspect, et qu'enfin nous voyons éclore ces toilettes pour lesquelles les Victorine, les Camille et les Palmyre ont fait assaut de talent et de goût, nous ne devons pas oublier qu'il faut que ces parures, pour atteindre tout l'éclat désirable, reposent sur une base artistement disposée; il faut, en un mot, que le corset réponde par la netteté de sa coupe et son artistique confection à l'in-

génieuse combinaison de la robe; personne ne peut mieux que M. Pousse (1) être désigné en cette occasion, comme ayant, à force d'études et d'améliorations successives, rendu les corsets plus commodes et plus appropriés à tous les genres de toilette. Il ne faut pas oublier non plus que, tout en servant de point d'appui aux plus magnifiques parures, les corsets de cet ingénieux fabricant peuvent, à l'aide du plus simple mécanisme, se desserrer ou se resserrer, ou même se délayer au besoin en une minute, sans qu'il soit nécessaire pour cela de dégrafer la robe et de quitter le bal.

— Puisque nous en sommes à des objets d'utilité, empressons-nous de mentionner les chapeaux de femme et d'enfant en castor à duvet long et soyeux, que M. Barrère (2) dispose avec autant d'élégance qu'il en sait donner, du reste, à tout ce qui sort de son magasin.

BALS ET SOIRÉES.

Enfin les voilà donc ces fêtes si impatientement attendues, ces somptueuses réunions où tant de femmes aspiraient de se rencontrer, car là tout est embellissement, cadre brillant, délicieuse magie.... Là s'ouvre une sphère exceptionnelle, apparaît un monde à part, pour lequel le commun des mortels travaille, invente, produit; mais pour qui cet Élysée ne s'ouvre jamais, semblable en cela au séjour des élus, dont bien des gens ont entendu parler, pour la possession duquel ils ont passé bien des heures pénibles et supporté bien des fatigues, mais dont il n'est donné à qui que soit de rendre un compte exact: il faut croire que dans le ciel, comme parmi nos heureux du jour, le silence est considéré comme la première de toutes les vertus.

Dans nos précédentes livraisons, nous avons déjà eu occasion de parler des premières soirées des ambassades d'Autriche et d'Angleterre; c'est aujourd'hui des bals

(1) Rue Bourbon-Villeneuve, 38.

(2) Rue Richelieu, 61.

de la cour du roi des Français et de quelques autres fêtes pour lesquelles le noble faubourg et la Chaussée d'Antin se sont mutuellement mis en frais, que nous avons à parler; cet aperçu sera rapide : notre projet étant moins de rendre un compte détaillé de tout ce que nous avons vu ou entendu, que de l'ensemble des toilettes et du genre que nous avons pu considérer comme le plus à la mode, puisqu'il était le plus généralement adopté.

Les toilettes étaient généralement dans le genre Louis XV; les manches plates à coudes avec des engageantes, ornées de coques, de crevés et de bouillons dominaient; les corsages formant aplat, un peu busqués et dégageant modérément les épaules; les jupes rondes, pour ainsi dire et marquant si peu la traine que cela n'avait plus d'expression prononcée.

La coiffure, qui est d'une si grande importance pour la toilette, avait pour caractère distinctif d'être demi-haute; les touffes de devant formant Sévigné, et les ornemens placés sur le côté.

On remarquait bon nombre de turbans, de petits chapeaux parés en velours épinglé; puis, sur les coiffures en cheveux, des fleurs, des diamans, et, comme remarquable fantaisie, des marabouts blancs accompagnés de roses roses. Les marabouts étaient montés en grappe tombant sur le côté; les roses prenaient place au pied de la coiffure.

Au nombre des dames dont la parure a le plus mérité d'être signalée, autant par sa richesse que par son élégance, nous citerons madame la comtesse de Torreno, portant une robe de crêpe de la façon de Palmyre; un double rang de bouillons descendait perpendiculairement sur le côté gauche de la jupe, entre ces deux rangées étaient placés, de distance en distance, des bouquets de fleurs bleues. Une rivière de diamans formait bandeau sur la coiffure, et un bouquet également en diamans avec une branche de marguerites tombait du côté gauche.

Avec une robe d'une éclatante fraîcheur, madame la duchesse de *** portait un délicieux petit chapeau de velours épinglé,

orné de diamans et de plumes blanches retombant sur l'épaule.

Tout ce que l'on nous dit de la magnificence des costumes de l'Inde est croyable quand on a vu la toilette de madame la marquise de Ferrary; on eût dit une de ces pluies magiques dont parlent les contes arabes, une de ces pluies où chaque goutte d'eau se transformait en diamant, était venu tomber sur la robe noire et sur la tête de cette dame; ce n'était sur cette robe que fleurs en diamans, sur la tête qu'une guirlande et des bouquets de diamans.

On évalue à un *million* le prix de cette parure. Après avoir ainsi donné un aperçu de ce qu'ont été les fêtes du Château, nous pourrions dire qu'avec de jolis objets, mais disposés avec peu de goût, peut-être, quelques dames ont dû voir le sourire errer sur les lèvres à leur approche... Il nous serait facile d'ébaucher ici d'après nature quelques esquisses qui pourraient bien être reconnues, mais il n'est pas dans nos principes de donner place dans nos colonnes à une critique qui pourrait bien amuser quelques personnes en en froissant d'autres.

Du reste, nous le répétons, les soirées qui ont eu lieu au Château les 3 et 5 du courant ont fait un véritable plaisir, il en a été de même de celle que M. d'Appony a donnée le 28 décembre, et du bal qui a eu lieu chez M. Ardouin, il y a quelques jours.

La soirée dansante que M. le comte de Rambuteau devait donner samedi dernier est remise à samedi prochain.

LA MERVEILLE DES FLEURS.

Dans une vallée silencieuse brille une belle petite fleur; sa vue flatte l'œil et le cœur comme les feux du soleil couchant; elle a bien plus de prix que l'or, que les perles et les diamans, et c'est à juste titre qu'on l'appelle la merveille des fleurs.

Il faudrait chanter bien long-temps pour célébrer toute la vertu de ma petite fleur et les miracles qu'elle opère sur le corps et sur les sens; car il n'est pas d'élixir qui

puisse égaler les effets qu'elle produit, et rien qu'à la voir on ne le croirait pas.

Celui qui porte cette merveille dans son cœur devient aussi beau que les anges; c'est ce que j'ai remarqué avec une profonde émotion dans les hommes comme dans les femmes, aux vieux et aux jeunes; elle attire les hommages des plus belles ames, tel qu'un talisman irrésistible.

Mais il n'est rien de beau dans une tête orgueilleuse, fixe sur un cou tendu, qui croit dominer tout ce qui l'entoure. Si l'orgueil du rang ou de l'or t'a raidi le cou, une fleur merveilleuse te le rendra flexible et te contraindra à baisser la tête.

Elle répandra sur ton visage l'aimable couleur de la rose; elle adoucira le feu de tes yeux en abaissant leurs paupières; si ta voix est rude et criarde, elle lui donnera le doux son de la flûte; si ta marche est lourde et arrogante, elle l'a rendra légère comme un zéphyr.

Le cœur de l'homme est comme un luth fait pour le chant et l'harmonie; mais souvent le plaisir et la peine en tirent des sons discordans : la peine, quand les honneurs, le pouvoir et la richesse échappent à ses vœux : les plaisirs, comme ornés de couronnes victorieuses, ils viennent se mettre à ses ordres.

Oh! comme la fleur merveilleuse remplit alors les cœurs d'une ravissante harmonie! Comme elle entoure d'un prestige enchanteur la gravité et la plaisanterie! Rien dans les actions, alors, rien dans les paroles qui puisse blesser personne au monde; point d'orgueil, point d'arrogance, point de prétention.

Oh! que la vie est alors douce et paisible! Quel bienfaisant sommeil plane autour du lit où l'on repose! La merveilleuse fleur préserve de toute morsure, de tout poison; le serpent aurait beau vouloir te piquer, il ne le pourrait pas!

Mais, croyez-moi, ce que je chante n'est pas une fiction, quelque peine qu'on puisse avoir à supposer de tels prodiges. Mes chants ne sont qu'un reflet de cette grâce céleste que la merveille des fleurs répand sur les actions et la vie des petits et des grands. Oh! si vous aviez connu celle

qui fit jadis toute ma joie! La mort l'arracha de mes bras sur l'autel même de l'hymen; vous auriez aisément compris ce que peut la divine fleur, et la vérité vous serait apparue comme dans le jour le plus pur. Que de fois je lui dus la conservation de cette merveille! Elle la remettait doucement sur mon sein quand je l'avais perdue. Maintenant un esprit d'impatience l'en arrache souvent, et toutes les fois que le sort m'en punit, je regrette amèrement sa perte. Toutes les perfections que la fleur avait répandues sur le corps et dans l'esprit de ma compagne, les chants les plus longs ne pourraient les énumérer; et comme elle ajoute plus de charmes à la beauté que la soie, les perles et l'or, je la nomme la merveille des fleurs, d'autres l'appellent la modestie.

B.

Le Sauvage.

Il s'en va, l'homme à la peau blanche,

Qui disait: Viens voir ma cité.

Fuir mes forêts de liberté,

Mon enfant, mon hamac qui penche,

Fuir ma compagne au teint si beau,

Au pagné fin, au doux visage! . . .

Qu'il rejoigne seul, au rivage,

Sa case qui marche sur l'eau!

Son grand monde est, dit-on, plus loin que ces

[savanes,

Il faut passer ce fleuve, et puis ces longs déserts,

Et ces mers, et ces bois tout pavés de lianes,

Et d'autres bois et d'autres mers.

Ah! j'aurais dit: Pars seul, m'eût-il fallu lui rendre

Ses présens, ses couteaux d'acier fin et coupans,

Ses sonnettes au chant si clair qu'il semble entendre

Les écailles de nos serpents.

Comme des nids d'oiseaux, nos abris sont fragiles:

Il dit les siens brillans, avec des murs épais;

Mais je sais qu'au-dessus de ces cases des villes

On voit s'élever des palais.

Nous recouvrons nos toits de joncs qu'on entrelace;

De paille de maïs, de branches de gommiers;

Mais ils sont tous égaux, et rien ne les dépasse

Que les feuilles de nos palmiers.

Leurs sièges sont, dit-il, des chaises veloutées;
Moi, j'aime mieux, avec mes haches et mes dards,
Conquérir, pour m'asseoir, quelques peaux tachetées
De tigres rouges, de jaguars.

Il parle de miroirs qui doublent le visage;
Mon miroir, c'est le fleuve; il est grand, sans apprêts,
Sans entourage d'or; son cadre est un rivage
De montagnes et de forêts.

Là-bas, une pendule, où l'aiguille s'avance,
Marque instant par instant chaque jour qui s'enfuit;
Ici nous mesurons largement l'existence

Par le matin et par la nuit.
Tout le luxe mesquin de sa riche demeure,
Je le méprise, moi. Voici, dans ce ciel bleu,
Notre pendule à nous, ce beau soleil, où l'heure
Se lit sur un cadran de feu.

Dans un sombre caveau, dans un tombeau superbe,
Sous des pierres il dit qu'ils font sceller leurs morts;
Nos pères sont ici couchés sous un peu d'herbe;
Nul marbre ne pèse à leur corps.

Sur le simple gazon, un palmier qui s'élève,
Monument du désert, se dresse au-dessus d'eux,
Fait vivre leur poussière, et la prend dans sa sève,
Puis la fait monter vers les cieux.

Ses dieux restent cachés; mais ceux de nos savanes
Sont les astres d'en haut, c'est le soleil qui luit.
Tous les soirs je lui dis : « Viens mûrir nos bananes,

• Au geyavier suspends son fruit;
• Réchauffe tout mon corps par ta vive lumière;
• Jaunis les verts mais que nous te confions. »
Et chaque jour il vient répondre à ma prière
Avec sa flamme et ses rayons.

Nous adorons la lune et l'étoile brillante.
Nous n'avons que des dieux de lumière et de feux;
Nous leur parlons au bois, près de l'oiseau qui chante,
Et sous les palmistes ombreux.

Le blanc voulut ici faire un temple de pierre,
Mais nous avons brisé son temple et son autel.
Nous, sous des murs voûtés enfermer la prière
Qui ne peut plus voler au Ciel!

Il s'en va, l'homme à la peau blanche;
Oh! qu'il parte!.. A lui la cité,
A moi mes bois de liberté,
Mon enfant, mon hamac qui penche,
Et ma compagne au teint si beau,
Au pagné fin, au doux visage!
Qu'il rejoigne seul, au rivage,
Sa case qui marche sur l'eau!

M^{me} ANAIS SÉGALAS.

De tels vers, une poésie aussi riche d'expressions, n'ont besoin ni de commentaires, ni d'éloges; qui pourrait en effet ne pas reconnaître dans cette pièce que nous empruntons au recueil que madame Anaïs Ségalas vient de publier sous ce titre si modeste : *LES OISEAUX DE PASSAGE*? qui pourrait, disons-nous, ne pas reconnaître une touche aussi pure que délicate, une chaleur de style qui n'arrive qu'au sentiment et jamais à l'emphase.

Madame Ségalas écrit comme elle parle, comme elle pense; ses tableaux sont justes, parce qu'ils ne sont jamais exagérés; aussi dira-t-on en les parcourant plus d'une fois : C'est magnifique comme la nature, c'est beau comme la vérité.

E. C.

Revue des Théâtres.

—Une pièce de M. Merville est toujours une de ces bonnes fortunes qui n'arrivent que trop rarement à nos théâtres, si riches quant au nombre des ouvrages, si pauvres par leur mérite.

Dans le *Maréchal de l'Empire*, comme dans *la Famille Glinet*, M. Merville n'a eu qu'une pensée, mis en évidence qu'une seule idée; c'est, ainsi qu'il l'a dit lui-même, qu'il fallait *éclairer les esprits, calmer les passions*; cette morale pure, et digne tout à la fois d'un excellent citoyen et d'un homme de génie, ne pouvait être mal accueillie du public, surtout quand une telle leçon avait pour appui tout l'entourage d'une action forte, bien combinée, et que des caractères profondément sentis achevaient d'en faire ressortir toute la pureté.

Malheureusement, M. Merville n'a pas trouvé dans tous les acteurs un zèle et un talent capables de le seconder.

Mademoiselle Dupont, si bonne sou-brette quelquefois, bien qu'elle n'ait jamais pu entrer en rivalité avec mademoiselle Demerson, est très faible en grande dame, Provost gâte tout ce qu'il touche; et, faut-il le dire, Samson lui-même, Samson, qu'il faut considérer comme un homme d'esprit et comme un excellent comédien, Samson nous a pourtant fourni la triste preuve que nos acteurs, bons ou mauvais qu'ils soient,

mettent en oubli les sages conseils de Talma et négligent l'étude du costume!... Comme si au spectacle il ne fallait pas satisfaire les yeux avant l'esprit, comme si la vérité théâtrale ne dépendait pas totalement de cette stricte observation du costume et des décors?

— On s'occupe beaucoup au théâtre Italien d'un opéra nouveau.

— Grâce à madame Damoreau, l'*Ambasadrice* obtient un succès de vogue à l'Opéra-Comique.

— On répète avec activité la *Chevalière d'Eon* au Vaudeville.

— Madame Jenny-Verpré va redébiter aux Variétés, dans une pièce ayant pour titre HENRIETTE WILSON, et pourtant cette actrice a un nom et du talent... Ne serait-ce pas le cas de s'écrier avec Frédéric : *Fatalité!*...

— On dit que le nouveau directeur du théâtre de l'Odéon à l'intention de donner des concerts, l'été prochain, dans le jardin du Luxembourg; tel était aussi le projet de M. Lemétheyer, à qui cette même direction avait été, dit-on, long-temps promise.

— Nous ne parlerons pas des à propos représentés avec plus ou moins de bonheur sur nos théâtres secondaires, il en est des pièces faites pour le jour de l'an comme de l'éloge de S. Louis, après avoir tout dit on se répète. Nous ne signalerons donc, comme ayant offert au public, sinon des scènes neuves, du moins des détails piquans et quelques couplets spirituels, que *Paris à Constantinople*, du Vaudeville; 1836 dans *la Lune*, de l'Ambigu, et 1837 dans *les Nuages*, du Gymnase des Enfans.

— Le grand théâtre de Saint-Petersbourg, qui vient d'être restauré, a été inauguré le 9 décembre par la première représentation d'un opéra russe, musique de M. Glinka, paroles de M. le baron Rosen. Cette représentation, que l'empereur, l'impératrice, le grand-duc héritier, la grande-duchesse Hélène et les autres grande-duchesses ont honorées de leur présence, a offert un spectacle aussi magnifique qu'imposant. Le caractère national de la musique et les sentimens patriotiques répandus dans tout le cours de la pièce ont excité au plus

haut degré l'enthousiasme du public. L'auteur de la musique, appelé après la chute du rideau, a été couvert d'applaudissemens.

Variétés.

.* Paganini est à Marseille. On croit qu'il y va donner des concerts.

.* Il se fait en ce moment au Havre une immense exportation de pommes de terre pour l'Angleterre. Leur prix est presque doublé depuis un mois.

.* L'énorme tilleul de Winnezele, dans le canton de Cassel (Nord) a été déraciné par un ouragan : la circonférence de cet arbre, qui a vu plusieurs siècles, était de 36 pieds. Situé au milieu de la place, ses rameaux touffus dominaient et les maisons et l'église, et tous les arbres voisins. Les habitans de ce village avaient, pour ce monstrueux végétal, la même vénération qu'ailleurs on a pour un antique monument, chef-d'œuvre de l'âge le plus reculé.

.* Le TRUE-SUN annonce d'une manière positive que l'engagement de Mlle Taglioni au théâtre de Drury-Lane est une affaire définitivement conclue avec le directeur, M. Bronn. Cette danseuse se montrera à ce théâtre pendant les mois de mai, de juin et juillet, et elle a été engagée à des conditions telles, quelle touchera, pour ces trois mois, la somme énorme de 6,000 livres sterl. (150,000 f.) A l'expiration de cet engagement, Mlle Taglioni se propose de parcourir les principales villes d'Angleterre et d'Irlande, telles que Manchester, Birmingham et Dublin; elle se rendra de là en Russie, et après avoir enchanté les habitans de Moscou et de Saint-Petersbourg, elle s'embarquera pour l'Amérique.

.* La dépouille mortelle de Mme Malibran est arrivée d'Anvers à son château à Ixelles.

.* On avait annoncé, dans le village de Mores-tel, la mort de M. Carrus, ex-percepteur, vieillard de quatre-vingt deux ans; déjà les vingt-quatre heures pour le délai nécessaire avant l'enterrement étaient écoulées, la cloche sonnait pour les funérailles, et le menuisier confectionnait le dernier vêtement du défunt, lorsqu'au moment où on le mettait dans le linceul, celui qu'on croyait mort se réveille et se met à se débattre dans les langes

dont on l'avait enveloppé; il demanda à boire. On fut d'abord effrayé. Puis de la frayeur on passa bientôt à la joie, et le petit-fils du nouveau Lazare alla au cabaret voisin dépenser avec des amis l'argent qui devait être aux funérailles de son aïeul. Ce fait est une nouvelle preuve du danger des inhumations précipitées; il doit prémunir de plus en plus contre cette coutume, qui peut avoir de si déplorable résultats.

À Rouen, Mlle Thomeret, âgée de 19 ans, sous-maitresse dans la pension de Mlle Grimpé, vient d'y être victime d'une imprudence. Cette jeune personne ayant voulu attiser un foyer de charbon de terre placé dans la cheminée, a enlevé la balustrade qui défend l'approche du feu aux élèves. Puis au moment de la remettre en place, s'étant retournée pour parler à quelqu'un, le feu prit à sa robe. En un instant, elle est entourée par les flammes; elle s'effraie et fuit la présence de tous ceux qui eussent pu la secourir; elle tombe enfin sans connaissance sur le carré du troisième étage. Quand on arriva près d'elle, les flammes l'environnaient de toutes parts. Tout secours fut inutile; elle était morte.

M. Jackman, de Sevenoaks, dans le comté de Kent, a pour avocat un des plus renommés de la capitale de l'Angleterre, et il l'a employé fort longtemps n'ayant qu'à se louer de son activité et de sa parfaite connaissance des affaires. Parmi quelques originalités qui distinguent le caractère de cet homme de loi, il a celle de se faire long-temps prier avant que de donner son compte, et ce ne fut pas sans peine que M. Jackman parvint enfin à obtenir de lui le détail des frais et honoraires qu'il savait lui devoir. Mais il trouva, à sa grande surprise, que le total excédait considérablement le chiffre qu'il s'était imaginé. Afin de se convaincre pourtant de l'exactitude de cet intéressant document, M. Jackman s'en alla faire visite à son cher avocat, et lui proposa de le vérifier ensemble article par article, ce à quoi celui-ci consentit volontiers comme chose très-juste et très-raisonnable. Tout alla bien pendant la première colonne, mais arrivé à un certain article ainsi conçu : Course à l'hôtel Talbot, Southwork, 13 s. 3 d.; fiacre, 3 sh. « Ah! dit M. Jackman, ceci est une erreur, je n'ai jamais de ma vie été à cet hôtel, et je ne connais même qui que ce soit dans ce faubourg. — Non, monsieur, dit l'avocat tranquillement, je le sais, ce que vous

dites est parfaitement vrai, vous n'y êtes jamais allé, et ce n'a pas été pour vous y joindre que j'ai fait cette course; mais bien pour y aller chercher cette dinde et ces saucissons que vous avez eu la bonté de m'envoyer en cadeau aux fêtes de Noël dernières.

On admire maintenant au Musée d'histoire naturelle de Bruxelles deux oiseaux-mouches Sophia, dont le plumage a le reflet des pierres précieuses.

ANNONCES.

— Souffrir, quand on peut, à l'aide d'un habile praticien, se délivrer d'une insupportable douleur; souffrir et laisser prendre à son visage toute la pâleur que le mal lui impose, toute l'expression qu'y sillonnent de cruelles angoisses; voilà ce qu'aucune personne raisonnable ne voudra supporter quand, à l'aide d'un baume précieux, on peut trouver un terme à tant de souffrances.

Quel est ce baume tant de fois éprouvé?

L'élixir et la poudre de TALBOT, rue des Filles-Saint-Thomas n. 13. Dépôt chez M. Boutroy, passage des Panoramas, n. 12.

— Voir, avant l'âge, sa tête blanchir est une chose désolante pour une jeune femme; et cependant combien d'événemens, de causes imprévues peuvent faire blanchir les cheveux presque soudainement!

Quand leur nombre n'est pas trop grand, une main habile peut en faire disparaître les vestiges et rendre à un front jeune et beau tout son primitif éclat; c'est là ce que sait faire avec une merveilleuse dextérité Mme GOURIL, épileuse, rue Pinon, n. 16, près de l'Opéra.

AVIS IMPORTANT.

Nous nous empressons d'annoncer à nos abonnés de la Grande-Bretagne, que M^{me} Bazin, brevetée de S. A. R. la duchesse de Gloucester, et dont la maison, renommée à si justes titres, réunit avec tant de goût et de discernement ce que Paris offre de plus gracieux et de plus élégant en modes et en nouveautés, ci-devant New-Bond-Street, vient de transporter ses magasins 30 Lower-Brook-Street Grosvenor-Square.

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LE BON TON,

Journal

DES MODES.**BUREAUX, RUE RICHELIEU, N° 69,**

en face la Bibliothèque du Roi.

LES COIFFURES SONT DE MM. NARDIN, MARITON, CROISAT ET MAILLY.*Modes.***SOMMAIRE.**

Explication des gravures. — Butin de la Mode. —
Bals et Soirées. — Salon de 1837. — Gandrini.
— Théâtres. — Variétés.

S'il est une chose fatigante pour le talent, c'est d'être forcé de s'exercer dans un cercle retréci et de faire mal gré bon gré de la banalité. C'est pourtant là ce qui arrive pour tout ce qui offre quelques rapports plus ou moins directs, avec tout ce qui tient rigoureusement aux usages universellement reçus, aux habitudes vulgairement consacrées. C'est ainsi que pour un poète, il n'est rien de plus pénible à faire que des couplets de fête et qu'il n'est également rien qui mette plus à l'étroit la flexible imagination d'une couturière, comme un costume de mariée...

Habile à vaincre les obstacles, M^{me} Sédille, vient de composer un modèle tout nouveau. Sortant des sentiers battus, et mettant sans ménagement de côté les tuls, les gazes, les broderies et le décolleté ordinaire, c'est en étoffe pleine, c'est en satin qu'est la robe dont nous donnons le modèle; le corsage hardiment dessiné, est

disposé à la *Jeanne d'Albret*, une cordelière est fixée au bas du busc, les manches ajustées, sont ornées de biais francés. La jupe forme la *trainé*; nous ne parlerons que pour mémoire du cygne, ajouté aux ornemens et qui, étant d'un goût très distingué, maintenant que la saison est encore froide et nébuleuse, pourra être facilement remplacé plus tard, par des ornemens d'un genre différent.

On remarquera que les manches de la robe de Palmyre forment une petite Clotilde à partir du coude et que la draperie du corsage n'est que maintenue, mais non resserrée et bridée par le poignet qui se trouve au milieu.

(*Coiffure de mariée.*) Les cheveux sont attachés un peu bas et séparés en quatre mèches tournées autour d'autant de rouleaux de crin. La torsade la plus élevée doit être faite la première; la mèche de côté garnira la seconde; la troisième, et celle de droite les deux autres. Le bout des cheveux tournant autour de la coiffure, la fermera. Il faut faire d'abord les touffes un peu tombantes et fixer ensuite la guirlande de fleurs d'oranger. L'écharpe est drapée et posée sur la torsade entre la tête et les rouleaux de la coiffure.

(*Deuxième coiffure.*) Elle se compose

d'une guirlande et de deux touffes, qu'elle couronne de chaque côté. Il est bon que cette guirlande soit placée un peu de côté. Trois coques variées forment le derrière de cette coiffure.

La coupe de ce costume, l'à-plat qu'il doit avoir, dépendent essentiellement de la manière dont le buste est maintenu ; quel que soit d'ailleurs le talent bien reconnu d'une couturière, telle que M^{me} Sédille, il est incontestable que ses meilleures modes ne produiraient jamais l'effet désiré sans le concours d'un corset artistement dessiné.

Les dernières fêtes de la Cour n'ont pas peu contribué à faire adopter aux dames des corsets disposés avec autant d'art que de méthode ; la Reine, dont la mise est toujours d'un goût parfait a donné, pour l'importante spécialité des corsets, un exemple précieux qui n'a pas été perdu et dont l'influence ne cessera point de se faire sentir à la ville.

Aussi attentive à s'occuper des objets d'une utilité réelle qu'à faire un choix heureux entre tout ce que le luxe et la haute élégance, peuvent offrir de plus remarquablement beau, S. M. a donné cette année une nouvelle preuve de sa sollicitude pour les inventions vraiment utiles en adoptant les corsets Josselin, et cela, après avoir reconnu le mérite de leur confection et les nombreux avantages qu'ils présentent. Nous ne pouvons considérer une si précieuse approbation que comme du plus heureux augure pour M. Josselin ; déjà plusieurs demandes importantes lui avaient été faites par les cours d'Autriche, de Russie, de Naples, de Portugal et du Brésil. Nul doute qu'avec d'aussi hauts patronages ces merveilleux corsets ne soient bientôt adoptés par tout ce qu'il y a de *fashion* en Europe.

Quelle femme ne s'empresserait pas de faire usage d'un corset qui offre, en outre d'une coupe vraiment artistique, l'im-

meuse avantage de se lacer et de se délacer spontanément par la pression d'un ressort qui, sans l'aide de personne, place ou enlève le corset en moins d'une seconde.

A l'époque où l'invention de M. Josselin commença à se faire connaître dans le monde on avait cru devoir appeler *machine* un appareil solide, mais tellement bien combiné qu'il n'a ni lourdeur ni épaisseur. On a bientôt acquis la preuve incontestable que cette *machine*, d'une combinaison fort simple, était susceptible de se transporter et de se raccomoder partout en cas d'accident.

Enfin, pour mettre les dames tout-à-fait à même d'apprécier ses corsets et de reconnaître tous les avantages qu'ils présentent, M. Josselin les donne à l'essai pendant huit à quinze jours avec liberté de les rendre sans aucun frais, si l'usage n'en convenait pas, comme il prend aussi l'engagement d'entretenir à sa charge les corsets qu'il fournit.

On voit qu'il est impossible de présenter de meilleures garanties et de joindre des procédés plus délicats au mérite d'inventions qui ne pourront qu'être mieux appréciées de jour en jour.

A cette importante spécialité, M. Josselin en a joint deux autres, dont les dames apprécieront l'utilité. Ce sont d'abord des *Agrafes hygiéniques*, destinées à remplacer ces agrafes grossières qui étouffent la taille de nos élégantes. Avec celles-ci point de grace si la chaleur vous accable si vous sentez le besoin d'avoir le buste moins comprimé tandis que sans déranger en rien l'harmonie de la toilette, une dame peut avec les agrafes hygiéniques de M. Josselin se desserrer ou serrer sa taille, sans changer de place, sans sortir du bal ; ensuite M. Josselin a inventé des *boucles à cylindre* pour ceinture ; elle sont disposées de telle sorte, qu'il suffit d'appuyer le doigt sur une détente, pour serrer ou desserrer la ceinture.

Coiffures diverses.

* Rue de la Paix, 13, au premier, et rue du Ponceau, 2.

BUTIN DE LA MODE.

Nous avons encore des bals, des réunions parées, où se montrent les plus gracieuses fantaisies, les plus riches atours; mais c'est déjà là un soleil qui s'éclipse; un flambeau projetant au loin un rayon de flamme auquel succèdera une profonde nuit... C'est dommage, car pour ces fêtes dernières, pour ces nuits de faste et de plaisir, il n'y aura de comparable que celles de l'hiver prochain... C'est beaucoup attendre, aussi voyez comme pour ces solennités qui touchent à leur fin, nos artistes font de puissants efforts!.. Après avoir beaucoup produit pendant toute la saison ils veulent encore déposer au pied du but un souvenir, un gage qui plus tard leur servira de signe de reconnaissance et de point de départ; aussi, voyez si Maurice Beauvais n'a pas créé quelque chose de nouveau pour ce chant du cygne? voyez si pour les robes et les modes M^{me} Oudot-Manoury, Camille, Noguez, Brunel, Lejay, et MM. Baudrant, Lemonnier, etc. n'ont pas apporté le tribut de leur féconde imagination?.. Il n'y a pas jusqu'à madame Desloges, qui ne se soit crue dans l'obligation de faire quelque chose de remarquable pour la fin de la saison en échafaudant des turbans qui l'emportent en élégance sur celui du Muphti du bourgeois gentilhomme et des chapeaux plus surchargés de giroufle que ne le sont les vieux donjons de la Touraine... Mais on sait que les modes de M^{me} Desloges sont toujours de bonnes plaisanteries : cette dame est enthousiaste du système de la pondération.

Pour faire suite aux fêtes de l'hiver, on parle de matinées dansantes. On sait que pour ces réunions couteuses et totalement exceptionnelles les étoffes de jour, sont préférées et que le blanc est presque généralement adopté pour les jeunes personnes.

Quant aux toilettes de ville, elle se partagent pour le moment en deux genres bien distincts : costumes du bois et costumes

des salons : la saison qui se maintient sombre et piquante ne permet pour les premiers que des redingotes ouatées ou des douillettes-manteaux en satin de couleur foncée : les redingotes s'ouvrent volontiers sur le côté; la douillette-manteau est accompagnée d'un collet en pareil, tombant plus bas que la taille; sur le tout un petit collet carré en velours.

Joignez à ce costume, un chapeau de velours épinglé, à large et vaste passe ornée d'une touffe de petites plumes et des brodequins de satin noir et la toilette sera d'une grande élégance.

Les schals de velours de Gagelin, avec bordure de martre ou d'hermine, les manchettes et en général toutes les fourrures sont encore de mise pour arriver au bois en voiture, et s'y promener dans les contre-allées.

— Pour le salon, la mise est plus légère, elle tient le milieu entre un frais négligé d'intérieur et une toilette de soirée intime. Ainsi, les bonnets remplacent volontiers les chapeaux; le cachemire succède au manteau, les étoffes d'une teinte plus claire, plus printanière et d'un tissu plus léger sont généralement admises.

— La première représentation de *Stradella* offrait, comme on dit en langage de théâtre, la plus belle chambrée; un double motif avait attiré à cette solennité toute la *fashion* de Paris. Fils de l'éditeur des œuvres de Rossini et s'élançant courageusement sur l'océan du Grand-Opéra, l'auteur des Paroles faisait ses premières armes là où des hommes d'un talent éprouvé ont échoué... Aussi intrépide, l'auteur de la musique quittait l'indulgent piano de salon pour prendre place là où nos plus grands compositeurs trouvent leur apogée, cueillent des palmes sans pareilles et ces lauriers dont plus tard l'Institut décore leurs habits... Voilà bien de l'audace peut-être, mais, nous qui avons parcouru aussi une partie de cette rapide arène, nous ne pouvons qu'applaudir à une témérité qui prouve du

courage et donne souvent essort au talent.

Il faut croire que nous sommes assez heureux pour que nos plus jolies femmes se soient trouvées de notre avis, car nous avons reconnu à cette représentation presque toutes les dames que nous avons vues aux bals de la Cour et à ceux de l'ambassade d'Angleterre.

Là, par conséquent nous avons retrouvé ces Berthes qui sièsent toujours, ces turbans de dentelle et d'Angleterre que l'on regrette de ne pas avoir adoptés dès le commencement de l'hiver. Et ces autres turbans d'un plus grand effet encore parce qu'ils sont en dentelle d'or, en tul d'argent; il y a là tout à la fois recherche, bon goût, splendeur, en un mot on y reconnaît les mailles légères et brillantes créées par Violard, et la forme gracieuse, pure et artistique de Maurice Beauvais; on a encore vu à ce spectacle, des toques de velours, des bérêts basques à longues torsades ponceau et des chaperons à la Marguerite de Bourgogne avec un rang de perles en dessous.

BALS ET SOIRÉES.

L'hôtel Castellane a enfin ouvert ses portes, et l'inauguration de son théâtre a eu lieu le mercredi de la semaine dernière.

Pour cette fois ce n'est plus dans un salon qu'on joue la comédie; c'est dans une salle de spectacle ayant parterre, galeries, lustre, rampe et rideau. La salle de l'année dernière est devenue le foyer. On y arrive par une galerie tapissée de curiosités Égyptiennes.

La représentation se composait de *la Quarantaine*, *le Jeune Mari* et *le Retour d'un croisé*. M^{me} la duchesse d'Abrantès directrice de l'une des deux troupes qui alternent sur ce théâtre, s'est parfaitement acquittée du rôle de M^{me} de Beaufort et de celui de Rosamonde; d'autres personnes appartenant à la haute société ont, comme l'année dernière, fait assaut de finesse et de talent.

On annonce, pour les représentations suivantes, une pièce de M. Vanderburck, l'ex-fournisseur du théâtre de M. Comte... Il ne s'agit pourtant de rien moins que d'un ouvrage destiné d'abord ou même reçu, il y a bien long-temps à la Comédie-Française... Si les transitions ne sont pas toujours brusques, comme on le voit, durant notre époque, elle n'en sont pas moins fort singulières.

Point n'est besoin d'ajouter que tout ce que Paris compte de personnes de haut rang, de jolies femmes et de brillans cavaliers, s'était réuni à l'hôtel Castellane; aussi y avait-il foule, aussi ne fut-ce qu'avec quelque peine que le maître de la maison parvint à trouver lui-même une petite place!..

Le bal annoncé comme devant avoir lieu à l'hôtel de M. W.... le jeudi de la mi-carême, n'a pas été remis. Une société élégante et choisie s'est empressée de s'y rendre, et l'on comptait au nombre des invités, les sommités du grand monde. Ce bal était costumé; divers quadrilles avaient été composé de longues main; c'est ainsi qu'on en remarquait un de Postillons de Longjumeau, tous en velours bleu ciel, et les dames en *Catherine*, un autre quadrille était formé de Gardes-Françaises, un troisième dans lequel figuraient les MM. Ternaux, ne comptait que des Louis XIII. Il serait difficile d'énumérer ensuite tous les costumes qui ont été remarqués dans cette réunion aussi brillante que véritablement artistique, nous sommes donc forcés de n'en citer que quelques-uns en toute hâte. C'est ainsi que nous mentionnerons le *Henri VIII*, que M. Bingham portait avec une grande distinction. *Le Mergis*, (cour de Henri III) de M. E.... secrétaire de l'une des premières ambassades. Les *Raffinés* d'une rigoureuse exactitude, portés par MM. de M.*** Un Louis XI, d'une vérité qui réveillait plus d'un souvenir.

Les parures des dames offraient plus de

variété encore, cependant il y a eu un quadrille de Napolitaines; les Louis XIII, les Louis XV étaient en grand nombre. On remarquait surtout la belle Mme de M*** en Lavalère, ce costume était d'un goût et d'une pureté de dessein tout à fait historique, la coiffure s'harmoniait parfaitement avec le reste du costume et était ornée de fleurs et de diamans.

Mme Sch... avait prit la robe des filles de la Grèce moderne... Ce costume admet tout le luxe oriental; Mme la Baronne Duprat s'était attachée à rappeler la robe de cour et les ornemens que l'on portait aux grands jours du règne de Louis XV, Mme C... avait emprunté sa parure à la même époque, mais sa fille portait un costume tout de fantaisie en crêpe blanc brodé en plumes de couleur, sur un dessous de satin blanc.

Au milieu de tout ce monde représentant brillamment tous les peuples et faisant revivre toutes les époques, apparaissait gracieux, obligeant, empressé auprès de chacun, attentif à donner des ordres, un homme portant un costume étranger; pour cette fois Babin, qui avait composé avec le goût éclairé qu'on lui connaît, presque toutes les parures, n'avait pas eu à s'occuper de celui-ci; il avait été apporté d'un pays fort éloigné que nos érudits d'autrefois considéraient comme formant antipode avec la France.

SALON DE 1837.

C'est, pour le moment, une grande affaire que le salon. De la sorte, une heureuse diversion sera faite aux exigences du carême et aux frivoles souvenirs du carnaval.

Comme on le pense bien, l'exposition offre, selon l'usage, une bizarre réunion de grandes peintures et de pochades lilliputiennes, de lithographies à grands ramages, et d'aquarelles sans nombre; mais ce qui est universel, ce qui domine tout, c'est le cadre doré... Le cadre est arrivé à son apo-

gée, et les auteurs du livret, ont manqué ouvertement et brutalement au siècle, ainsi qu'à la corporation tout entière des docteurs, en n'inscrivant pas les noms, adresses, et n° des susdits.

Après cette petite velléité de causticité feuilletoniste, et laissant bien vite de côté le cadre, sa valeur intrinsèque, et l'étrange abus qu'on en fait, nous dirons que l'exposition de cette année s'est ouverte sous de plus heureux auspices que l'an dernier.

Le genre biblique y domine, cela doit être, et puisqu'il faut que chaque époque impose aux-beaux arts comme aux moindres objets le cachet qui lui est propre, nous aimons tout autant voir nos peintres traduire sur la toile les poétiques fictions de la Genèse et les sublimes vérités de l'Evangile, que de trouver leurs pinceaux teints de sang, et leurs pages admirablement hideuses de carnage et de batailles. Nous sentons bien qu'ici trouveraient place de hautes considérations sur l'application de ce même genre religieux et biblique; nous pourrions soulever les plus graves questions, et demander aux artistes s'ils ont tous bien réfléchi aux bornes où devaient s'arrêter la fiction, leur rappeler que la saine morale et la haute philosophie sont et doivent toujours être les inséparables guides, les vivifiants éclaireurs des beaux-arts, et que ceux-ci manquent à eux-mêmes, aux contemporains comme aux générations futures, lorsqu'à l'aide de tous leurs prestiges, ils consolident, ils sanctionnent par le fait des errements faux, d'absurdes préjugés et des croyances aussi peu conformes à la raison qu'à un culte épuré.

Mais ces hautes considérations nous entraîneraient trop loin et se trouveraient même en dehors de la spécialité de notre journal. Nous n'en consignons ici le sommaire que comme mémoire, nous réservant ensuite de traiter à fond cette question, dans une feuille consacrée à des discussions d'un genre plus sérieux.

Revenons donc bien vite au salon; mal-

gré notre désir de ne le visiter qu'à la course, force nous est de marcher lentement ; car une nuée de femmes, plus jolies les unes que les autres, nous barre le passage ; car sous ces capotes de satin, sous ces chapeaux de velours, nous apercevons des visages si rians et si frais, que le doute s'empare à l'instant de nous, et qu'il nous arrive de ne plus croire aux folles nuits du carnaval, puisque des traits si délicats n'en portent aucune empreinte ; alors, nos regards se portent sur ces toiles, où respirent des têtes d'anges et de jeunes femmes douces et consolantes... Il est bien naturel qu'alors nous trouvions des points de comparaison ; nous croyons être entre le modèle et le tableau.

C'est une belle page que ce *Christ consolant les misères humaines*. : il y a une haute pensée dans cette large et suave composition de M. Arry Scheffer. Là, tout souffre, tout est suppliant, tout gémit, tout espère... Car si l'esclave encore meurtri de ses chaînes, si le nègre que l'indolente Europe n'ose ou ne sait pas encore affranchir, si la douleur maternelle qui pleure aux genoux du Christ, si la jeune misère qui l'enlace de ses bras, si le poète persécuté, et si enfin toutes les misères restent immobiles et silencieuses, si un vague rayon d'espoir se glisse sous leurs paupières humides, c'est qu'elles lisent, c'est qu'on voit en effet briller sur le front de l'homme selon Dieu, la consolation céleste, c'est que des lèvres toujours pures du philosophe de la Judée, vont sortir des paroles dont tous les siècles retentiront.

Une autre œuvre toute poétique quoique d'un ordre moins élevé, mais qui n'en mérite pas moins une mention exceptionnelle, c'est la belle *Damnée*, de M. Eugène Goyet ; l'auteur a eu l'heureuse idée de renoncer, pour représenter une épisode du jugement dernier, aux flammes, aux feux d'artifice, et en un mot à tout l'attrail vraiment infernal et inquisitionnel que les peintres des siècles passés empruntaient aux bourreaux et aux familiers d'alors. C'est un supplice

moral qui est infligé à la *Damnée*... Et quel supplice, grand Dieu !.. On la sépare de son enfant !.. Déjà en proie au démon, elle se cramponne à la terre pour jeter un dernier regard à cet enfant si beau, si vermeil... Oh ! lui aussi doit souffrir, car une intelligence au-dessus de son âge brille dans ses yeux, car il tend les bras à sa mère éplorée, tout son corps se crispe, et semble vouloir résister à l'ange qui l'étreint et l'emporte dans le Ciel !.. Oh ! M. Goyet, avez-vous bien réfléchi ?.. Vous voulez qu'il soit heureux cet enfant, rendez-lui donc sa mère, Dieu est trop bon pour ne pas pardonner à l'une en faveur de l'autre.

Forcés d'abrégier nos citations, nous ne parlerons pas d'autres tableaux du même genre et d'une exécution généralement heureuse ; néanmoins, nous ne pouvons nous empêcher de citer le *Christ au Mont des Oliviers*, de M. Bertin ; ce tableau sort totalement du sentier battu par la presque généralité des artistes ; ici la composition est originale, rêveuse, pittoresque au plus haut degré.

C'est encore la noble figure de Jésus, que nous retrouvons dans la *Magdelaine* de M. Latil. Qu'elle est belle et surtout qu'elle est vraie cette femme !.. ses longs cheveux sont en désordre, son sein est meurtri, ses yeux pleins de larmes... repentante et prosternée, elle essuie les pieds du régénérateur de l'humanité... Oh ! cette femme, sa beauté aura trahi sa vertu, sa pudeur se sera séchée sous le souffle dévorant de la flatterie ; entraînée, enivrée, plutôt que vraiment criminelle, elle aura cédé par faiblesse plutôt que par corruption ; on peut lui reprocher de trop longs égaremens, mais si le vice avait bien réellement corrodé son âme et flétri son cœur, le repentir ne lui serait même plus possible.

(La suite à la prochaine livraison.),

E. C.



GANDRINI LE NOIR.

— Jeunes filles du Niolo, pourquoi vous hâtez-vous de rassembler vos troupeaux épars sur la coline ? Pourquoi les ramenez-vous dans la vallée avant le coucher du soleil, en jetant derrière vous des regards pleins d'épouvante ?

— Vieille Maria, n'avez-vous pas entendu le pâtre Belino prononcer le nom de Gandrini le noir ? Il a paru, dit-on, dans la montagne, à la tête de sa bande formidable, et cette nouvelle nous a glacées d'effroi.

— Jeunes filles, pourquoi le nom de Gandrini le noir est-il pour vous un objet de terreur ? Jamais il ne vint en ennemi dans nos paisibles contrées ; jamais son apparition parmi nous ne fut le signal d'un malheur

Quelquefois même on l'a vu tromper la surveillance des sbires et braver tous les dangers pour venir dans les villages porter des secours à quelques malheureux ruinés par l'incendie ou par la chute de l'avalanche.

Jeunes filles, vos craintes sont dénuées de fondement ; Gandrini le noir n'est pas un brigand. Sous le poids d'une injuste sentence, il a dû mettre en sûreté sa tête promise au glaive du bourreau ; mais ses mains sont pures du sang innocent ; il n'emploie la force que pour repousser la force et pour se défendre contre les embûches de ses ennemis.

Si mes discours ne vous persuadent pas, venez ce soir à la veillée vous grouper autour de mon rouet. Mon âge me donne des droits à votre confiance ; je vous conterai l'histoire toute récente de la jeune Volohé, et peut-être mon récit détruira-t-il la terreur que vous inspire le nom de Gandrini le noir.

Ainsi parla la vieille Maria : chacun dans le canton l'écoutait comme un oracle ; et le soir à la veillée, après que les troupeaux eurent été renfermés dans l'étable, toute la jeunesse docile à sa voix vint se grouper

autour de son rouet pour entendre l'histoire de Volohé, qu'elle conta en ces termes.

« A dix-huit ans, Volohé était la merveille des bords du Liamone. Ses cheveux étaient noirs comme l'ébène, ses yeux bleus comme l'azur du firmament, ses dents blanches comme l'émail, sa taille droite et souple comme le jonc qui croît dans les marais.

Il n'était bruit dans le canton que de la belle Volohé ; on disait même qu'un châtelain des environs, le farouche baron de Vico, en était devenu amoureux ; mais tous ces propos flattaient peu les oreilles de Volohé, parce qu'elle aimait son fiancé Ludovic, auquel ses parents devaient l'unir à la moisson prochaine.

A cette époque, on reçut la nouvelle que Gandrini le noir avait paru avec sa troupe non loin de Vico. Dès lors, l'alarme fut dans les familles, et l'on défendit aux jeunes filles de jamais s'éloigner seules du village, aux approches de la nuit.

Un soir cependant, Volohé, plongée dans une rêverie profonde, porta ses pas jusqu'au bois de Vico ; elle pensait à son fiancé, et la recommandation de ses parents ne revint à son esprit que lorsque les épaisses ténèbres qui l'environnaient l'eurent fait repentir de son imprudence.

Alors la frayeur la saisit, et elle pressa le pas pour regagner le village. Déjà, elle avait atteint la lisière du bois... Tout à coup, un homme sort du taillis et vient se placer sur son passage. Un large manteau l'enveloppait ; sa taille était gigantesque, et ses yeux surmontés d'épais sourcils rouges, brillaient dans l'obscurité comme ceux du chacal qui guette sa proie.

— Volohé, dit-il d'une voix rauque à la jeune fille qui s'était arrêtée toute tremblante, Volohé, je t'aime depuis long-temps ; je ne sais pas faire de beaux discours ; mais, si tu consens à venir avec moi, je te donnerai plus d'or qu'il n'en faudrait pour acheter la baronnie de Vico.

— Seigneur, répondit Volohé, tout l'or

de la Corse ne pourrait me séduire ; j'ai donné mon cœur et ma foi à mon fiancé Ludovic, et l'automne ne se passera pas sans qu'un nœud indissoluble ne nous ait pour jamais enchaînés l'un à l'autre.

La suite à la prochaine livraison.

REVUE DES THÉÂTRES.

Pour cette fois le Théâtre-Français a un directeur. M. Védel, déjà présenté par les Sociétaires, vient d'être définitivement accepté par l'autorité. C'est pour le récipiendaire un double honneur dont, sans doute, il appréciera toute l'importance en même temps qu'il saura comprendre combien sa mission est grande et quels devoirs elle impose.

Quant à l'ex-directeur, M. Jouslin-Delasalle, rien n'est encore terminé relativement à son affaire ; les conjectures vont leur train, mais rien de positif ne transpire et nous ne nous jetterons pas étourdiement dans le ténébreux dédale des suppositions et des bruits de coulisses. Nous voulons donc continuer à rester neutre dans ces tristes débats. Une chose que le monde ne sait pas et qui est pourtant bien réelle, c'est que victime d'une ignoble machination, M. Jouslin n'a été attaqué, dépouillé de son titre que parce qu'un homme a voulu exercer une vengeance contre un tiers que nous ne nommerons pas ; mais comme pour frapper ce tiers il n'y avait d'autre moyen que de heurter M. Jouslin, cet homme n'a pas hésité ; sa vengeance a été satisfaite en effet, son antagoniste a été atteint, mais le directeur de la Comédie-Française a perdu sa position !...

Un fait historique digne de remarque dans tous cela, c'est que le jour de la mort de Molière, alors directeur, les scellés furent apposés sur le cabinet qu'il avait au théâtre, et que cent soixante-quatre ans après, jour pour jour, on levait les scellés mis également sur le cabinet de celui qui fut le seul directeur de la Comédie-Française depuis Molière.

— On répète toujours à l'Opéra-Comique *le Duc de Guise* ; la pièce est mise à la scène. La musique est de M. Onslow ; on en dit du bien.

On parle de reprendre la *Neige* ; il est d'autres opéras qui mériteraient mieux que celui-là les honneurs d'une résurrection.

— Le bruit se répand que M. Mélesville pourrait bien devenir directeur du désert Bonne-Nouvelle à la place de M. Delestre-Poirson. Je vous demande ce que le Gymnase gagnerait à ce changement ?..

— Vogue et foule toujours à l'Ambigu.

Il est question dans quelques salons d'une représentation dans le genre de celles de M. le comte de Castellane ; mais celle-ci ayant pour but un acte de commisération et de bienfaisance, aurait lieu sur un théâtre tout de bon, sur celui des Italiens. Aux acteurs-amateurs deux grandes notabilités dramatiques prêteraient leur concours et l'appui de leur talent... Mlle Mars et Mme Damoreau embelliraient cette soirée... Quelle que soit l'issue de cette affaire, nous n'en applaudirons pas moins au zèle des deux aimables femmes qui, mettant de côté toute idée d'opinion personnelle se sont empressées de répondre à l'appel de l'infortune.

Variétés.

— Il vient de se former à Hambourg, une association dramatique, dans le but de transmettre avec rapidité à tous les théâtres de l'Allemagne, toutes les productions les plus récentes, et même celles inédites de la littérature dramatique de la France, en traduisant ces pièces en langue allemande. Cette société est placée sous la direction de M. Meliss et Ang Garthy.

— Le célèbre coureur Ernest Mensel de Norwège, se trouve en ce moment à Pesth. Il a fait en vingt-quatre jours, le voyage de Munich en Grèce, et de Paris à Moscou, en quatorze jours. Il ne lui a fallu que cinquante-neuf jours, pour faire le voyage de Constantinople à Calcuta, aller et retour. Il est revenu à Constantinople en traversant la Tartarie, Téhéran et le Mont-Taurus, et a remis au comte Alatska, ambassadeur de Medi, auprès de la Porte-Ottomane, une lettre de Téhéran, qu'il n'avait gardée que huit jours. Il parle indépendamment des langues scandinaves, l'Anglais, le Français, l'Allemand, un peu de Grec et le Turc. Il compte faire cette année, un voyage d'Angleterre à Maroc, en traversant l'Afrique.

— Des faits, qui démontrent mieux qu'on ne pourrait le prouver par tous les raisonnemens, les avantages des assurances sur la vie, viennent de se passer près de l'une des principales compagnies, l'Union, M. V., âgé de 35 ans, avait payé une seule prime de 109 fr. 25 c. Sa famille a reçu, à son décès, 6,000 fr. — M. H., âgé de 50 ans, avait payé deux primes de 574 fr. et sa famille a reçu 10,000 fr.

— La représentation au bénéfice de LEVASSEUR de l'Académie royale de musique, aura lieu le 20 mars. Les premiers artistes de la capitale figureront dans cette solennité.

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LE BON TON,

Journal

DES MODES.**BUREAUX, RUE RICHELIEU, N° 69,**

en face la Bibliothèque du Roi.

LES COIFFURES SONT DE MM. NARDIN, MARTON, CROISAT ET MAILLY.*Modes.***SOMMAIRE.**

Explication des gravures. — Butin de la Mode. —
Longchamps, deuxième séance. — Théâtres.
Variétés.

Élève d'Herbault, et chargée pendant longtemps de diriger les travaux dans sa maison, l'une de celles que le bon goût place en première ligne, M^{me} Noguez n'a pas dû mettre en oubli les bonnes traditions; aussi est-elle parvenue à acquérir en peu de temps un renom d'autant plus mérité que, chaque jour, ses chapeaux, ses riches turbans, ses élégans bérêts, attestaient de son bon goût et de la variété de ses compositions.

Cédant ensuite aux sollicitations des dames qui formaient sa nombreuse clientèle elle s'est décidée à faire des robes, et dans cette nouvelle spécialité, elle a de nouveau fait preuve d'une haute intelligence et de la plus exquise sagacité.

C'est donc à M^{me} Noguez seule que nous sommes redevables des toilettes complètes, qu'elle présente gravure.

On voit qu'une parfaite harmonie règne

dans chacun de ces costumes dont le genre est bien différent; au premier plan, c'est un vaste chapeau orné de fleurs et qu'une voile à semis de très petits pois décore et avantage.

La redingote en moire est ouverte devant, ornée de dents de loup en étoffe pareille; la jupe qui se voit en dessous est également pareille. Les dents de loup remontant sur le corsage en y dessinant une sorte d'amazone, et les manches ornées de bouillons dentelés, sur la couture de dessus, achèvent de donner à cette redingote quelque chose d'espagnol et de chevaleresque d'un excellent effet.

Le chapeau à passe doublée, à plumes panachées s'harmonie bien avec une robe à corsage-peignoir, à manches amadis, à jupe ample et reade.

Un seul bouillon dans lequel passe un ruban et que termine une dentelle haute, forme le rabat. Les manches n'ont pour ornemens qu'une série de petits volans coupés en biais, et pressés les uns contre les autres.

Au bas de la jupe, coquillent également des petits volans en pareil, placés trois par trois, dans des ouvertures biaisées et figurées.

Un cachemire!... Il est des érudits, des observateurs, des dandys, des commerçans et surtout de fort jolies femmes qui feraient un roman en 4 vol. in-8° grand format, sur ce seul mot!.. Et pour accomplir cette œuvre de haute portée, ils n'auraient point à s'épuiser en de longues et ténébreuses recherches : leurs souvenirs suffiraient, car dans ce seul mot : *un cachemire* ! il est possible de résumer toute une vie, de prédire tout un avenir, de dérouler tous les replis d'un cœur!...

Si jamais il prend fantaisie à Gagelin de quitter les affaires, d'échanger le furtif ombrage de ses fragiles arbustes de la rue Richelieu pour l'épaisse feuillée d'une longue avenue de tilleuls, ses somptueux magasins pour les délicieux bosquets d'une villa de Seine-et-Marne ou de Seine-et-Oise, et que là, mettant à profit ses loisirs, il s'amuse à rédiger ses mémoires, nous y verrons sans doute figurer plus d'un cachemire.... En attendant qu'il en soit ainsi, et tout en acquittant un juste tribut d'admiration pour un ravissant tissu, occupons-nous de la parure dont celui que représente notre gravure d'aujourd'hui est devenu le complément.

La robe est en tissu Memphis, l'une des plus belles créations de la maison Gagelin.

Le corsage est fortement busqué ; il doit être très *dépaulé* ; le volant en biais surmonté d'un bouillon qui figure sur le corsage un fichu à l'Héloïse, doit être bien aplati de manière à jouer sur le buste sans l'épaissir.

Les trois volans des manches demandent quelque soin. Le dernier doit couvrir tout juste la saignée et avoir assez d'ampleur par derrière pour cacher le coude lorsque le bras est plié.

Une rosette assortie à celle placée au bas du busc est d'un bon effet sur les poignets ; ceux-ci doivent être froncés très serré, du haut et du bas, et de telle sorte que le passe-poil, déjà très petit, ne s'aperçoive

pour ainsi dire pas, et que le poignet ainsi disposé semble pris à même la manche.

Le volant du bas de la jupe doit avoir un quart de haut ; une petite tête contribue à lui donner de l'élégance.

Le chapeau est de M^{me} Bournhonnet ; la passe est évasée, ne serre pas trop la tête et encadre totalement le visage ; bien que l'on fasse beaucoup de chapeaux sans bavoi, M^{me} Bournhonnet a cru devoir le conserver comme étant une fantaisie de bon goût.

Les plumes panachées ou ombrées sont d'un grande recherche pour le moment.

BUTIN DE LA MODE.

Deux grandes solennités dramatiques ont eu lieu dans l'espace d'une semaine et la même affluence de spectateurs et de jolies femmes s'est rendue à ces deux fêtes dont l'une avait pour objet de donner à un grand artiste une incontestable preuve d'affection et de gratitude ; Levasseur méritait cette marque de déférence autant comme homme privé que comme chanteur d'un immense talent.

La seconde réunion devait avoir un autre but ; des larmes devaient s'y mêler aux élans de l'admiration, l'extase devait faire place à l'affliction... l'apothéose d'un homme vivant devait avoir lieu, et cet homme, à peine âgé de trente-cinq ans, devait disparaître sous un monceau de fleurs, comme s'il eût été couvert d'un linceul!.. Nourrit faisait ses adieux à la scène jusqu'alors si belle, si hospitalière, où se forma, où grandit son talent de chanteur, son talent de comédien ; il faisait aussi ses adieux à ce public qui avait su l'apprécier, à ces femmes aimables et encourageantes qui, les premières, avaient consacré ses premiers succès ; il se séparait de ces vétérans de la science, de ces artistes profonds, de ces compositeurs qui ont

fini par arriver au sublime à force d'études et de longues méditations, et qui trouvant en Nourrit leur plus suave, leur plus noble interprète, le lancèrent en avant, pour n'avoir bientôt plus qu'à entrer avec lui en plein partage de gloire et de succès.

Ce n'est donc pas sans de sérieux motifs qu'il y avait à cette magnifique représentation de la gravité sur tous les fronts, de l'affliction dans tous les cœurs, des fleurs dans toutes les mains !...

Tout le monde sait maintenant comment du reste chacune de ces représentations a été composée et accueillie.

L'élite de nos grands théâtres a concouru à la composition du spectacle pour Levasseur ; les mêmes artistes ne se sont groupés autour de Nourrit que pour rendre son triomphe plus brillant ; aucun ouvrage étranger au répertoire du grand Opéra n'a été représenté.

Le chiffre de chaque recette (25,000 environ) prouve que la salle était comble ; mais le coup-d'œil n'était pas tout-à-fait le même, et soit qu'un plus grand nombre de dames se soit réuni pour Nourrit, soit que toutes ces fleurs placées dans toutes les mains, ornant toutes les ceintures aient donné à l'ensemble de la salle un aspect différent, soit enfin que la composition du spectacle ait produit une toute autre impression sur l'auditoire, toujours est-il que la représentation de Levasseur avait quelque chose de plus sérieux et celle de Nourrit quelque chose de plus animé.

À la première, les diamans, cachemires, les robes de velours, de gros de Tours, les satins veloutés, les bérêts de Maurice Beauvais, les turbans de M^{me} Lejay, les plumes de Nattier, les élégants chapeaux de M^{me} Bournhonnet ; à la seconde, les fleurs de Batton, les oiseaux de Zacharie, les turbans à fond ouvert de Lemonnier, les écharpes de Gagelin, les gazes de Delisle, les robes décolletées de M^{me} Camille, les mantilles de Violard, les pierres de cou leur, les agrafes, les colliers de Bourguignon et les bouquets de M^{me} Provost. Au

total, ces deux représentations ont produit un effet impossible à décrire ; Levasseur a renouvelé son engagement, c'est bien ; mais Nourrit ?.. Le reverrons-nous jamais ? Le dieu des arts peut seul le savoir.

Le grand monde s'affranchit de jour en jour des habitudes de traditions et remontant jusqu'aux siècles les plus reculés, emprunte aux costumes historiques leurs formes nobles et gracieuses.

Nous avons pu le remarquer aux deux solennités lyriques qui ont eu lieu à l'occasion de Levasseur et de Nourrit.

Les dames portaient des nattes mêlées de perles, des bandeaux à la Ferronnière, des anglaises à la neige.

Leurs robes de velours avec cordelières d'or, celles de satin broché rose, bleu et paille étaient ornées de volans de blonde et de crevés aux manches.

Nous avons vu des bonnets *bernois*, des toquets à la *Henry III*, des bonnets *milanois*, des calottes *grecques*, des chapeaux à la *Mai tenon*.

La délicieuse coiffure de Memphis, créée par Maurice-Beauvais, et son nouveau *bibi*, avaient les honneurs de la soirée où Nourrit reçut tant de couronnes.

LONGCHAMPS.

2^{me} séance.

Une bise déchirante, cinq grands degrés de froid étaient venus mettre à néant toutes nos espérances, déjouer toutes nos prévisions pour la première séance des assises de la mode. Aussi, lorsqu'on s'attendait à voir s'épanouir sous un tiède soleil de printemps de fraîches et coquettes parures, à retrouver au grand jour ces femmes que nous avions admirées durant l'hiver, lorsque nous nous préparions à énumérer ou à stigmatiser les modes nouvelles suivant leur mérite ou leur bizarrerie, selon ce que des inventeurs habiles ou de stériles nova-

teurs auraient pu tenter en bien ou en mal, en magnifique ou en burlesque; le crayon est tombé de nos doigts glacés et c'est à grand peine que nous avons pu distinguer à travers la brume et la poussière, quelques élèves, des modistes du pays latin, quelques intrépides commis des magasins de nouveautés *extra-muros*, la garde municipale soufflant dans ses doigts, les huit carioles de l'homme cirage, les six charettes du *chat botté*, les trois caissons de l'homme encre, et les douze *cabriolets compteurs*, qui viennent d'éclore pour le plus grand bien des gens qui n'ont pas de montre.

Disons cependant qu'au milieu de cette insolite cohue, à travers toute cette bagarre d'êtres secondaires et de montures romainvillaines, de charriots grossiers se trouvaient par-ci par-là sous la double enveloppe d'une douillette ouatée et d'un bon schall de velours; quelques-unes de ces femmes dont le courage égale celui des dames anglaises et qui savent qu'un visage animé par un peu de froid n'en est pas moins joli; mais tout cela était clair-semé, comme les pétales d'une fleur qu'un enfant éparpille en courant.

Il n'en a pas été de même dimanche dernier; le ciel était clément, l'horizon pur, le soleil radieux aussi, à peu d'exceptions près, la totalité de la fashion de Paris était au bois; là, point de soldats, pas un tonneau arroseur versant (suivant bail) son eau sur le sable. (Il gelait le Vendredi-Saint, et l'on arrosait!) Mais de longues files de voitures, de brillantes cavalcades, foulant l'herbe naissante, suivant ces longues allées pavées de cailloux des femmes presque parées... Voilà ce qu'a été ce que nous appelons la *seconde séance de LongChamps*.

Disons-nous qu'à tout ce monde brillant, entre ces équipages et même parmi ces cavalcades ne se sont pas glissés des êtres *anti-thèses*, des contrastes vivans? non, certes; il faut des ombres à tous les tableaux, et ces ombres-là, quand elles ne sont pas trop chargées, devenant le co-

mique et même le burlesque incarné; c'est ainsi qu'à travers cette foule de coursiers de prix, de chevaux, que le *jockey-club* eut reconnus de pur sang, se glissaient, piaffaient et *s'émoussaient* des chevaux de marchands de cerises, populace chevaline, insolente et dévergondée comme les hanteurs de guinguettes, et jetant sur le sable un commis bonnetier, avec aussi peu de façon qu'un débardeur culbuterait du premier coup de poing, le plus admirable des dandys.

C'est ainsi qu'à travers les tilburys, les viennoises, venait se jeter lourdement le fardier d'un fabricant de coutellerie, qui n'avait pas craint de faire faire onze lieues à son cheval de labour et de mécanique, pour le jeter trempé de sueur au milieu des merveilles de Longchamps.

Soit habitude, soit crainte de se rpriser, nombre de dames avaient encore de la fourrure, et par un beau soleil, cela forme un contraste peu agréable.

Les chapeaux blancs étaient en majorité, mais les ornemens dont ils étaient parés variaient beaucoup.

On voyait sur les uns des plumes ombrées, posées en sens contraire, l'une remontant, l'autre descendant en formant spirale.

Deux marabouts saules, retenue sous une rose sans feuilles, produisant le plus bel effet.

Un seul bouquet de roses, de violettes de Parme ou de marguerites sans feuillage et très serré, se voyait sur beaucoup de chapeaux.

L'*hypoxis*, cette fleur de prédilection de Lemonnier, n'avait pas été oubliée par nos élégantes, et se montrait dans tout son éclat sur des chapeaux de moire et de satin uni.

Les pailles d'Italie étaient en minorité, mais d'une fraîcheur et d'une finesse remarquable.

Les pailles de riz se voyaient davantage, jamais les capotes n'avaient été l'objet d'une aussi grande faveur; on voyait sur

plusieurs d'entr'elles se jouer les plumes de Cartier, les flexibles branchages de Mayer, et les fleurs de Millery.

Presque toutes les capotes étaient garnies d'une ruche; la passe très évasée variait moins de forme que de travail : les unes étaient plissées horizontalement en éventail, la plupart à coulisses; il n'y en avait que quelques-unes qui fussent doublées.

Non-seulement on voyait des blondes décrire un tour et demi sur des chapeaux de soie; mais on y trouvait aussi des dentelles de fil, d'un prix très élevé et de la hauteur d'un travers de main.

Mais au milieu de tous ces chapeaux si grands, si élevés, de ces capotes si spacieuses on apercevait deux *bibis* formant contraste bien prononcé avec tout le reste.

Ces *bibis* portés par deux très jolies femmes, étaient en moire noire.

Ils avaient pour ornement une seule rose d'une exquise fraîcheur, accompagnée de son feuillage et de ses boutons, placée sur la droite et bien en pente.

Ce retour vers une mode passée, pourra avoir d'autant plus de retentissement que les dames qui portaient ces *bibis*, appartiennent à la haute fashion et ne venaient pas humblement risquer cette ancienne nouveauté dans les contre-allées du bois.

C'est du haut d'un superbe équipage à quatre chevaux, qu'elles fixaient tous les regards.

Les robes offraient peu de changemens, quant aux corsages dont le plus grand nombre étaient busqués; la jupe toujours d'une dimension, d'une ampleur colossale; les manches seules mettent à la torture nos plus courageuses couturières : la manche est la pomme de discorde, jetée sur tous les comptoirs, dans tous les ateliers, la manche atteint maintenant le tailleur, menace la lingère, agite la fashion, bouleverse le commerce et pulvérise le bonnetier, le bonnetier si candide par principe, et si timide par état; le bonnetier qui est le type de l'innocence, comme l'épicier est

le type de la... modestie... Le bonnetier est atteint lui-même, dans sa personne et dans celle de son épouse, et même dans celle de ses héritiers par la révolution des manches, et cela jusqu'au sein de ses gilets de flanelle, à travers ses mailles fixes et sous l'épaisseur de ses tricotés d'Amiens!... Car on l'a contraint, lui homme de tradition, paisible sectionnaire du bureau de la rue des Déchargeurs, lui qui n'a jamais rien oublié et jamais rien appris, à adopter le *gigot*.

« Va pour le *gigot*, a dit notre homme aux mœurs bourgeoises! » Puis, on lui a parlé de gilets et de camisolle à l'*imbécille*... Il a réfléchi, l'honnête bonnetier, et par un mouvement mécanique, il a répondu : va pour les manches à l'*imbécille*! . O! Nature!..

Eh bien! tant de sacrifices ont été perdus; la manche est maintenant un trouble-fête universel, un composé dont les Gay-Lussac et les Thénard ne sauraient faire l'analyse, aussi, le plus malin, ne fût-il pas bonnetier, ne saurait dire où s'arrêtera ce dévergondage qui stygmatisera notre siècle à la face de tous les autres!

Que de manches n'avons-nous pas vu, au bois? les unes à coude, les autres plates, nombre d'autres froncées de l'épaule, et tombant du coude comme des ballons sans gaz, d'autres encore à surmanches, c'est à dire, ayant comme les anciennes cottes d'armes de nos preux, des manches larges, ne descendant que jusqu'au coude, n'étant point fixées du bas, et retombant en trois ou quatre tuyaux sur une manche amadis.

Tout cela n'est pas très heureux, et nous pensons qu'on fera bien de s'en tenir aux manches ajustées; mais ornées, que M^{me} Oudot Mannoury, Palmyre, Camille, Potier, Huchez etc., sont prévenues à disposer avec un goût parfait.

Les amazones étaient en petit nombre, et leurs habits bleus de roi, ou pain brûlé; la coiffure très en arrière; de gros tire-bouchons sur les tempes.

Corsage ajusté, les manches en pain de sucre ou ce qui nous a semblé mieux, frôlées à l'entournure, s'élargissant et formant six tuyaux, tombant jusqu'au dessous du coude; se retrécissant tout à coup à cet endroit, de manière à serrer le bras et à finir en *amadis*, dans un poignet arrondi; sur cet *amadis* de l'avant-bras, une ouverture à l'*Ipsariote*, ou grec moderne, avec une rangée de passementerie, et de petits boutons, couleur assortie.

Les hommes étaient pour la plupart, en petite redingote ajustées à un rang de boutons; quelques cavaliers portaient l'habit *jeune France*, taillé d'après le nouveau modèle qui découvre moins la poitrine, et accompagne mieux les hanches.

Les chapeaux cambrés et les touffes bien dégagées, mais bien fournies.

Les marabouts noués, les follettes nuées feu, les oiseaux teints et le lilas blanc, ornaient les chapeaux des merveilleuses.

Les chapeaux, *très petits de forme*, ornés d'une longue branche de fleurs, paraissent être ceux qu'adopteront les dames de la fashion.

Les collets de velours, bordés de renard, se voyaient en grande quantité.

Fort peu de pailles de riz; celles que nous avons aperçues étaient ornées d'un joli ruban roseau de Tuvé.

Les membres du jockey-club, avaient le pantalon de velours ou de peau blanche, le frac vert-russe à boutons jaunes et le chapeau à forme évasée.

Les brides des chevaux de selle, sont remplacées par des cordons verts, bleus, gris ou rouges.

Les traits des voitures sont en fer poli, brillants comme l'acier.

Les valets de pied, les cochers et les jockeys, ont la perruque anglaise. Ainsi le veut la *mode* actuelle.

BALS ET SOIRÉES.

Soulager l'infortuné et accomplir cette œuvre avec autant de modestie que de zèle, voilà le plus sûr moyen de fixer l'admiration et de paraître doublement belle.

C'est ainsi qu'est apparu un essaim de jeunes et aimables femmes au concert donné par la princesse Belgiojoso au profit des pauvres Italiens.

Le prix des billets n'avaient effrayé personne; il s'agissait d'une bonne action.

Les toilettes semblaient en harmonie avec le but de la réunion; pas de luxe écrasant, pas de ces masses d'or et de pierres décelant l'opulence et l'excès de la splendeur; mais des robes blanches, mais des coiffures simples à longues boucles ondoyantes, à fleurs demi-closes, à flexibles rameaux.

Le bal donné au profit des pauvres Anglais dans la salle Ventadour était costumé; Babin avait été requis pour la composition des habits de caractère et s'en est acquitté avec cette pureté de goût, cette vérité historique qui l'a fait surnommer à juste titre le premier costumier de Paris. Croirait-on que ce n'a pas été sans quelque peine qu'il a obtenu de plusieurs élégans d'outre-mer de respecter la régularité des costumes et de ne pas mêler nos modes d'aujourd'hui avec les bérêts, les trousses, les pourpoints, et les haut-de-chausses des siècles passés; il paraît que nos voisins ne possèdent pas encore à un aussi haut degré que nous l'exactitude dramatique des costumes. Du reste, il a suffi d'une simple observation pour que tout s'arrange au mieux et bientôt, M. King en Zampa, M. Wagner en Louis XIII, M. Gaudolfi en Henry III, M. Mévil en second Zampa, M^{me} Burd en sultane et cinquante autres ont été bientôt à même de rivaliser avec les plus intelligents amateurs de l'hôtel Castellane, où, par parenthèse, une ravissante représentation a eu lieu ces jours derniers.

Du reste la plupart des costumes qui



avaient paru au bal de M. Wells ont été vus à la salle Ventadour; mais entre tous ces masques si brillants, entre toutes ces femmes si élégamment parées on remarquait madame la comtesse de Torreno costumée en Grecque moderne, ses cheveux étaient en bandeaux, un chou de nattes était placé très en arrière, un magnifique diadème en diamans et pierreries de couleurs avait été posé sur la racine des cheveux; une Ferronnière de diamans traversait le front, la tunique était brodée tout en argent.

Madame Schikler, toujours gracieuse, toujours ravissante était également costumée en Grecque, sa parure était tout-à-fait la même qu'au bal de M. Wells.

Nous avons annoncé dans notre précédente livraison qu'un bal devait être donné à l'hôtel de madame la duchesse de Dino. Ce bal a eu lieu en effet et réunissait l'élite de la haute société.

Puisque l'inclémence de la température ne nous permet pas de fêter le printemps sous les premières feuilles il faut bien célébrer sa venue dans les salons. Aussi a-t-on remarqué que chez madame de Dino, presque toutes les jeunes personnes étaient en blanc et qu'elles avaient dans les cheveux des fleurs naturelles, ensuite les coiffures étaient généralement en arrière.

On voyait aussi beaucoup de rouleaux, car décidément ils sont en grande faveur, et pour leurs coiffures parées, nos élégantes en titre, veulent qu'on les entoure de rangées de diamans ou de chapelets de perles; pour les coiffures simples, on se contente de les orner de velours étroits ou de chaînes d'or.

Le bal donné jeudi dernier, chez M^{me} la marquise de Pommereux, était plus remarquable par le choix des invités, que par leur nombre. C'était une fête à part, toute radieuse de parures, toute intime, car tout le monde y retrouvait des amis ou des proches; personne ne se trouvait dans la nécessité de demander à son voisin: quelle est cette dame? pourriez-vous me nommer ce monsieur?..

L'espace nous manque pour rendre compte des bals donnés samedi dernier chez Mme la comtesse de Bourbon-Conti et M. Hopp; nous y reviendrons dans notre prochain numéro.

ADIEUX, A MON AMIE, M^{me} DE J***

- Deux jours n'attendant plus mais appelant encore
- Il relire sa plainte... à la troisième aurore,
- Laisant tomber son aile, il mourra de douleur.

MILLETOT.

ÉPIGRAMME.

Oubliez la fleur éphémère
Qu'un jour d'orage fait mourir !
Laissez, sur la branche légère,
Languir, et triste et solitaire,
L'oiseau qui ne sait que gémir...

Laissez, sur la vague perfide,
Flotter, sans boussole et sans guide,
L'esquif, loin du port égaré...
Qu'il périsse, et qu'au gouffre avide,
Nouvelle proie, il soit livré !

Allez, bien loin de cette plage,
Où croissent ronces et chagrins,
Sur un poétique rivage,
Où luit un soleil sans nuage,
Chercher de plus heureux destins !

Allez ! et qu'à votre nacelle,
Le vent soit propice et fidèle,
Le ciel, brillant, paisible et pur,
L'aurore toujours rose et belle,
L'air frais et doux, le flot d'azur !

Oubliez, que sur cette terre,
Que vous voulez fuir sans retour,
Soupire une voix étrangère,
Que, pour vous, une humble prière,
Au ciel montera chaque jour.

Mais quand brilleront les étoiles,
Si parfois, dans les blanches voiles,
Vous entendez un léger bruit,
Dites, « Son ombre gémissante,
• Comme une brise caressante,
• Est là, qui m'appelle et me suit. »

PAULINE FLANGUERGUES.

REVUE DES THÉÂTRES.

— Le 22 de ce mois aura lieu à l'Opéra la dernière représentation à Paris de M^{lle} Taglioni... Encore une !..

Jadis l'arbre pouvait perdre quelques feuilles et

l'on n'y regardait pas; mais aujourd'hui les branches se brisent... pauvre arbre, que vas-tu devenir!

— L'opéra de *la Juive* vient d'être représenté avec succès à Marseille. Le théâtre secondaire de cette ville répète une parodie de cet ouvrage. Elle se nommera *Racca* ou le juif rancunier et ne comporte pas moins de 4 tableaux.

— Dupré est à Paris et ne paraît nullement intimidé de l'énormité de l'héritage qu'il vient recueillir... Remplacer Nourrit n'est cependant pas chose facile, mais Dupré ne redoute rien, est-ce excès d'amour propre, est-ce véritable courage?.. Nous sommes tentés de croire à ce dernier motif digne en pareil cas d'un véritable artiste.

— Avec un sujet triste, une fable diffuse, des errements faux et une action traînante, il est impossible d'échafauder un drame qui plaise, qui attache et dont l'existence puisse obtenir les honneurs du répertoire. Eh bien! c'est là ce que l'on trouve dans la *Vieillesse d'un Grand roi*; vainement Volvys porte-t-il un habit qui a coûté, dit-on, 4500 fr. Vainement Mlle Mars déploie-t-elle dans ce drame cet immense talent qui a usé toutes les formules de la louange et ne peut être comparé qu'à lui-même, vainement les quelques acteurs que la Comédie-Française possède encore, se battent-ils les flancs pour ôter à ce drame ce qu'il a d'affligeant, de pénible et d'anti-dramatique, il n'en reste pas moins constant et prouvé qu'une pièce dépourvue de prestige ou de vérité ne pourra jamais produire le moindre effet sur le public. La nature conventionnelle a cela de commun avec la nature réelle que si elle manque de base et de point d'appui, elle s'écroulera pitoyablement au milieu d'un abandon général.

Après nous être montrés si sévères envers les auteurs de la *Vieillesse d'un Grand roi*, empressons-nous d'ajouter qu'on va partout disant qu'ils ont eu à subir d'étranges retranchemens; mais s'il en est ainsi, si leur œuvre, n'est plus qu'un squelette informe, si dans ce drame qui pouvait, qui devait être tout de rigueur et d'action, ils ont été contraints de ne pas représenter l'homme désabusé sur ses dispendieuses grandeurs, le monarque sentant peser sur sa tête affaiblie tout le sang qu'a coûté la révocation de l'édit de Nantes, toutes les malédictions qu'ont imprimé sur son front ridé la ruine de nos fabriques et l'exil de leurs plus habiles directeurs, s'ils n'ont pas pu mettre enfin face à face le Louis XIV divinisé par ses valets et le Louis XIV fêchissant le genou sous la volonté d'une mégère et d'un confesseur, oh! alors ils devaient déchirer leur manuscrit, les jeunes et énergiques auteurs, ils devaient renoncer à faire représenter la *Vieillesse d'un Grand roi*!

Variétés.

— Un officier saxon qui a fait en qualité de volontaire la campagne de Constantine s'est livré à son retour dans son pays à des recherches qui ont amené la découverte d'un trésor de 2,000,000 fr. et d'un cadavre enterré auprès de ce trésor, dans les champs où s'est livrée la bataille de Bautzen en 1813. Le gouvernement saxon a saisi les 2,000,000 fr. et a procédé à une enquête pour savoir si la mort de cet individu avait été causée par un assassinat. L'officier saxon a déclaré tenir ses renseignements d'un officier supérieur français à son lit de mort.

COURSES DE CHANTILLY.

SOUS LE PATRONAGE DE S. A. R. MONSIEUR LE DUC D'ORLÉANS.

Vendredi 12 mai 1837.

1 ^o Prix de Chantilly, offert par la ville. . .	4200 fr.
2 ^o Prix d'Aumale.	2000
3 ^o Poule de.	1000
4 ^o Prix donné par des amateurs de la société Palmers.	1000
5 ^o Prix pour chevaux de chasse.	500
<i>Dimanche de la Pentecôte, 14 mai.</i>	
6 ^o Prix d'Orléans.	8500
7 ^o Prix du Jockey-Club.	5000
8 ^o Course de poneys, prix donné par la ville.	500
9 ^o Course des haies, prix donné par la ville et le fonds de course.	500

Total 45,200

Vingt-cinq chevaux sont déjà inscrits pour les principales courses qui seront suivies de nombreux paris particuliers.

DOUZE NUANCES.

EAU PHÉNOMÉNALE

POUR TEINDRE LES CHEVEUX.

L'Eau Phénoménale est la seule qui teigne les cheveux à la minute, en douze nuances, d'une manière indélébile et sans danger. On n'achètera de cette eau qu'après s'être assuré de son effet, en apportant un échantillon de cheveux gris, rouges ou blancs qu'on fera teindre devant soi.

On fait des envois en province et à l'étranger (affranchir.) Le prix est de 6 fr., avec remise, quand on prend plusieurs.

L'entrepôt général, à Paris, est confié à madame Peck, rue Saint-Honoré, n° 479.

CONDITIONS DE L'ABONNEMENT.

Par An, pour Paris et les Départemens, 28 fr.; pour Six mois, 16 fr.; pour Trois mois, 9 fr. 50 c. — 24 fr. en sus pour l'étranger.

Imprimerie de J.-R. Mazarin, passage du Caire, 54.



75.^e Liv. N.^o 250.

LE BON TON.

Journal des Modes.

On s'abonne à la Direction du Bon Ton Rue de Richelieu, N.^o 69.

En face l'entrée de la Bibliothèque du Roi.

Robe de soie brochée garnie de dentelle, de M.^{me} Bonnet, rue S.^t Honoré, 362.

Chapeaux en velours garnis de rubans de satin et plumes des M.^{mes} Beauhan, rue S.^t Augustin.

Capelets de satin de M.^{me} Dubois, rue S.^t Honoré, 352.

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77.^e Liv. N.^o 153.

LE BON TON.

Journal des Modes.

On s'abonne à la Direction du Bon Ton, Rue de Richelieu, N.^o 69.

En face l'entrée de la Bibliothèque du Roi.

Robe en velours épinglé façon de M.^{me} Léon Huchet, Couturière brevetée, 14, rue S.^{te} Anne.

1. 2. 3. Bonnets et Chapeau de Maurice Beauvais, 93, rue de Richelieu.

4. Bonnet de M.^{lle} Sobas Lingère, 33, rue Neuve Vivienne.



78^e Liv. N^o 15.

LE BON TON.

Journal des Modes.

Où s'abonne à la Direction du Bon Ton, Rue de Richelieu, N^o 69.

En face l'entrée de la Bibliothèque du Roi.

Turban de Boudran, rue Neuve, S^t Augustins.

Robe en satin broché, façon de M^{me} Sidille, couturière, 31, Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle.

Bonnet de M^{me} Durakinet, 347, rue S^t Honoré.

Robe en satin avec boutons de même étoffe, façon de M^{me} Berné, couturière, 11, rue du Marché S^t Honoré.



78.° Liv. N.° 136.

LE BON TON.

Journal des Modes.

On s'abonne à la Direction du Bon Ton, Rue de Richelieu, N.° 69.

En face l'entrée de la Bibliothèque du Roi.

Croquis de M.^{me} Muirly, Crovete, 149, rue S.^t Martin.

Fleurs de M.^{me} Cartier, Fleuriste, 2, Boulevard des Nations.

Robe en crêpe façon de M.^{me} Brunel, Couturière, 22, rue S.^t Anne.



837.

79.° Liv. N.° 137.

LE BON TON.

Journal des Modes.

On s'abonne à la Direction, du Bon Ton, Rue de Richelieu, N.° 69.

En face l'entrée de la Bibliothèque du Roi.

Robe en satin garnie de rubans de satin, faite de M.^{lle} Borne, couturière, 11, rue du Marché, S.^t Honoré.

Chapeau en velours de Maurice Beauvais, 93, rue de Richelieu.

Bonnnet de M.^{me} Bourdennet, 347, rue S.^t Honoré.

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LE BON TON.

Journal des Modes.

On s'abonne à la Direction du Bon Ton, Rue de Richelieu, N^o 69.

En face l'entrée de la Bibliothèque du Roi.

Paris de M^{re} Chevalier aîné, 9, rue Croix.
 Paris de M^{re} Lestranguez, 58, rue du Parc.
 Paris de M^{re} Dubois fleuriste rue du Parc.
 Paris de M^{re} Charlot, 7, rue du Parc.
 Paris de M^{re} Navarre: Pluquet, 28, rue St. Denis.

Paris de M^{re} Moreau, fleuriste, 2 bis, rue de Choiseul.
 Paris de M^{re} Normand, 25, rue du Dragon.
 Paris de M^{re} Marabois de Chagel frères, 81, rue Richelieu.
 Paris de M^{re} Maréchal, 5, Cité Bergère.
 Paris de M^{re} Mullery, Libraire de Balton, 12, rue



2.^e Liv. N.^o 3.

LE BON TON.

Journal des Modes.

On s'abonne à la Direction du Bon Ton, Rue de Richelieu, N.^o 69.

En face l'entrée de la Bibliothèque du Roi.

Copie de M.^r Nardin, Copieur des Cours de France et d'Angleterre, rue Taitbout, 32.

Écris de M.^r Cartier, Boulevard des Nations, 2.

Robe en satin broché façon de M.^{me} Camille, rue de Choiseul, 15.

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LE BON TON.

Journal des Modes.

On s'abonne à la Direction du Bon Ton, Rue de Richelieu, N° 69.

En face l'entrée de la Bibliothèque du Roi.

1. Coiffure de M^{lle} Trinite, 23, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.

2. Coiffure de M^{lle} Mettrey, 12, rue de Menars.

3. Coiffure de M^{lle} Chevalier jeune, 9, rue Cadot.

4. Coiffure de M^{lle} Dubois, 30, rue du Bac.

5. Coiffure de M^{lle} Lalande, 17, rue des Capucines.

6. Coiffure de M^{lle} Lalande, 17, rue des Capucines.

7. Coiffure de M^{lle} Lalande, 17, rue des Capucines.

8. Coiffure de M^{lle} Lalande, 17, rue des Capucines.

9. Coiffure de M^{lle} Lalande, 17, rue des Capucines.

10. Coiffure de M^{lle} Lalande, 17, rue des Capucines.



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Journal des Modes.

On s'abonne à la Direction du Bon Ton, Rue de Richelieu, N^o 69.

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Robe de M^{me} Cadeau, Manicure, rue du Hôtel, 12.

Turban et Chapeau de M^{me} Lemoine, rue St. Honoré 348 bis.



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*Coffres de Nailly, breveté, rue S. Martin, 149. Fleurs de Batton, breveté, Rue. Richelieu.
Robe à queue, de M^{me} Sedille Couturière du théâtre Français, 31, Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle.
Robe garnie de fleurs de Palmyre.*



1837.

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- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. L'effigie de M ^{re} Thyl, 23, rue des Fumiers-Bourgeois. | 5. L'effigie de M ^{re} Genevieve, 2, rue Cammartin. |
| 2. L'effigie de M ^{re} Darcin, 10, rue de la Paix. | 6. L'effigie de M ^{re} de la Roche, 5, rue de la Paix. |
| 3. L'effigie de M ^{re} Darcin, 10, rue de la Paix. | 7. L'effigie de M ^{re} de la Roche, 5, rue de la Paix. |
| 4. L'effigie de M ^{re} Bruchman, 24, rue de Grammont. | |

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1. Capotte et Mantille de M^{me} Rodolphe. 9. B^{te} Bonne Souvetté, à Jeanne Gray.

2 et 3. Bonnet et Coiffure en Marabouts de M^{me} Baudin, 20, rue Feytaud.

4 et 6. Chapeaux de M^{me} Feytaud.

5 et 7. Bonnet et Pélérines de M^{lle} Argensen et C^{ie} Passage des Panoramas, galerie N^o 1.

2, 3 et 6. Pélérines et Fichus de M^{me} Rodolphe.

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Toilettes de Longchamps.

Chapeaux de Paille de riz et moirés.

Robes en soie dont une chinée et l'autre moirée, de M^{me} Nogues, 334, rue V. Moreau



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Modes de Longchamps.

Châll cachemire et Robe en tissu Memphis, des M^{mes} Gayelin, 93, Rue Richelieu.
façon de M^{me} Périer, 16, rue des Moulins.
Chapeaux de M^{me} Boushonnet, 34, rue S. Honoré.

A Londres. Edward Bull Libraire, 49, Holles Street Cavendish Square.

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1. Coiffure de M. Arctino, Boulevard Poissonnière, 3.
2. Fleurs et plumes de M. Mittery, 12, rue de Mesnars.
3. Coiffure de M. Montausien, 8, rue du Mont Blanc.

4. Fleurs de Tuccommi, 32, rue St. Honoré.
5. Coiffure de M. Olivier, 29, rue St. Anne.
6. Fleurs de M. Moreau, 2 ter, Châteauneuf.



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Chapeaux de M^{me} Dasse, 38, r. Richelieu.

Ciseaux de paradis et fleurs de M^{me} Nittier, 85, r. Richelieu.

Robes, façon de M^{me} Sedille, couturière du théâtre français, 31, Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle.

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On s'abonne à la Direction du Bon Ton, Rue de Richelieu N° 69.

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Couper de M. Minie, 28, r. de la Chaussée d'Orléans.

Couper de M. Gloppe, 28, r. de la Chaussée d'Orléans.

Couper de M. Ninger, 28, r. de la Chaussée d'Orléans.

Couper de M. Gloppe, 28, r. de la Chaussée d'Orléans.

Couper de M. Ninger, 28, r. de la Chaussée d'Orléans.

Couper de M. Dubois, 28, r. de la Chaussée d'Orléans.

5. Couper de M. Buchmann, 28, r. de la Chaussée d'Orléans.

6. Couper de M. Gloppe, 28, r. de la Chaussée d'Orléans.

Couper de M. Gloppe, 28, r. de la Chaussée d'Orléans.

7. Couper de M. Gloppe, 28, r. de la Chaussée d'Orléans.



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Robe de mousseline brodée garnie de dentelle des M^{mes} de M^{me} Minette, & de Rivoli.

Chapeau en paille d'Italie, de M^{me} Dasse, 38, r. Richelieu.

Robe façon de M^{me} Périer, 16, r. des Moulins.

Capotte en crêpe surchargée de tulle des M^{mes} de M^{me} Lemercier, 348, r. S. Honoré.



